Current Literature

Edward J. Wheeler, Editor

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A Review of the World

IF THE long story of crime which Harry Orchard (whose real name is Alfred Horsley) told in the court room of Boise City, Idaho, last month had the effect upon the jury that it seems to have had upon the numerous newspaper correspondents, then the fate of Haywood, Moyer and Pettibone was as good as sealed when Orchard ended his testimony. Here and there could be found an editorial comment indicating doubt as to the truth of the amazing tale; but the correspondents, who were present at the proceedings, indicated in their dispatches nothing of doubt. In fact, they had nearly all been convinced of Orchard's sincerity before he began his testimony. A dozen of them were allowed to interview him just before the trial opened. One of them, Oscar King Davis, said of that interview:

"These men all went out to the penitentiary expecting to see a man suited to the tale he is to tell. They saw instead a man who convinced them all that he was indeed truly repentant for what he had done, and meant to do what lay in his power to afford redress. His motive is openly avowed. It is the motive that has been put forward so many times by cowardly and insincere repentants-for-the-sake-of-clemency, that every man of those who saw him that day was prepared to reject it with scorn. Yet every man—with one possible exception—was amazed to find himself accepting it as a matter of course, and fully convinced of its sincerity."

EVERY report that we have seen in other than the rabid Socialist press represents Orchard's testimony as unshaken in a single point by the five days' grilling cross-examination to which he was subjected. The New York *Tribune* comments as follows on his general manner:

"By his own account he had made a trade of murder, and he retailed assassinations in that matter-of-fact way in which a man speaks of his trade. There is no glory in a trade, and there is no shame in a trade, and if a man be of such a nature that he may make murder his trade there is neither pride nor shame in it. If he had exulted we should think he was lying. If he had recoiled from the telling of his tale half as much as the average man recoils from the reading of it we should doubt if he were not too much like the rest of humanity to have gone about murdering in such a wholesale way. But his brutal lack of feeling on the witness stand bespeaks a brutal character that could have made murder a trade. There is nothing in the way it was told that makes the tale inherently incredible."

THE murders of twenty men are testified to by Orchard, and many other attempts at murder were made by him which failed. Arson, burglary, theft, wife-desertion, planning to kidnap a child and common swindling were all admitted. Once and once only he had "peached" on his associates, and that was when somebody else had been given the easy job of blowing up a train while he was yet unpaid for a more dangerous job that he had attempted just before. Otherwise he remained loyal to his alleged employers and accomplices until after the Steunenberg murder, when he was placed in a prison cell on suspicion and given time to reflect on the course of his life. The psychology of that interesting period will be well worth knowing if it is ever revealed in detail. Even before the killing of Steunenberg, the man's mind seemed to have been unconsciously revolting at last against his trade. Several times he left Caldwell for no particularly urgent reason, postponing the fatal job as long as possible. Perhaps he was simply losing his nerve. Perhaps the sub-conscious mind that we hear so much about was asserting itself. Newspaper men speak of his course during the period following the murder and down to the present

COUNSEL FOR THE PROSECUTION

Hawley, the attorney on the reader's right, and Borah, a state senator, on the left, have charge of the case against Haywood, Moyer and Pettibone. Borah is the bulldog of the prosecution, and is probably the worst hated man, by the officials of the Miners' Federation, to be found in Idaho.

time as a great riddle. But there is one man who will think he can read the riddle and that is the Methodist revivalist. He will tell you that there are three well defined stages in the work of the Holy Spirit upon a man's heart,—first that of conviction of sin, second that of repentance, third that of acceptance. When Orchard made up his mind, after his arrest, to break his watch crystal and then cut a vein or artery and end it all, he was "under

THE COUNSEL FOR THE DEFENSE

Richardson (on the reader's right), Darrow (next to Richardson) and their associates. The fate of their clients seems to depend upon their ability to convince the jury that Harry Orchard was an assassin in the pay of the mine owners, not in the pay of the Miners' Federation.

conviction." He was desperate, he says, and had come to look upon himself as a monster whose crimes could never be forgiven. Then he got a Bible sent by a mission society in Chicago and began reading it. McPartland, the Pinkerton detective, saw the drift of his mind and helped it on by telling him Bible stories—of David who sinned deeply and was forgiven, of Saul of Tarsus, and other Bible characters. Then came the second stage, Orchard's repentance and hope of forgiveness. The confession, of course, was an essential part of the repentance. And with that resolve to confess, irrespective of the consequences to himself or others, came, the revivalist will tell you, the consciousness of pardon and the strength that has enabled him to go through with the ordeal in court in such an amazing way. You can hear essentially the same story in any Salvation Army meeting. They don't call it a "riddle" there. They call it "a work of grace," "a miracle." If that is what has happened to Orchard, then his story must be accepted, including its implication of the leaders of the Miners' Federation.

IF THERE WAS AN "INNER CIRCLE" HE WAS ITS NOMINAL CHIEF

Charles H. Moyer is the President of the Western Miners' Federation and, according to Orchard, one of those who selected the victims for Orchard's bombs.

THE GREATEST RASCAL OR GREATEST MARTYR WHO EVER LED A GREAT LABOR ORGANIZATION

William D. Haywood, secretary of the Western Miners' Federation, is said by Orchard to have instigated scores of murders in order to put out of the way the enemies of the Federation. Throughout the trial his wife and child sat near him, listening to the charges of his accusers.

BUT this case at Boise City is the trial, not of Orchard but of Haywood, for a particular murder committed while the latter was in another state. The question whether Orchard's story, true or not, had any place in this trial except as it related directly to Steunenberg's murder, will have to be decided, in all probability, by the higher courts. That Orchard committed the crimes of which he tells can hardly be doubted in the face of the corroborative evidence that is at hand. That, however, is not the vital point in this particular trial. The vital point is to establish the connection of Haywood with the crime. To establish the guilt of Haywood is obviously a very different thing from establishing the guilt of Orchard. Says the New York *World*:

"It is not enough to show that the Western Federation of Miners was responsible for a record of cold-blooded atrocities from which a savage might have shrunk. Even tho every person in the courtroom be convinced that Orchard told the exact truth, and that all these crimes were plotted

AUTHOR OF THE MOST STARTLING CONFESSIONS OF CRIME EVER HEARD IN AN AMERICAN COURT ROOM

Harry Orchard explains his apparent change of character in the following words: "I began to think about my past life, and the unnatural monster I had been, and I did not care much what happened to me. I was afraid to die, too, for I came to believe the grave did not end it all. It was after I received a Bible from a missionary society in Chicago that I came to the conclusion that I would be forgiven if I truly repented and made a clean breast of it all. And I have never been in doubt from that moment."

and executed precisely as he says, the higher courts will not accept moral certainty as legal proof, whatever the trial jury may do. Stranger things have happened than that the United States courts, which Haywood and his socialistic friends have so often denounced as 'tools of capitalism and plutocracy,' should eventually be the instruments to protect the defendant from the consequences of local passion and to safeguard him against an invasion of even the most trifling of his legal rights."

ON the jury in the case are nine farmers, one real estate agent, one builder, one foreman of a street railroad company. There is but one man who ever belonged to a labor union, and he has not belonged to one for fourteen years. Eight are Republicans, three Democrats, one a Prohibitionist. They are said to be well above the average in intelligence and self-reliance. The defendants have able counsel who seem devoted to their cause. The bearing of the judge seems to be above criticism, except, again, that of the radical Socialist papers, which declare that both judge and jury showed prejudice against the defendant in advance of the trial. Eugene V. Debs and his followers are certain to denounce the verdict if it is adverse to the accused men and to do so in the most lurid of language.

Their theory is that Orchard was an emissary of the capitalists, and whatever crimes he committed were the result of a conspiracy on the part of the mine owners to bring discredit upon the Federation. A verdict of guilty will be taken as further evidence of a capitalistic conspiracy. And here is the sort of utterances with which Mr. Debs is preparing his followers for such an adverse verdict:

"If the trial proceeds, and if such a terrible event as the conviction by the servile minions of plutocracy should follow, and if a single one of our comrades is condemned, it should be the signal for the working class of America to rise—let that mark the date for the beginning of a Great National General Strike. Let every workingman who has a heart in his breast make a mighty oath that not a wheel shall turn in this country from ocean to ocean until the verdict is set aside and every one of the accused is set free. Let our factories be closed; let our mills stop grinding flour and our bakeries stop baking bread. Let our coal mines close, and let us die of hunger and cold if necessary to make our protest heeded. Let us show the world that the workingmen of America are not so lost to shame, not so devoid of the red blood of courage, that they will allow one of their comrades to suffer death at the hands of their enemies. Hurrah for the General Strike."

All Socialist papers hurrah now.

Photograph by Underwood & Underwood Co.

LISTENING TO ORCHARD'S STORY

This picture represents a majority of the jury trying William D. Haywood for his life in one of the most remarkable criminal cases ever in a court of law. Three-fourths of the jurors are farmers. The gentleman behind the desk is Judge Wood.

VISIBLE disquiet over the relations between Japan and the United States has been manifest now and then for a year or more. It has made itself particularly evident in the last few weeks, in the headlines of the newspapers, in interviews with public men of both countries, in speeches heard in both houses of the Japanese parliament and in most European papers that discuss international affairs. German organs go so far as to say that before the Panama Canal can possibly be finished there must be a great naval war in the Pacific between America and the Flowery Kingdom. "There is not any question," a German naval architect recently returning from Japan is reported to have said, "that Japan is rushing preparations for a naval war. In navy and army circles in Japan there is a burning ambition, born of what Americans would call big-headedness, to wipe the United States off the map." And attention is called to the fact that Japan has been busy completing alliances with Great Britain, Russia and France that will render it impracticable for another nation, involved in war with Japan, to acquire any of its opponent's territory as the result of a victory.

THE most disquieting thing about this situation is the comparative insignificance, in themselves, of the events that have precipitated recent discussion. The treatment of Japanese school-children in San Francisco seemed a small thing for the amount of international consideration it elicited, but that was an event of consequence in comparison with the two or three attacks of hoodlums upon Japanese restaurants which seem to have stirred up the jingoes in Tokyo of late. Here is the list of assaults as reported by the Japanese consul in San Francisco to his government:

On May 20 the Lion Restaurant, at 134 Eighth street, was threatened and several patrons assaulted.

On the same evening the Horseshoe Restaurant at 1213 Folsom street was completely wrecked and the Folsom street bathhouse, at 1219, was attacked and its front windows broken in.

On May 21 the Lion Restaurant was again besieged by a mob and its patrons assaulted.

On May 22, 23 and 24 the threatening demonstrations against the Lion Restaurant were repeated.

On May 22 the California Restaurant at 17 Howard street was the scene of a demonstration.

On May 24 and 25 the White Star Restaurant at 596 Third street was threatened.

It will be noted that, beside the wrecking of the Horseshoe restaurant and the breaking of the windows of the bathhouse, there were two instances of assaults upon patrons of restaurants and several threatening demonstrations. The city was at the time in a state of disorder owing to the strike of the car men,—a strike that involved one clash between strikers and strike-breakers in which five men were killed and a score seriously injured. The police force, as may be imagined, was not then able to devote very concentrated attention on these Japanese restaurants. The assaults are construed by San Francisco officials not as race outbreaks, but as mere incidents of the labor conflict. Ex-Mayor Phelan says of them:

> "The motive back of the trouble in San Francisco, as I understand it, was not one of race prejudice, but simply the objection of union labor people to white men patronizing a restaurant run on a non-union basis by those supposed to be hostile to union labor. If it is to become an international question I suppose we will have to turn over to the Mikado all of our labor troubles for solution."

EVEN if the view taken by the Japanese consul is correct, namely, that the violence to the Japanese restaurants and their patrons was "due to racial prejudice," instead of to labor troubles, the events assume no inherent importance. The exclusion of Japanese children from the schools was an official act of the board of education and the state legislature. But these assaults come in an entirely different class. They were admittedly made by "roughs and hoodlums," no police connivance being charged. If the United States is to insure all foreign residents against injury at the hands of the lawless elements it will do for foreigners a great deal more than it can do for its own citizens, and more than Japan has ever done—as Mr. Harriman might testify—for the strangers within her gates. The restaurant keepers have the usual recourse to our courts for damages in such cases. From whatever point of view the events are considered, they fail to exhibit any right to be exalted to affairs of international importance.

YET this is what has happened. The Japanese consul, Matsurkbara, reported the cases as exhibitions of race hostility. The Japanese Government, through its ambassador at Washington, made representations to the President—"strong representations," according to the consul. The Progressive party of Japan, the party of the outs, took the matter up in a meeting of their council and called upon their

government to take prompt steps to maintain the dignity of the empire and safeguard Japanese rights. "The anti-Japanese acts in California," so runs a resolution adopted by the council, "are not of a temporary nature, and the Washington Government must be held responsible for its failure to prevent such outrages." Viscount Tani, leader of the Progressives in the upper house of Japan, is reported to have said that "should diplomacy fail to bring about a satisfactory solution, the only way open to us is an appeal to arms." He added: "Our mind is firmly made up. It is certain that America will yield, for its people are radically commercial in their sentiment." Count Okuma, the leader until recently of the Progressive party and for a few months the nation's premier, calls upon his government to demand an apology for the assaults on Japanese citizens. And the *Nichi Nichi,* of Tokyo, magnifies the matter as follows:

"Even traditional friendship will not escape a rupture should incidents like those that have occurred in San Francisco be repeated. Whether or not the sufferers are children or restaurant-keepers and the site of persecution be limited to California, it does not alter the fact that our compatriots are victims of anti-Japanese outrages. Japanese go there under treaty protection. President Roosevelt's enlightened message to the last Congress was received here with eminent satisfaction, but actual developments since are a total failure. What we want are not so many expressions of civilized sentiments, but one act of efficient protection of the treaty rights of Japanese. The waste paper box is no destination for a treaty between Japan and the United States."

ALL this, of course, is readily explained away in some degree as a development of yellow journalism and Jingo politics in Japan. But when that is admitted, the disquieting fact still remains that warlike talk is considered by one of Japan's political parties to be good politics just now. The Japanese Government, so far as disclosed, has not been carried away by this exhibition of touchiness; but if the yellow journals find this kind of thing popular, with provocation so slight, Americans are asking themselves what surety there is that the Japanese Government could resist popular clamor in the event of a few repetitions of violence on the part of San Francisco hoodlums, who, with the police at bay, the regular government in the hands of supervisors who are self-confessed boodlers, with labor troubles throwing the conduct of daily affairs into more or less confusion, and with the city still in an upset condition, owing to the fact that the earthquake and fire are not yet by any means recovered from, must enjoy unusual advantages for their particular kind of sport known as "soaking the skippie." In fact, if European information goes for anything, Viscount Hayashi, Japan's minister of foreign affairs, is far, even now, from whistling the Washington tune of pooh pooh. "Never mind the scare head dispatches," says Secretary Taft; "we will have no war with Japan, you may rest assured of that." Secretary Root is said to look upon the whole affair as too slight to say anything whatever about for publication. And "the administration," according to one Washington correspondent who is close to it, "regards with undisguised impatience the efforts of some papers to exaggerate everything connected with the relations of the two nations into crises, scares, and sensations." But Viscount Hayashi is said to treat the affair a little more seriously. "Even the most conservative and hopeful fear that a repetition of the occurrence would have serious results on the relations of the two countries." If Hayashi did not actually dictate these words, says the London *Times,* he inspired them. Hayashi did not use the word war last month, says the Paris *Temps;* "it would have been contrary to etiquet." According to German papers, especially those of the Jingo type, Hayashi had in mind the certainty of a war between his country and our own before very long.

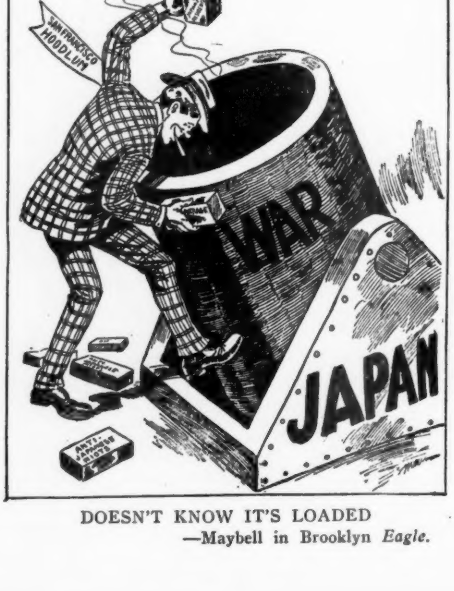
"ALMOST the entire diplomatic world, almost every admiralty," to quote the Berlin *Zukunft,* "believes this war imminent." The Prime Minister of Japan, Marquis Saion-ji, is said to look upon the treatment of Japanese in our country as a personal insult, and he submitted the American reply to Tokyo's last note to Mutsu Hito in person. The submission of this note to the Emperor himself in the presence of the Genro or elder statesmen is evidence, says the Paris *Gaulois,* that the negotiations are growing tortuous instead of becoming simpler. It is understood that the conference in Tokyo adopted a draft reply to a note signed by Secretary Root himself. Mr. Root is said to have been "unsatisfactory in substance, altho conciliatory in tone," thereby inviting a continuation of the negotiations. The traditional secretiveness of the American Department of State, as the Paris press argues, makes the situation seem more serious than it is. Washington merely encourages indiscretions in foreign capitals, the substance of those indiscretions being cabled

to the United States, whereupon the Department of State issues a carefully worded denial, convincing to nobody. It may be, opines the *Gaulois,* that the world at large overestimates the importance of the strain in the relations between Japan and the United States. If so, the fault must be imputed to the eighteenth century mystifications which go by the name of diplomacy in Washington. Japan, it would appear from French information, has had to intimate to America that promptness in replying to diplomatic notes would be appreciated. America's excuse is said to be that replies to Tokyo must be drawn up with extreme care. That is why, complains Japan, America's reply is never of the precise and categorical character necessary for the clarification of the obscurities of the crisis. Viscount Hayashi is affirmed to have written in this sense last month.

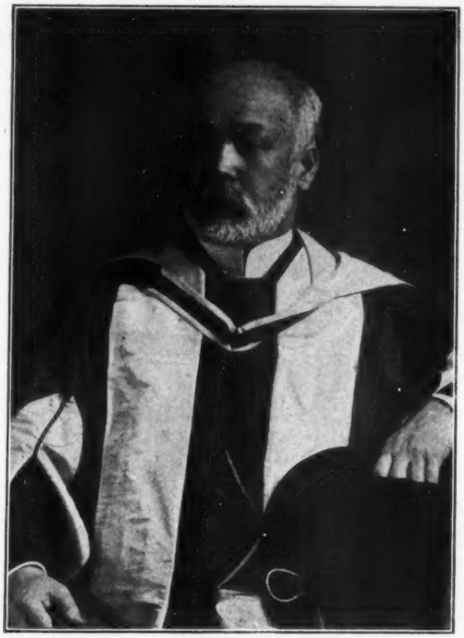
WHAT is really going on is not a negotiation between Washington and Tokyo, if the German papers are right, but a desperate struggle between the war party and the peace party in Japan. It is hinted that Viscount Hayashi's control of the Japanese Foreign Office is by no means so absolute as might be supposed from his official position. Several weeks ago the Prime Minister of Japan, with his colleagues and the "elder statesmen" or constitutional fathers, met in Tokyo and agreed upon a policy towards Washington which is understood to have undergone some subsequent changes. When the school controversy was at its height, Japan seemed to be confining her demands to the lowest terms she deemed compatible with the maintenance of her vital interests. Washington got the impression that Tokyo's proposals included an item or two introduced merely to provide material for concessions. Viscount Hayashi has proved unexpectedly obstinate, however, on one or two points. The interval now remaining within which Japan and the United States must settle their differences or appeal to the sword is brief. Thus is the negotiation of the past six weeks summed up in the *Independence Belge* (Brussels), the only difference between Washington's attitude and Tokyo's attitude being that while Mr. Roosevelt's advisers are belittling the crisis, Mutsu Hito's advisers are possibly exaggerating it. Viscount Hayashi has satisfied himself that Mr. Roosevelt does not want a war. From what sources or by what agencies America's

THE JAPANESE PRINCE WHOM WASHINGTON DID NOT WANT

Fushimi, the near relative of the Emperor of Japan, recently passed through Canada after a visit to England, in which he was received with royal honors. An effort was made to induce our government to invite Prince Fushimi to pay the United States an official visit. The invitation was not extended, owing, it is inferred in Europe, to the complications in San Francisco.



DOESN'T KNOW IT'S LOADED
—Maybell in Brooklyn *Eagle.*



THE NEGOTIATOR IN TOKYO WHO HAS IRRITATED WASHINGTON

Viscount Hayashi, Japanese Minister of Foreign Affairs, has again and again cabled to the diplomatic representative of his sovereign in the United States on the subject of restaurant rows in San Francisco. At last the Department of State in Washington caused it to be understood that Viscount Hayashi was making mountains out of mole hills.

apprehensions of war have been again and again allayed, people in Japan, as their views are reflected in the press, cannot conjecture. More keenly than ever are the national capacities for the conflict scanned in the capital of Mutsu Hito. Attention is directed chiefly to finance and to naval strength. For did she hold command of the sea, with sufficient monetary resources, Japan could easily place on the California coast an army which the American forces might be perplexed to crush. This is the consideration which, in the opinion of the Leipsic *Grenzboten,* makes the carrier of a big stick speak softly. He would be loud if the Panama Canal existed.

TOKYO was captured by the war party among the Japanese last month. Viscount Hayashi served notice of that fact upon Washington when he inspired the recent effusion from the Foreign Office. The Japanese press, he caused it to be cabled, is "still generally calm and reserved." But there is resentment against the United States. "Out of deference to President Roosevelt and his government and the confidence reposed in them, public expression of resentment is withheld." Censorship of the press in Tokyo is, indeed, severe. Hence, as is pointed out in the Paris *Temps,* attacks upon the United States in the leading Japanese dailies would not appear if the Marquis Saion-ji objected. He seems to be allowing his newspapers unwonted license. The grave and responsible *Kokumin Shimbun,* as well as the popular and flighty *Yorodzu,* would seem to be in accord for once, both affirming that the lives of Japanese must be made safe in San Francisco if the relations between Tokyo and Washington are to remain friendly.

FEW of the incidents upon which Viscount Hayashi is basing his dispatches to Washington can be called serious, the Paris *Journal des Débats* argues. Even the school cases, taken by themselves, were insignificant. What gives them their present overwhelming importance? The preponderance of Japanese naval power in the Pacific. If certain French and German dailies be correctly informed, Viscount Hayashi has informed Washington that in the event of the dispatch of American battleships to the Pacific, Japan would be com-

IF ROOSEVELT AND JOHN BULL WILL GO DOWN ON THEIR KNEES TOGETHER, THE HAUGHTY MIKADO OF JAPAN MAY FORGIVE THEM

—Berlin *Kladderadatsch.*

pelled to ask for "guarantees." Mr. Roosevelt, confronting Japan is compared in the Berlin *Zukunft* to a man confronting the bandit who "has the drop" on him. The United States navy is impotent in waters that must be the theater of operations should war come. Washington is forbidden to redress the balance under penalty of having it kick the beam in Tokyo's favor. Nothing seems more fatuous to German organs than the American notion that Japan could not in the long run afford war. Japan could not, to give the language of the *Zukunft,* afford peace. Her people are starving. They can not find the means necessary for developing their resources. They are "in desperate need" of room for expansion. Why, then, should they shrink from a war with the United States, promising them every advantage and little risk? Commander Capelle, a German naval officer on the retired list, writes to the same effect in the *Kreuz Zeitung.* It is obvious, he thinks, that Japan is preparing for a great war. It is probable, he surmises, that the war will not be long delayed. It will be a struggle to the death between the vast wealth of the Washington government on the one hand and the invincible national pride of Nippon on the other. The Philippines must certainly be wrested from the United States by Japan. Nothing of all this can be admitted in the official world. No mention of war is made in the dispatches. But nobody on either side is deceived. "The United States and Japan," writes Commander Capelle, "feel instinctively that differences are arising between them which must be decided sooner or later by force of arms." Tokyo has the enormous advantage of being able to strike the first blow. It is all, to the Leipsic *Grenzboten,* a significant illustration of Mr. Roosevelt's theory that in diplomacy one should speak softly and carry a big stick. Mr. Roosevelt speaks softly across the Pacific. Japan carries the big stick.

AMERICAN papers have refused to grow excited over the situation. Either the European press are unduly exaggerating the portents of the future, or the American journalists are strangely unawake to their significance. Editorial utterances on the subject recognize another slight temporary difficulty, regrettable but not particularly difficult of adjustment. "The Japanese," remarks the San Francisco *Chronicle* irritatedly, "are making unmitigated nuisances of themselves by their fussiness in such things." Says the Philadelphia *Ledger*:

"Pestilent sensationalists have been working on the feelings of the Japanese without any justification in fact, but we should no more judge the civilizations of Japan by such misinformed foolishness than we should permit our own civilization to be measured by the standards of the Sand Lot orators. Japan and the United States are not going to be embroiled, as long as both nations are represented, as they are, by civilized men."

The New Orleans *Times* thinks that we made a mistake in yielding to Japan's wishes regarding the school question. It says:

"When the Japanese school question was under discussion this paper intimated that this very thing would happen if the state surrendered, and urged the state authorities to stand firm and maintain the separate schools. The sentiment of the city favored segregation of the races, but the national government interfered and threw the scale in favor of the Japanese. It was not difficult to foresee the consequences. The Japanese were placated by the action of the Federal authorities and the San Franciscans were irritated. The expected has happened, and will probably recur at irregular intervals. The Federal Government indeed temporarily evaded an interchange of diplomatic correspondence on a very irritating subject, but it laid up for itself trouble for the future."

The Cleveland *Plain Dealer* sees, at the worst, but "an irritating incident" that may make some trouble for us four years from now when we come to negotiate a new treaty with Japan. The Baltimore *American* regards the international outlook as "somber" enough to call for certain precautions. It suggests disposing of the Philippines, "not to Japan, but to Japan's ally, England," and remarks:

"It is clearly the duty of this country, in view of the excited state of opinion in Tokyo, to take those apparent precautions that would be followed by any European country if similarly placed, and prepare for eventualities. The Pacific fleet should at once be augmented and the Philippine station supplied with more ships than could possibly be massed there by Japan in case the situation should take on war dimensions. The occasions for Japanese irritation are slight in themselves, but they may lead to most serious conditions. Secretary Root declared that the only danger to American-Japanese relations is that which is to be found in an inflamed state of public opinion. Unfortunately, it seems that a very small spark is all that is necessary to inflame the sentiment of the population of Japan."

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IF EVER a city went through the travail of a second birth, San Francisco has been going through it, and the end is not yet. As the trials of Schmitz, Ruef and the rest have proceeded, the world has been learning authoritatively what it has known for months through unofficial sources. Ever since Fremont Older (edi-

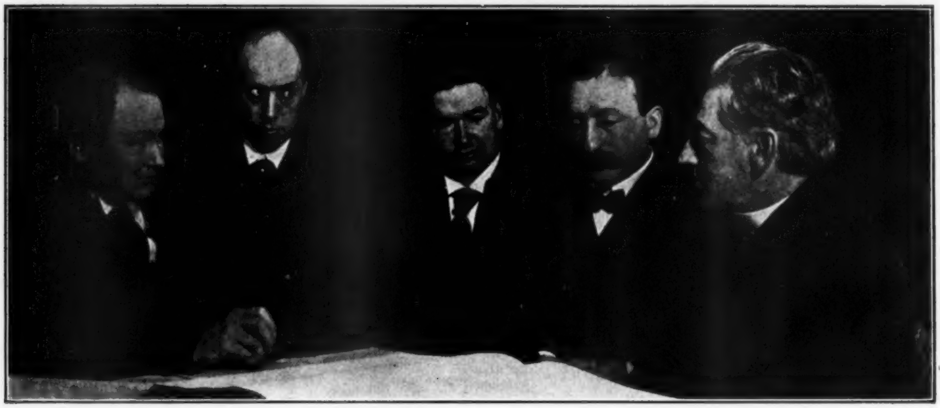
tor of *The Evening Bulletin*), Rudolph Spreckels (president of the First National Bank), James D. Phelan (ex-mayor) and Francis J. Heney (prosecutor of the Oregon land frauds), sat down together many months ago to discuss ways and means of bringing the whole circle of grafters to book, the progress has been steadily and rapidly toward a thoro housecleaning that should not stop until bribe-givers as well as bribe-takers are forced to pay the penalty of their crimes. The first thing done was to procure the services of W. J. Burns, the federal secret service agent who had worked with Heney in the land cases. They proceeded then to prepare bait for a fishing excursion among the board of supervisors. A bill was fixed up granting skating-rink privileges to a fake company. Three supervisors were "induced" to put it through. A sense of humor was introduced into the proceeding by making the first four lines of the ordinance an acrostic, the first letters spelling out the word fake. The two supervisors were paid with marked bills, and when they found themselves in a trap they told everything they knew about graft. That started the other supervisors, and sixteen out of the eighteen made a clean breast of it. Evidence enough was secured to obtain scores of indictments. About sixty were obtained against Schmitz himself. His trial on the first case has resulted in the verdict of guilty. Ruef, after fighting as long as he could, broke down and pleaded guilty. But the biggest game the prosecutors were after was not Schmitz nor even Ruef, the "boss," but the rich men who had been giving bribes. Patrick Calhoun, president of the United Railways, Thornwell Mullaly, his assistant, Tirey L. Ford, his chief counsel, and William M. Abbott, one of the attorneys of the road, were indicted. Theodore V. Halsey and Louis Glass were included in the net among the bribe-givers. These indictments formed the culmination of the prosecution's proceedings and were the result chiefly of Abe Ruef's breakdown and partial confession. The supervisors are still in office, but they have promised to do nothing contrary to the advice of the house-cleaners, Spreckels, Older, Phelan, and Heney. San Francisco is no longer governed by its regularly constituted officials.

ONE commentary on the revelations that is heard over and over again, especially here in the East, is that it is a striking object-lesson of municipal government by labor unions. The unions are stronger in San Francisco, or have

A REGION OF TERROR
—Rogers in N. Y. *Herald.*

been, than in any other American city. It was upon their backs that Ruef, before that an obscure and insignificant looking little lawyer, thin and shabby, with curly hair and dull fish-like eyes, rode into power. He had nerve, ingenuity, an education (he made a brilliant record at the University of California) and a gift at speech-making, and when the labor men decided to go into politics he saw his chance and, by means of an alliance with Schmitz, an orchestra leader and a labor union man, he succeeded beyond his wildest dreams. Inevitably the unions have had to shoulder a large part of the responsibility for the sort of government given by the men they put in power and kept there. But there is another side of the case which is presented in the San Francisco *Bulletin*, edited by Fremont Older, one of the four men most responsible for the successful prosecution of the grafters. Says *The Bulletin*:

"Most of the woes of this oft-stricken city spring from the predatory activity not of the labor unions—altho in cases the unions have been oppressive—but of the public-service corporations. It was not a labor union that, preying upon the city's distress, bought with bribes the illicit privilege of disfiguring the streets with overhead wires. It was not a labor union that purchased with boodle the illicit privilege of running cars on Nineteenth avenue, a street which had been declared a boulevard, and on



CAUSE FOR DEEP THOUGHT

"Abe" Ruef, of San Francisco, and his counsel trying to study out a successful method of keeping him out of a striped suit and a felon's cell for the rest of his life. Ruef, second from the end on the reader's right, has begun to see the seriousness of the situation. Not long after this he broke down, disregarded his counsel's advice, and pleaded guilty of extortion.

which, with that fact in mind as a determining consideration, hundreds of families had bought lots and built homes. It was not a labor union that bribed the supervisors to withhold from the public the advantages of a competing telephone service. In short—not to enumerate all the kindred instances of boodling that did detriment to the city—it is the huge corporations, the millionaires, and not the unions and the workingmen, that have made this city so hard to live in, so precarious a field for investment."

The same paper gives credit to Ruef's testimony to the effect that all the boodle-giving corporations came to him voluntarily tendering bribes. They were not victims of extortion. They were not held up. And not one of the men now under indictment for giving bribes was in any personal need of the money he was seeking to make out of the city's need's and the weakness of its officials.

A CULMINATING MOMENT

The filing of the indictments against Ruef, Schmitz (mayor of San Francisco), Patrick Calhoun (president of the United Railways) and others with Judge Coffey. The chief prosecutor, Francis J. Heney, is the man with spectacles. It was he who sent Senator Mitchell, of Oregon, to the penitentiary for land frauds.

IF the White House is to be occupied next year by Senator Knox, of Pennsylvania, he will first have to overcome three difficulties that rise up to confront him at the outset of his candidacy. The first difficulty is thus stated by the *Springfield Republican*: "Hitherto, every Republican candidate from Pennsylvania has been merely a pawn in the game, the real objective being more remote." Simon Cameron in 1860, Hartranft in 1876 and Fitler in 1888 are given as instances to enforce this statement, each of these candidates being used for strategic purposes only, to hold the state delegation in hand until the leaders were sure which way the cat would jump, then jumping first and claiming a reward afterward. That Senator Knox is put forward in the same spirit and with the same ulterior purposes is a view that is unquestionably held in various quarters. Says the Boston *Herald*:

"The senator himself cherishes no illusions on this subject. He does not expect to be nominated, nor to be seriously urged as a candidate, and is doubtless quite well aware of the motives of the machine managers in bringing him forward. They desire to control the Pennsylvania delegation, so as to be able to cast its vote where it will 'do them the most good' in the national convention and afterward."

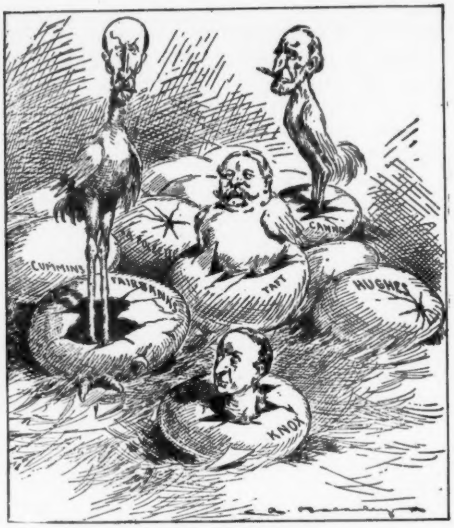
THE Louisville *Post* interprets the movement in much the same way. The Senator, it remarks, is "an excellent gentleman to play the rôle of the favorite son in an effort to demoralize the followers of Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Taft." The Philadelphia *Ledger* and the Pittsburg *Dispatch,* both Republican, while regarding Knox himself with honor and respect, cast doubt upon the purposes of his backers. Says *The Ledger*: "Nearly all Pennsylvanians will approve the resolution of the Republican State Convention recommending Senator Philander Chase Knox as a suitable candidate for president, tho they will probably differ in the degree of importance they attach to it. How seriously it was taken by the delegates themselves it might puzzle many of them to define." And *The Dispatch,* while it supports his candidacy and thinks his nomination "an act of which not even the most critical need be ashamed," voices its suspicions in these words:

"We recall very clearly that when *The Dispatch* led the press of Pennsylvania in urging Mr. Knox's senatorial appointment, these very organs that have been so vociferous concerning his presidental capacities had not a word to say for his selection. The contrast between their silence then and their loquacity at this juncture arouses a peculiar speculation. It tends to make people wonder whether under cover of this profession of admiration for Mr. Knox's character and statesmanship there may not be organization aims to serve, or personal ambitions to further."

DON'T CARE IF IT DOES STING HIM
—Donahey in Cleveland *Plain Dealer.*

DIFFICULTY number two which Mr. Knox and his friends have to overcome is the fact that his state is so solidly Republican that a national convention does not feel it necessary to pay assiduous courtship to its voters in order to keep the state in line. "If anybody," remarks the Democratic New York *Times,* "could persuade the Republican National Convention that Senator Knox was the only candidate who could save Pennsylvania, he would become formidable, but as yet he is not formidable." And the Boston *Herald* sets

PHILANDER'S RECEPTIVE ATTITUDE
When the sky falls, we shall catch larks.
—Maybell in Brooklyn *Eagle.*



OUT OF THE SHELL
—Macaulay in N. Y. *World.*

forth this objection and also the third difficulty in the Senator's way as follows:

"No state which gave to the Republican candidates in the last three presidential elections pluralities ranging from nearly 300,000 to above 500,000 could reasonably expect to name a candidate next year, when doubtful states may need to be considered. Least of all would such an honor go to a state that is looked upon throughout the South and West as the stronghold of protected monopolies, nor to a man, however great his ability, who was 'designated' for his present office by the great railroad and other corporations of his state."

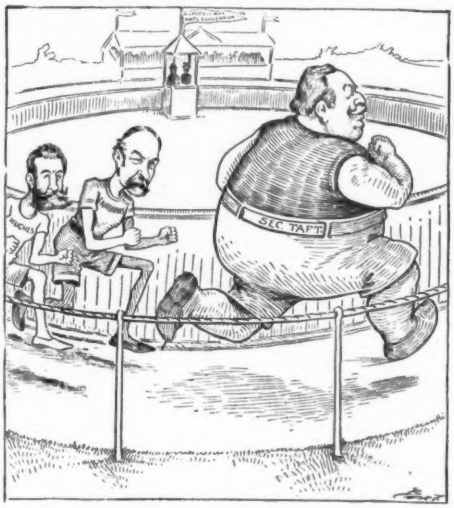
THE third difficulty, as indicated in the latter part of the extract just quoted, is the feeling that Senator Knox is put forward in behalf of the conservative, anti-Roosevelt forces. Special pains was taken at the convention which endorsed him by unanimous vote to avoid any such construction's being placed on his candidacy. The platform that contained that endorsement also endorsed the Roosevelt policies and presented Knox as the man best fitted to carry them on because it was he who discovered the legal method of breaking the Northern Securities Company and of prosecuting successfully, under existing statutes, the "beef trust" and other similar organizations. In support of this, it quotes Roosevelt himself to that effect. To the danger that the Senator will be considered as a candidate of the conservatives, his friends seem fully awake. "He is a friend of the Roosevelt administration," asseverates the Philadelphia *Inquirer,* "and if Roosevelt were a candidate would be his warmest advocate." But such remarks are treated facetiously by the New York *World.* It says:

"President Roosevelt could not lose a single one of the rising favorite sons if he tried. Wherever they go they all cling to his coat-tails like timid children. There is not one of them but will tell every stranger he meets that he belongs in the Roosevelt nursery. . . . It is the same thing everywhere. There is not a Republican faction or set of politicians that dares stand up and fight Mr. Roosevelt in the open. They all admire him so desperately in public that they are afraid of his shadow. Not a presidential candidate has yet appeared but points to his Roosevelt collar as a badge of merit."

MIGHT BE FROSTBITTEN
—Chopin in Detroit *News.*

ALL the same, despite the doubts expressed concerning the Knox candidacy, there is no lack of disposition to take it seriously, even by those who distrust the motives of Senator Penrose and his state organization. "The candidacy of Philander Chase Knox," says the New York *Sun,* "must be regarded as having a strong logical value which makes it formidable." "It is not impossible," says the Springfield *Republican* "that, contrary to previous expectations, the contest in the Republican convention will be between Knox and Taft. But there are 'others,' including Governor Hughes, and the game is still young." The New York *Tribune's* Washington correspondent thinks that there are only four

men whom the politicians now regard as possible Republican candidates: Taft, Knox, Hughes and Roosevelt; and if they were to express their views in betting terms, they would unquestionably declare that Taft is a two to one shot, Knox a safe bet for place, and Hughes an interesting bet at long odds." No real sporting political sharp would risk any money on any other candidate except, possibly, as a hundred to one shot." The Baltimore *American* (Rep.) attaches great significance to the Knox boom, but chiefly for the effect it will have in inducing other states to bring out their favorite sons. And the Washington correspondent of the New York *Times* calls attention to the fact that when President Roosevelt made his statement a few weeks ago about a reputed five-million dollar conspiracy to put an end to Rooseveltism by means of a "favorite sons" campaign, he specifically exempted Knox from any such charge. "The exemption of Knox was so striking and notable and stood so eminently



CAN THEY PASS HIM?
Secretary Taft not only has the inside, but there isn't much outside left.
—Bartholomew in Minneapolis *Journal*.

alone that it made a considerable impression on those who heard it, and they are not likely to forget it."

COMING to the Democratic side, the presidential situation seems to be developing very slowly and not at all surely. It is Bryan against the field, and the field is in a very scraggly condition. The one point that has made itself clear recently is that there is a visible movement to develop "favorite sons" on the Democratic side as well as on the Republican, the inference generally drawn being that in the former as well as in the latter case it is the conservative element that is fostering the movement. The opposition to Mr. Bryan in his own party has grown more outspoken in the last few weeks, but there is little to indicate that it extends beyond the limits that have defined it during the many years he has dominated his party. Two utterances by prominent southern Democrats have, however, attracted wide attention. One is by Henry Watterson, the other by Senator Rayner, of Maryland. The former declares that the South with one voice says "No" to Mr. Bryan's proposed government ownership of railroads and to his proposed initiative and referendum; and it calls for the nomination of a man who is "without entangling alliances with the money powers yet without any antecedents which could drive away conservative Democrats." Mr. Watterson goes on to say that he knows of such a man who "could still the discords and restore the harmonies of the Democratic party." This desirable candidate does not live east of the Alleghanies or south of the Potomac and the Ohio. Watterson does not name him, but he informs the world that he is willing to tell Mr. Bryan who he is if Mr. Bryan indicates his desire for such a candidate.

LESS cryptic is Senator Rayner's utterance. In a three-column statement in the newspapers he takes up Mr. Bryan's present posi-

SEVERE TEST OF THE ASH-BURNING THEORY
—Bartholomew in Minneapolis *Journal*.

tion in favor of government ownership of railways, the initiative and referendum and the extension of Congressional regulation to all forms of interstate commerce, and concludes his statement as follows:

"My own deliberate judgment is that if we embody these doctrines in a Democratic platform the next step that it will be necessary to take will be to change the name of the party and revive the name of 'Federalist' or take some other title suitable to the occasion; and then, after we have done this, the final step will be, with our leaders in the van, in solemn procession to accompany the remains of Democracy to their resting place; and when we are engaged in performing the last sad rites and obsequies, and are commemorating her departed virtues, do not let us forget to recount the tragic manner of her death, so that posterity shall know that in the hour of her brightest hopes and most alluring prospects, determined to end her great historic career, she threw herself upon the poisoned weapon of Federal Centralization, and died of a self-inflicted wound."

A NUMBER of Democratic candidates are being played up as substitutes for Bryan, among them being Senator Daniel of Virginia, Judge Gray of Delaware, Governor Hoke Smith of Georgia, Senator Culberson of Texas and Judson Harmon of Ohio. Intimations are passed around in Washington and New York that the "favorite son" on whom the rally will finally be made is Judge Gray; but he has been held in the background while other names are flaunted prominently for the time. Senator Daniel has attracted most attention during the month just past, and the Baltimore *Sun* (Dem.) is particularly earnest in recommending him as a man "as devoted to the interests of the people as Governor Hughes is," and who, if elected President, would be "as independent of selfish interests, whether exerted by Wall Street or other sources, as Mr. Roosevelt or Mr. Hughes." The Norfolk *Landmark* (Dem.) speaks of Daniel as follow:

"Like Mr. McKinley, Senator Daniel was an advocate of free silver before Mr. Bryan was known. In the interval between 1896 and 1900 the free silver theory was utterly discredited and Major Daniel frankly admitted the fact. The Democratic party is badly in need of leadership which is characterized by just that sort of common sense. The insinuation that Senator Daniel has not the political courage to stand against the current for a principle is refuted by his noteworthy support of President Cleveland's course in sending Federal troops to Chicago in 1894."

BUT the New York *World* (Dem.), while it admits that Senator Daniel is honest, able and upright, and if he were brought forward by the Democrats of Virginia would be entitled to serious and respectful consideration, thinks that his candidacy has been blighted at the very outset "by the New York corporation crowd that helps keep the Democratic party a football between Populism and Plutocracy." It specifies the favor shown for Senator Daniel by Thomas F. Ryan, Paul Morton, the New York *Sun* and *Harper's Weekly,* and then remarks trenchantly:

"Evidently the Democratic party can never be taken out of the hands of the Populists and semi-Socialists and re-rationalized until means can be found for gagging the Wall Street Democrats and tying them hand and foot. They are incapable of understanding the political aversion and contempt with which they are regarded throughout the country. They cannot realize that no candidate nominated for President by their efforts could survive the handicap. Nothing contributed more to the political destruction of Judge Parker than the active support of the Ryan-Belmont element. Their favor would undermine anybody. Their negative influence is all but overwhelming. They have already succeeded in blighting whatever presidential prospects Senator Daniel may have had, and in making a sane reorganization of the Democratic party that much more difficult. Who will be the next victim?"

* * *

WHEN the legislature of New York ended its session last month, there came an end to the first act in one of the most interesting little dramas seen of late years in politics. "Playwrights," remarked the New York *Evening Post,* not long ago, "who of late have shown such a strong predilection for politics should find in the events of the last two weeks more than one striking theatrical situation. The suddenness with which evil has gone down before good in New York, at Albany and in San Francisco is more than dramatic; it is almost melodramatic." This reference to Albany pertains, of course to the struggle that has taken place between Governor Hughes and the upper house of the legislature. It was a struggle that has interested the people in many states, not because of the personalities involved, none of which are very widely known, nor because of the measures at stake, but because of the typical character of the contest. It was a strife between a new type of politics and the old. On the one side was a man unused to "playing politics," elected governor of the greatest of the nation's commonwealths without having served any apprenticeship in a public office or in the political arena, a man built on academic lines, more an adviser of lawyers than an active practitioner before the courts, unacquainted with the men and the methods at Albany and without any kind of a personal

machine. Yet instead of placing himself in the hands of this or that group of experienced leaders, instead of seeking to build up a personal following and to dominate the situation by personal force, he has refused to play politics on any of the old lines, holding that he was at Albany for administrative purposes solely, retained by the people of New York state and owing allegiance not to party or faction, but to the people as a whole and to the constitution which he had sworn to obey. In the inevitable clash that came between him and the legislature, the balance of victory trembled ominously for many weeks between one side and the other; but the ultimate result has been a sweeping triumph for the new type and utter defeat for the old type of politics. We may look upon the late legislature as a sort of twilight of the gods. The contest had something of an epic quality in it.

IN this struggle there was one supreme moment. It came just after the legislature had refused to depose from office, at Governor Hughes's request, the commissioner of insurance, Otto Kelsey. It was apparently a complete defeat for the Governor in the first battle. Then came what the Boston *Transcript's* Albany correspondent calls "one of the most astounding stampedes Albany has ever seen." He goes on to describe what took place:

"When the Senate had done its worst for the Governor in the Kelsey case, there suddenly became manifest from one end of the state to the other an uprising of public indignation. It was not merely that the newspapers began to print editorial 'blacklists' of 'renegade Republicans,' it was not merely that individual members began to receive postal cards and letters in which they were denominated 'dogs' and 'traitors' and similar unspeakable things; these were only incidents; but back of all this there stirred the evidence of a universal public voice of condemnation. The members of the Senate might hear it only vaguely, but the politicians, the leaders of districts and the bosses of counties felt it poignantly.

"Into this situation there came on Tuesday a sudden influx of state leaders. Subsequent investigation has proven that none of them came as the result of any previous agreement. The presence of so many bosses, accidental tho it was, produced an instant impression in Albany, where bosses have been absent since Governor Hughes took hold. Once the bosses were on the ground, however, it was only natural that they should 'get together.' They did not hold a secret conference or an executive session. But when they began to discuss politics they were of the same opinion, and this opinion was that the Republican party was fast losing all semblance of public confidence because of its refusal to support a governor the people knew to be honest."

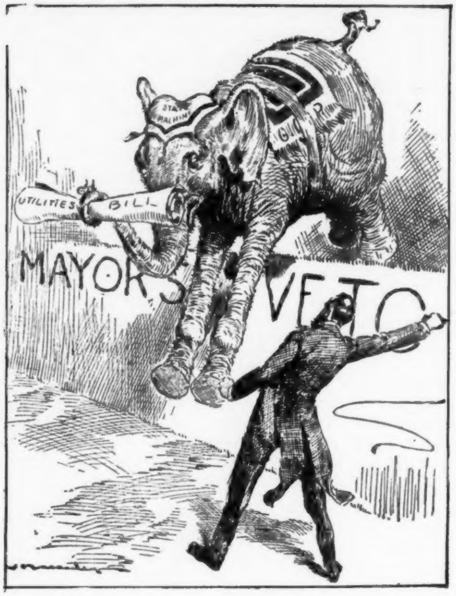
THE result was an almost complete reversal of the situation and without any change whatever in the tactics pursued by the Governor,—namely of putting it "up to" the people, not in fervid oratorical appeals but in plain businesslike statements, and leaving it there. The New York *Sun* thus comments on the effect: "If ever a lawmaking body was led to water, the New York Legislature has been, and it has not only been led to water but made to drink." The line of press comment has been almost identical in Democratic and Republican papers, and it all sings a song of exultation over the downfall of machine politics. The New York *World* (Dem.) says:

"The American people are hungry for honest, intelligent, sincere political leadership. When they find a man whom they feel they can trust they make short shrift of any political organization that stands in his way or their way. No matter how well a machine is organized or how cunning its manipulators, the machine can govern only during periods of popular indifference. The man who wins and holds the confidence of the people can always beat the bosses."

The only contemporaneous exhibition of power parallel to this, so the New York *Times* thinks, is that shown by President Roosevelt over Congress. The Boston *Transcript's* correspondent commented on the course of the Governor as follows:

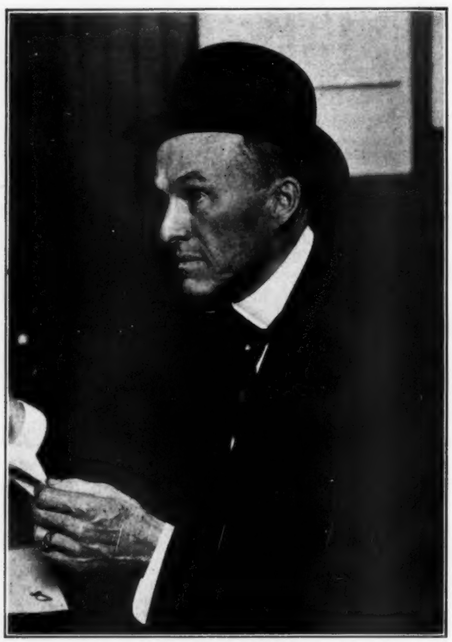
"From the very outset of the year he has been a 'man of mystery' to the trained Albany observers and politicians alike. Time and again the new and unprecedented character of his tactics have amazed and alarmed his friends, as well as his opponents. At the end of last week his isolation was so complete, his failure to attract friends or make allies so evident, that it seemed to insure defeat. Yet he has steadily followed the course laid down by him directly after election. He has not sought allies, he has not asked or accepted advice. His sole theory has been that, if he could convince the people that he was working honestly in their interest without any personal ambition beyond that of honest service, that in the end they would rally to his support and drive the political bosses into his camp ahead of them."

DEFEATED on the Kelsey removal, Governor Hughes proceeded to win out on the Public Utilities Commission, the bill providing for a recount of the votes in the recent mayoralty election in New York City (Hearst *versus* McClellan), the reapportionment bill, and various other bills of more or less limited interest. The measures themselves, aside from the Public Utilities bill, were not of compelling popular interest. Mr. Hughes is not a champion of sweeping reform in economic or social conditions. The phrase that best describes what he has stood for and fought for is:



THE LAST HURDLE
—Macaulay in N. Y. *World.*

administrative efficiency. It is not new as a phrase, but as it is applied by the Governor it represents a new standard in the measurement of public service. Kelsey is by all accounts a man of high character; but the Governor, once persuaded of his inefficiency, demanded his removal. The chief contest over the Public Utilities bill involved the same point. The principal opposition to it was on account of the section that gives the Governor power to remove the commissioners for inefficiency and on account of the lack of any specific clause giving the courts the right to review the acts of the commissioners. On both these points, Governor Hughes stood firmly by the bill, on the ground that governmental efficiency requires that the power of removal be vested in the Governor's hands (as the power to remove county officers is), and requires that purely administrative orders of the commission, as distinct from orders involving questions of law, shall not be made subject to court review. "We do not," he said "want our offices conducted by men who simply keep within the penal code and do not outrage the moral sentiment of the community."



A REACTIONARY
"Pat" McCarren, the ruler of the Democratic party of Brooklyn, is credited with more personal force and political intelligence than any other man in the recent legislature, and with making the boldest use of it to do the will of unpopular public service corporations.

HIS veto message on the Two-cent-rate bill may be boiled down to the same essential principle. In his opinion, any such arbitrary fixing of the price of transportation ought to take place only after a careful and searching investigation. Not because he held that the bill represented a vicious economic principle, but because he considered it an instance of sloppy and inefficient legislation he vetoed it. The principle runs through his whole course of action, and explains his refusal to profit by President Roosevelt's overtures in his behalf. The President swung the big club of federal patronage in this state at a critical moment in the Governor's struggle. How much that had to do with the rush of political leaders to Albany to bring the legislature into line with the Governor's program is a matter of opinion. But the Governor refused to encourage any further efforts of that sort in his behalf, not because he distrusts or dislikes the President, but because that method of winning out was incompatible, in his judgment, with exclusive adherence to the standards of administrative efficiency. For the two standards of political efficiency and administrative efficiency can not be applied at the same time. One must prevail to the exclusion or at least partial exclusion of the other. To remove a man from office not because he is inefficient but because he is sustaining the wrong politi-

cal group is inconsistent with the Governor's ideas, and he would not encourage such a method of fighting even in his own behalf. All this sounds simple enough stated as a creed. But as a matter of fact this is a very novel experiment that Governor Hughes has been making, and the interest excited in it is not surprising. "The essence of the whole incident," said the New York *Herald's* Albany correspondent recently, referring to a public protest made by a Republican leader against ignoring the claims of the efficient partizan workers, "is that the politicians are still afraid of Governor Hughes. They do not know how to play his new brand of politics." "Governor Hughes," remarks the Cleveland *Plain Dealer*, "by thus proving himself a governor who can govern, has become more than ever a distinctly national figure who must be reckoned with in national politics."

CLOUDING UP
And just when she's expecting company.
—Pittsburg *Dispatch*.

* * *

ON A raised dais in a semicircle of seats dominating the rest, Queen Wilhelmina's minister of foreign affairs welcomed those two hundred and sixty diplomatists from forty odd nations who are now the guests of Holland. A certain mechanical smoothness of ceremony, rehearsed behind the scenes of world politics long in advance, facilitated the choice of Alexander Ivanovitch Nelidoff, the diplomatist who represents Nicholas II in the capital of the third French republic, as presiding officer of the conference. The triple rows of fourteen double-seated desks running down the center of the hall were allotted to the more illustrious plenipotentiaries, the four rows of double desks on each side being filled by well-groomed but not well-known attachés and advisers. Eastern tapestries and rugs upon the floors and walls formed a background in crimsons, blues and greens against which the uniformed and beribboned parliament of man stood out garishly under eight circular chandeliers hung from the massive roof. Joseph H. Choate, his plain black coat very conspicuous in that kaleidoscope of color, was well placed in the semicircle of seats on a raised dais. The representatives of the German Emperor, with Baron Marschall von Bieberstein at their head, surprised the whole conference by asking that its deliberations be public. The question had been under discussion for days before the delegates got together. It had been taken for granted that the proceedings were to be behind closed doors. The arrangement ultimately reached was in the nature of a compromise. Journalists are given a table at which notes may be taken of what is said and done, but the right of exclusion may be exercised by the presiding officer at his discretion. The German plenipotentiaries explained that publicity was necessary to counteract press intrigues and the indiscretions of delegates.

WHERE THE PEACE CONFERENCE TALKS OF WAR

The ancient building here shown is called the Binnenhof, although, more strictly, it is the Hall of the Knights, in the Binnenhof. It was put in readiness for the international peace conference at The Hague by order of Queen Wilhelmina herself.

AN atmosphere more changed with suspicion has not been breathed by any international conference since the drafting of the treaty of Berlin. The withdrawal of Italy's compromise proposition with reference to limitation of armaments left the program of proceedings as it was laid down in Russia's "note." The idea in every mind, as the European press reflects it, was nevertheless the limitation of armaments. Would the delegates of Great Britain propose it? Sir Edward Fry, the aged and reticent lawyer who heads the British delegation, would throw no light on this point. His colleague, Sir Edward Satow, famed for his diplomatic triumphs as British minister in Peking some years ago, referred the whole topic to Joseph H. Choate. If Mr. Choate or General Horace Porter, as representatives of this country, suggest limitation of armaments to the conference, Sir Ernest Satow will support the proposition. His colleagues will do the same. It appears, however, that neither Mr. Choate nor General Porter will take the initiative without direct instructions from Washington. It is believed that this question of limitation of armaments will crop up at The Hague when some other subject is under discussion. If so, according to the organ of the German Imperial Chancellor, the *Süddeutsche Correspondenz,* Emperor William's representatives are to abstain from all discussion. "If it is desired at The Hague to discuss limitation of armaments, this can be done more impartially and peaceably if Germany takes no part." These words in so responsible an organ imply a threat, says the Paris *Temps,* that Berlin may disrupt the conference.

BUT Leon Bourgeois, the dreamer, the artist, the poet, heads the delegation from France in a spirit of peace so conciliatory, avers the *Etoile Belge,* that even Marschall von Bieberstein, who believes only in mailed fists, could not find it in his heart to be irreconcilable if the anticipated crisis arrives. Bourgeois is the champion of what he has himself styled solidarity. Solidarity is the principle of the twentieth century as representative government was the panacea of the nineteenth. Out of the peace conference at The Hague—which will last until next month is wellnigh gone or Bourgeois is out of his reckoning—is to come a world congress made up of man's elect. The idea of a parliament of man is to Bourgeois what the thought of a new route to India was to Columbus, but that same idea to von Bieberstein is as the sign of the cross to Satan. Instructed by his imperial master, reports the *Gaulois,* von Bieberstein is impressing upon all the delegates that this conference should be "practical" and not "ideational." Put into ordinary forms of speech, the meaning is that contraband of war and the rights of neutrals should be given precedence on the program over aspirations for universal peace and schemes for the regeneration of mankind. Baron Marschall von Bieberstein has, ever since his arrival at The Hague, heaped the coals of his sarcasm upon the heads of "those poets," as he persists in calling the delegates who take their cue from Leon Bourgeois.

THESE two, Leon Bourgeois, who has narrowly escaped election as the chief magistrate of France, and Marschall von Bieberstein, the baron to whom only military considerations are final, stand for the antithetical policies already in opposition. Bourgeois has all his life preached democracy, the conversion of the world into a garden of delight. Von Bieberstein has spent a lifetime in delimiting frontiers, in threatening devious Turkish officials, in promoting those policies of expansion upon which William II has set his heart. Bourgeois lives in a world of dreams, carving statues from soft white marble, reading the masterpieces of French literature aloud to groups of friends beneath the trees in the orchard that he loves. Von Bieberstein dines in uniform with the rulers of nations, he goes in hot haste to the Sublime Porte vowing vengeance and he breathes defiance in the name of the German army and the German navy. Where Bourgeois reasons sweetly, von Bieberstein pounds the table. Each is a perfect gentleman, skilled in the modes of diplomacy, tempered to the keenness of a razor's edge, yet each makes himself agreeable in a different way. Between these two men there must arise antagonisms, predicts the *Neue Freie Presse* of Vienna, in which the world can, if it takes the trouble, learn what the conference really means. It means that reaction and progress in the government of this world have locked horns. Reaction wants no peace parliaments to subject its methods to the scrutiny of all mankind. Progress seeks the good of the race as a whole and wars on war. The Biebersteins are at The Hague to keep their world dynastic, official, bureaucratic. The Bourgeois have come in the name of democracy. Demos, washed in the waters of universal suffrage, glares defiantly at the mailed fist of the war lord.

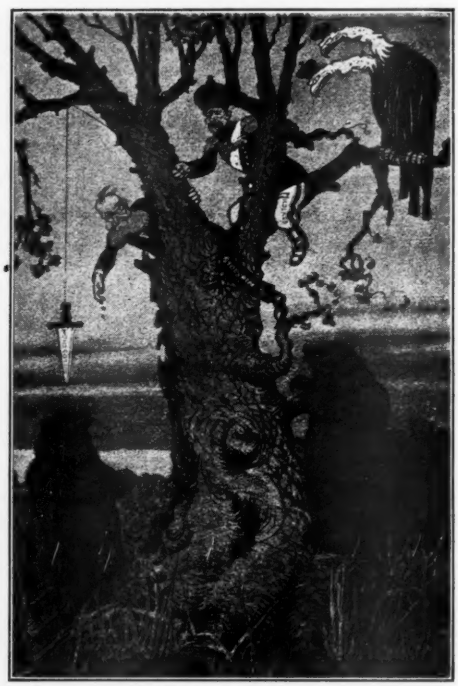
HOLDING himself aloof as much as possible from the psychological pitfalls of the conference, Joseph H. Choate, as we are informed in the London *Standard,* urged the exemption of all private property—other than contraband—from capture on the high seas by the ships of a nation engaged in war. This idea is that darling of our diplomacy for which the original conference at The Hague dug so deep a grave in 1899. Mr. Choate proved last month that the case was one of suspended animation only. It was not, as a result, possible to dispose of it with a technical consideration. Mr. Choate and Sir Edward Fry are understood to have debated the proposition in a way likely to develop some disagreement between Washington and London before the peace conference ends. The question of immunity for belligerent merchant shipping is, surmises Sidney Low, writing in the London *Standard,* the most important topic at The Hague just now. "It is no matter of vague sentiment or academic aspirations, but a profoundly practical question, which must directly affect the policy of every maritime power in the next great war, and on its settlement, it is no exaggeration to say, the political and commercial future of some of them may depend." If a decision be reached on this point before the delegates adjourn, predicts Mr. Low, this conference will have made and unmade history. Great Britain has gone into it under the terrible disadvantage of having signed the famous "declaration of Paris," whereas the United States enjoys the felicity of having refused to be a party to that pact. These are the factors in the struggle over the contraband question which may yet place Sir Edward Fry in opposition to our Joseph H. Choate.

THE famous declaration includes among its binding principles that privateering "is and remains abolished," that "the neutral flag covers enemy's merchandise except contraband of war," that "neutral merchandise is not subject to capture under an enemy's flag" and that "blockades to be recognized must be effective"—that is, a neutral is not bound to respect a mere "paper blockade." This last point, observes Mr. Low, has never been seriously disputed. The theory that neutral merchandise is not subject to capture under an enemy's flag has been generally acted upon in maritime wars. The next great reform to strive for, contends our authority, is the exemption of all private property, except contraband of war, whether carried in neutral or in national vessels from hostile seizure. "This is the view that has always been taken by the United States, and it is the real reason why the declaration of Paris has not been indorsed by the government of the republic." It has been affirmed that Washington refused to be bound by the declaration of Paris because it forbade privateering. This, says Mr. Low, is not a historical fact. "The Americans have no love for privateering in the abstract; but they maintain, and rightly, that it is both useless and unfair to prohibit the employment of corsairs as long as private commerce lies open to capture." It is useless to forbid the right hand to steal if the left be free to rob. But if all private property were made immune by The Hague conference this summer, privateering, we are told, would abolish itself, since there would be nothing for the privateers to scour the seas in quest of. "So far from an amelioration," retorts Captain Mahan in *The National Review* (London), "this is an incentive to war by removing one of its evils, and that an evil which strikes the whole belligerent community, not merely the navies and armies in the field." The suggestion he pronounces contrary to sound policy and to "an acknowledged experience" that the deadlier, the more comprehensive in scope, the instruments of war become the less frequent and the briefer grows the resort to arms.

AS THE champion of that doctrine which the last Pan-American Congress, by special resolution, commended to the favor of all powers represented at The Hague, Don Luis Fernandez Drago, most eminent of South American diplomatists, proved a delegate of scarcely less riveting interest than Bourgeois or von Bieberstein. Señor Drago, plenipotentiary from Argentina, professes himself the exponent of an idea originally formulated by Alexander Hamilton. It is to the effect that the public debt of a South American nation should not entail armed intervention "nor in any wise the actual occupation of the territory of American nations" by any European power. "The collection of loans by force implies territorial occupation to make it effective," to quote Dr. Drago's thesis. "Territorial occupation means suppression of the government of the country upon which it is imposed." For that reason the South American delegates intend that The Hague conference shall write into international law the proposition that a monetary claim due to the subject of a foreign power can not be collected by force exerted through a European

squadron. If Europe understands the attitude of Secretary Root on this delicate subject, Mr. Joseph H. Choate and General Horace Porter will uphold Dr. Drago when the resolution of the Pan-American Congress is put by President Nelidoff. The inevitable opposition from Baron Marschall von Bieberstein is to be displayed, we are assured, not before the conference itself but in the privacy of a committee room. For the prestige of the Baron with his imperial master is said in the *Indépendence Belge* (Brussels) to depend very much on the final attitude of The Hague conference towards this Drago doctrine.

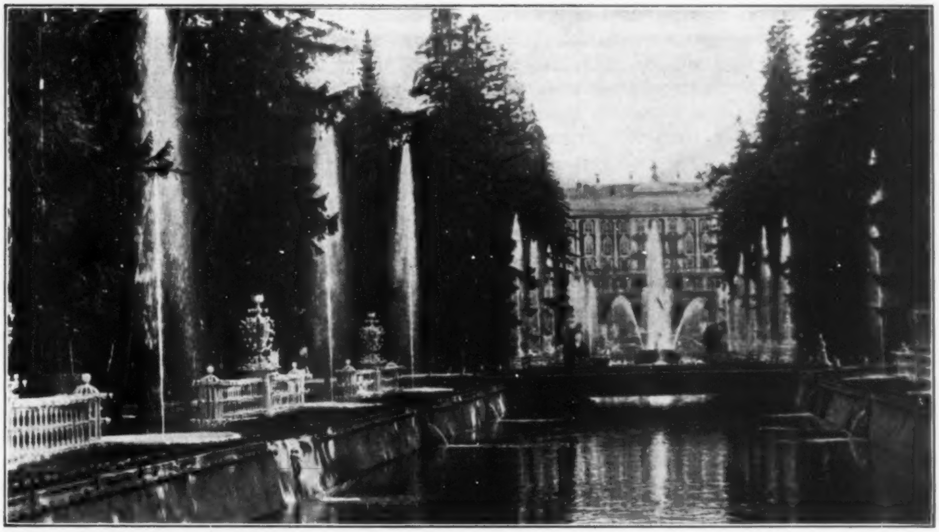
ON THE eve of the first assembly in the Binnenhof, the fluent linguist and scholar who heads the delegation from Japan, Privy Councillor Tsuzuki, informed the Dutch Foreign Minister that the Tokyo Government reserved the right to withdraw from The Hague at any stage of the proceedings. As this right inheres in every delegation, the somewhat pointed reminder was at first taken as a hint that Japan is afraid of any limitation of her armaments. It was ascertained subsequently that Dr. Tsuzuki had in mind the supremacy over China which it seems Japan means to proclaim at the psychological moment before the peace conference adjourns. It is incredible to the *Kreuz Zeitung* (Berlin) that the leading plenipotentiary from Tokyo really purposes the injection of so burning a topic as "a Japanese Monroe Doctrine in Peking," but its information is nevertheless to this very effect. Japan, as our German contemporary fears, has gone to The Hague in a spirit of flat defiance rendered additionally truculent by the terms of the alliance between Tokyo and London. Dr. Tsuzuki is accused of something very like a browbeating of Sir Edward Fry when that conciliatory jurist mentioned the limitation of armaments. Tsuzuki is said to be a Jingo at heart. He has been responsible for more bellicose demonstrations against Western powers in his native isles than all the sensational newspapers of Tokyo taken together. He excels in intrigue and his cue is crisis. To him world politics is an international scramble among dogs of war from which Japan must always emerge with the diplomatic biscuit in her teeth. Tokyo, professing through her chancellery a single-minded devotion to peace, despatches to The Hague her one proficient in the fomentation of discord. Should the second peace conference be scattered to the four winds by its irreconcilables, the German daily will have no difficulty in assigning the responsibility. The Japanese delegates will be to blame. The Paris *Temps* predicts that the scapegoats will be German. The London *Times* suspects a conspiracy of continental powers to terminate the conference prematurely in a fiasco and impute the fault to England.



STOLYPIN AND HIS CZAR HAVE PLAYED WITH FIRE—AND WITH THE DUMA
—Stuttgart *Wahre Jacob.*

* * *

A MILKMAID who had bombs in her pail; a susceptible officer of the palace guard at Tsarskoe Selo, and a beautiful girl whom the St. Petersburg police are vainly seeking everywhere, impart to the last attempt upon the life of Nicholas II an epic nobility of incident that led straight to the dissolution of the Duma. Not until Dr. E. J. Dillon, the brilliant Russian correspondent of the London *Telegraph*, revealed the particulars did western Europe suspect that not merely the life of the autocrat, but the life of his little heir, the Czarevich Alexis, was saved in the nick of time. From the versions with which the press of Europe was filled last month, it would seem that "a tacit understanding not to aim at the Emperor's person," as the London *Times* calls



WHERE THE CZAR'S FAMILY TAKES REFUGE FROM CONSPIRACY

This is the avenue of fountains at Peterhof, the palace to which the Czarina is so partial. Here the little Alexis and his four sisters are now in residence. No one is now admitted to the avenue of fountains without a permit from the Minister of the Interior. This order is said to apply to the grand dukes as well as to ordinary mortals.

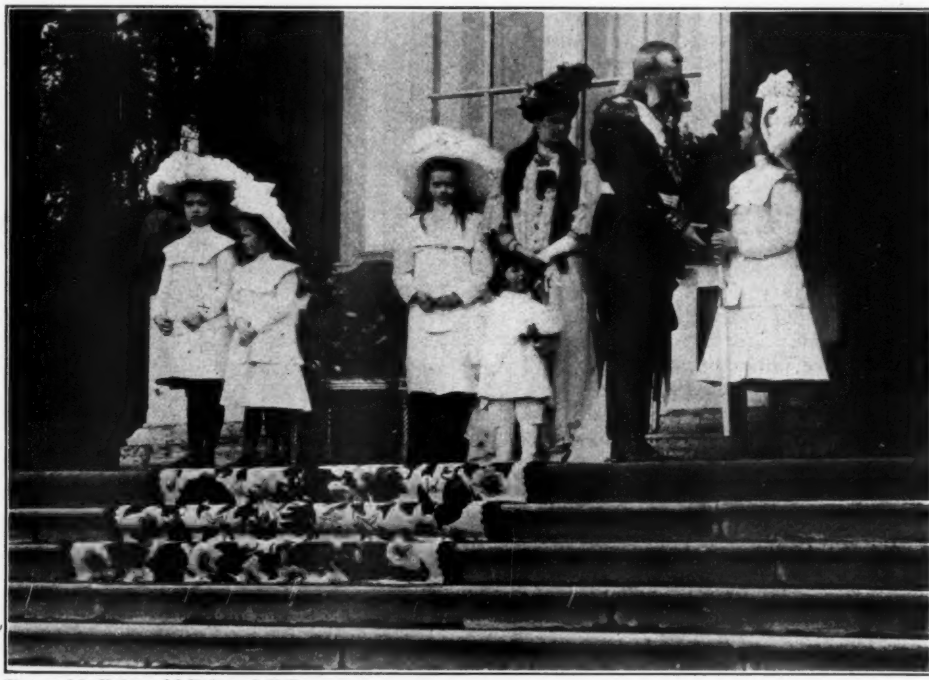
it, no longer exists. Nicholas II has a special dread of the month of May. In May he was born, to be sure, and in May his coronation took place. But every melancholy event of his career, he maintains, has happened in May—the attempt upon his life in Japan, the annihilation of his fleet by the Japanese, the appearance of his father's spirit in the library of the Winter Palace at midnight, the crushing to death of the five thousand peasants in Moscow. His Imperial Majesty is most suspicious in May, the very month, it now transpires, of his miraculous escape from the bomb in the milkmaid's pail. Sedulously as the police have concealed the circumstances, the European dailies agree that lodgings were hired in the imperial village by a young lady terrorist of the now familiar type. It is unthinkable to well-informed students of present-day Russia that this could have happened without some kind of official connivance. The idea was broached in Stolypin's presence when the Duma met for the last time. One theory is that a palace clique may have been responsible. The death of the Czar, it is hinted, would be no insupportable calamity to some grand dukes and bureaucrats.

HENCE the incredulity with which the story of this plot was at first received in Europe. Even if there was a plot, contended the skeptical, it must have originated in a grand ducal intrigue. Nicholas II would gladly exile many of his relatives. The step would render possible those concessions to popular demands which all agree he is willing enough, if let alone, to make. But the grand dukes are the Romanoff or rather the Holstein-Gotthorp dynasty. To them Nicholas II is a simple member of the family. Every tendency he manifests for a reconciliation with the spirit of modern Russia leads to a fictitious plot aimed at the life of the Czar Nicholas II takes warning and becomes again reactionary. He summons a Duma only to scatter it to the four winds. This, affirm those who understand the reign, is the key to the puzzles of the past month in St. Petersburg. The assassination of the Czar presents no such aspects of difficulty as the uninformed might suspect. The *Etoile Belge* fancies that it would be easier for an anarchist to slay Nicholas II than to slay President Roosevelt. Everybody knows where to find the Czar. His daily life is ordered with the precision of the clock. His Majesty never worked more arduously. All this spring he has risen with the sun or nearly so. At seven in the morning he is at his desk in the small study at Tsarskoe Selo. The Czar has given himself to incessant smoking of rather heavy cigars lately. His natural nervousness is scarcely soothed by several cups of strong coffee brought in to him as he pores over heaps of papers. He is

as reticent a ruler as was General Grant during the eight years he spent in the White House. His Majesty will let a week pass without finding occasion to address one word to the secretaries who sort official documents for him. The imperial diversion is generally a game of tennis with officers of the palace guard. The midday meal is taken with the Czarina and the children.

THESE details were perfectly well known to the conspirators. Everything indicates that they made allowance for the noon interview between Nicholas II and Prime Minister Stolypin that has been almost the law of the land for months. The Czarina, sympathizing with the simplicity of her husband's domestic tastes, shuns palaces as he does, and keeps with her children within the limits of the grounds about the villas of Tsarskoe Selo and Peterhof. The grand balls in the Winter Palace are no more. The banquets to the diplomatic corps grow fewer with every additional year of his reign. The Czar and his consort, with their five children, afford a spectacle of that rustic gentility which assumes such charm in Jane Austen's descriptions of the life of an English country gentleman in the days of the Prince Regent. The favorite abode for the time being is Peterhof. In the cold weather it is Tsarskoe Selo. When the little heir to the throne and the four growing grand duchesses are good children they go with their parents for a cruise in the royal yacht. The romantic isles with which the Bay of Finland is dotted delight the imperial family. Alexandra Feodorovna, her four lovely girls and her one darling boy climb the rocks, run after the sea gulls and pick a flower here and there. Nicholas II has some shooting.

IT WAS at Tsarskoe Selo that suspicion fell upon the milk supply. The theory is that the terrorists, bent upon keeping the family together but lacking facilities for assassination at Peterhof, whither the Czar with his children repair as the warm weather comes on, gained access to the dairy. The milkmaid drugged the cream or it spoiled. Alexis fell



Photograph by Underwood & Underwood, N. Y.

THE FIVE CHILDREN OF THE CZAR AT A MILITARY REVIEW

The heir to the throne of Russia, the Czarevich Alexis, stands in his first trowsers immediately in front of his mother, the Czarina. The Czar's eldest daughter, the Grand Duchess Olga, confronts her uncle, the Grand Duke Vladimir, while the Grand Duchess Tatiana, the Czar's second daughter, stands on her mother's right. The Grand Duchess Marie, aged eight, and the Grand Duchess Anastasia, aged six, appear side by side at the spectator's left.

THE GUARDS WHOSE TREASON NEARLY COST THE CZAR HIS LIFE

These sentinels at Tsarskoe Selo belonged to what was known as "the convoy," and they held guard over the nursery, the entrances and exits to the palace and the person of the sovereign. A young lady terrorist lured the officer of the convoy out of sight of the palace entrance while an accomplice gained entrance within.

ill. The Czar and the Czarina spend their evenings together. She sews her children's clothes. He smokes and reads. The illness of the Czarevich kept the boy's mother in the nursery. One story is that a bomb was hurled through the window of the study. Another version has the bomb on the Czar's desk, where it would have exploded when his Majesty lifted a lid or opened a drawer. Again it would appear that the milkmaid who served the cream was waiting for his Majesty with a bomb in her pail, only to be disappointed at the last moment by what is known in the parlance of the American police as a "squeal." The susceptible officer of the guard whose infatuation for the mysterious young lady whom St. Petersburg spies can not trace had either quarreled with his flame or become suspicious. Such is history as they have been making it in Russia for the past six weeks. No wonder, says the Rome *Tribuna,* western Europe received these tales with incredulity, transformed at last into blank amazement when the facts were vouched for partly on the high authority of Dr. E. J. Dillon of the London *Telegraph,* partly on the statements of Prime Minister Stolypin to the Duma just before its dissolution and partly by the accounts transmitted through the St. Petersburg correspondents of the Paris *Temps.* The significant feature, observes the London *Times,* is the direct attempt on the life of the Czar. Be the details credible or incredible, the established fact that Nicholas II himself has been selected as the victim by the social revolutionary group held responsible for this plot puts a new face upon the possibilities of the situation in Russia.

YEARS of reaction followed the assassination of Alexander II and years of reaction must have followed the assassination of Nicholas II. The failure of the plot, predicts the London daily, will be sufficient to impel the moderate element to join the forces of reaction. "An attempt on the Emperor's life means that the men who plan it are aiming at the dissolution of the whole existing state." Those men are not attempting to determine responsibility. They are trying to destroy Russian institutions in the person of their visible head. "In so doing they are bound to range against themselves all who are working for the ordered progress of the Empire and to make the position of these true reformers impossible by the enormous lever they would put into the hands of the reactionaries. It can hardly be doubted that the plot which is now being investigated was a step in this direction." When Nicholas II came within range of the bomb taken out of the milkmaid's pail, there began that series of events which entailed the end of the Duma's life. "Probably," conjectures the London *Times,* "this was one of the main objects." By their plot, even tho it has failed, the conspirators hope to effect a cleavage between the court and the people, for the London organ sets no store by the theory that the attempt upon the Czar's life can have been a grand ducal contrivance. As

regards the plot itself, its disclosure might have given the bureaucrats justification for the dissolution of the Duma, if the deputies in that turbulent body had but cheered when Prime Minister Stolypin confirmed the story of the Czar's narrow escape. Rodichef, that shrewd leader of the constitutional democrats, begged the deputies to place themselves on record as "filled with the liveliest joy owing to the fortunate preservation of the Emperor from the danger which threatened his Majesty and deeply indignant at the criminal plot which has been revealed." The group of toil and the Socialists, forewarned by Alexinsky, the Eugene V. Debs of Russia, did not vote because they had stayed away. They stayed because they did not want to express joy at his Majesty's escape. What effect this attitude was to exert upon the immediate future of the Duma was the problem of the moment in St. Petersburg. Uncertainty came to an end when the deputies were dismissed in disgrace and new elections decreed for next September. The Czarevich and his sisters have in the meantime been transported with their parents to Peterhof, on the Gulf of Finland, some twenty-five miles from the capital. No visitor can now gain admission to the village of Peterhof until he has satisfactorily explained himself to the police.

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UPROAR, the elevation of many opposing voices and a concerted yell of "gag!" accompanied the first reading in the House of Commons of that long overdue Irish bill which to former Prime Minister Balfour was the old Home Rule in its newest disguise. To throngs so dense as to jeopardize the lives of the asthmatic, Augustine Birrell, Chief Secretary for Ireland in the present ministry, pleaded for this great measure with an almost French lucidity of exposition, with an eloquence that made an hour and three quarters seem fifteen happy minutes and with a self-command that turned every interruption into an opportunity for the display of his own genial humor. Ireland, it seems, was to have what Mr. Birrell, carefully avoiding words of ominous association in the English mind, called "a representative administrative council." Its members were to number well over a hundred. The great majority of these would be elected upon a franchise that includes women. A minority of the council was to be made appointive. The body itself was to assume the functions of that medley of committees and boards now so indiscriminately referred to as the government of Ireland. But there were reservations, significant reservations, so the Home Rulers objected. The new council was not to control the Dublin police, nor to hold any sort of power over the higher judiciary, while these famous keepers of the peace all over Ireland known as the constabulary—an army of themselves—were left practically as they are. The commission dealing with the land question was not within the scope of this bill. Neither were the prisons. Such, with tolerable accuracy, may be called the skeleton of the scheme which amid general execration was rejected by the unanimous vote of the representatives of the people of Ireland. The Home Rulers banned the bill. They made a mockery of it. They threw it, like a glove, in the face of its author. The brilliant and persuasive Augustine Birrell received in Dublin at the hands of Irishmen the first great blow to his parliamentary prestige.

WHEN he got upon his feet in the English House of Commons, it was made manifest that John Redmond does not dominate the Home Rule contingent with the Augustan assurance of former days. It is unsatisfactory, he observed, that the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland was to have so absolute a veto upon the enactments of the proposed council. He could not conceal his chagrin at the government's unwillingness to part with its control of the police power. However, Mr. Redmond would give the bill the benefit of his unbiased intellect. In being thus inconsequential, this unimaginative and somewhat cold Celt is thought to have afforded fresh evidence, if any were needed, that he is leader of the Home Rule movement in a very formal sense. Perhaps it might not be too much to affirm that Mr. John Redmond is thrown on the parliamentary screen as party chief, while the effective operator of the Irish cinematograph is Mr. John Dillon. Mr. Redmond utters the solemn warnings to the Prime Minister and hurls the defiances on the platform. Mr. Dillon determines policies and pulls wires. Even Mr. Dillon, however, is not master. Behind him, or rather above him, stands Mr. Thomas Sexton, said in the London *Telegraph* to be a more potent factor in the Home Rule agitation of to-day than any other politician in or out of Ireland. Mr. Redmond gets the votes of confidence and the loud applause. Mr. Dillon gets the hard work. Nobody knows what Mr. Sexton gets, but it is said to be substantial. Until these three agreed upon the course to pursue, until they gave their policy effect in the Home

Rule convention at Dublin, the optimistic but misinformed Augustine Birrell cherished a hope that his bill could be put through. He had quite failed to realize how completely out of touch with the Ireland of to-day is the once all-powerful John Redmond.

NOTHING points decisively to the truth of rumors that the relations of Messrs. Dillon, Redmond and Sexton on the one hand and the Irish hierarchy on the other are strained. Nothing has occurred within the past three weeks to confirm the assertion that the Vatican contemplates banning one or other of the several Irish patriotic organizations, notably the Gaelic League. But French anticlericals, retaliating upon Irish bishops who denounced "the atheistic republic," have circulated among Mr. Redmond's followers evidence—or what purports to be evidence—that the pontifical secretary of state, Cardinal Merry del Val, is hostile to Home Rule aspirations. His Eminence has satisfied himself that, in the words of Sydney Brooks, "Home Rule, so far from spelling Rome Rule, spells Home Ruin." For that reason Irish members of the House of Commons may be advised by Mr. Redmond not to pay too much heed to the bishops. They on their side disliked the Birrell bill because it placed education under lay control. English Catholics wanted the Vatican to oppose the Home Rule idea through the Irish bishops. To effect the exertion of this gentle suasion, that estimable Roman Catholic nobleman, the Marquis of Ripon, a pillar of the present British ministry, is said to have used his well-known influence at the Vatican. Such is the gossip in French anticlerical organs like the Paris *Liberté,* bent upon making trouble for a hierarchy that denounces an atheistic republic.

YET another estimable Roman Catholic nobleman, the Earl of Denbigh, least placable of all English foes of Home Rule, is said by French anticlericals to receive aid and comfort from the pontifical secretary of state. The noble earl has just said in the House of Lords that the true purpose of Mr. Redmond's followers is to "break off" from all control by England and "to be in a position to declare Ireland a separate and independent nation." Let Britons consider the way in which an Irish parliament—and what is "a representative administrative council" but a parliament in the making?—would be able to "put the screws on England" at inconvenient moments and to act on the well-known saying that England's difficulty would be Ireland's opportunity. "What would be our position," asked the Earl of Denbigh, "in the event of a European crisis in which we were called on to fight for our very existence as a nation if the Irish Parliament did not see eye to eye with us? Let the government consider the manner in which our naval and military forces could be annoyed and hampered by a hostile Irish parliament." Thus a Roman Catholic peer who pleads guilty to not being an Irishman and to owning no Irish land, yet who is believed to possess greater personal influence with the Vatican than any other living English layman, not even excepting the Duke of Norfolk—far more influence at any rate than is possessed by the Marquis of Ripon.

BUT Roman Catholic noblemen who approach the Vatican for the exertion of its pressure upon the Irish hierarchy encounter, say those who should have access to the facts, the firm determination of the Pope not to become involved in the crisis at all. It has become the policy of the present pontificate to hold aloof from patriotic conflicts, such as those of the Poles with Prussia, those of the Croatians with the Magyars and those of the Irish with the dominant race. Pius X is said to have convinced himself that his own interference in nationalist upheavals anywhere in Europe prejudices the cause of religion owing to the misrepresentations that ensue. He shows where he stands, according to a writer in the London *Post,* by his refusal hitherto to ban the Gaelic League, altho that organization has seemed to place itself once or twice in the position of deliberately defying the ecclesiastical authorities. That picturesque organization, the Gaelic League, has been defined by its friends as an attempt to revive the ancient language, culture and civilization of the Irish people. Already, as Mr. Sydney Brooks notes in the London *Mail,* it has shown some capacity to come out best from brushes with the Church. A parish priest, himself president of a local branch of the league, waxed wroth when the laity insisted that men and women attend the classes in Gaelic together. This meant flat defiance of that Puritanical spirit to which is attributed what Mr. George Moore calls "the awful chastity" of the people of Ireland. The men, declared the priest, must go to the Christian Brothers' school for their instruction. Women must receive their Irish language lessons from the nuns in the convent. There ensued "a terrific contest," as Mr. Sydney Brooks terms it—denunciation from the pulpit at every mass, expulsion of the reverend

THE ONLY EFFECTIVE GOVERNING FORCE IN CHINA

These troops belong to that army of about 70,000 men which has been drilled to a point of western excellence by Yuan-Shi-Kai, the great Viceroy of Chi-Li. The Empress Dowager intended to dismiss Yuan from all his employments last month, says one dispatch, but she refrained when reminded of the troops at the command of the hated mandarin.

father from the local Gaelic League, his effort to form a rival branch, the refusal of headquarters to recognize the priest's new organization, his appeal to the Irish priesthood to control the elections to the central council of the Gaelic League, and at last the gathering of delegates from local branches all over Ireland and their overwhelming election to the executive body of the very man who led the fight against the priest. No solitary instance this, yet "an incident," comments Mr. Sydney Brooks, "of a most significant sort." For the first time in her history Ireland enters a crisis with her hierarchy in a secondary rôle.

IT FELL to Arthur James Balfour, as leader of the opposition in the House of Commons, to define the precise point of view from which all Home Rule is to be fought. As Mr. Birrell in his long elucidation adopted a tone of genial humor, Mr. Balfour rose to reply in the spirit of virtuous indignation. At last they could all grasp the full nature and extent of the criminal legislative conspiracy of which the English are to be the victims. All the members of the present British ministry are Home Rulers. Some of them, he admitted, had not desired to see a Home Rule measure brought in during the life of the present parliament. Hence the paradox of the position. A party has come into power in England with an overwhelming numerical majority in the Commons. That majority is pledged to Home Rule, or at any rate believes in Home Rule. Yet this ministry, with its enormous strength in the House, has not the courage of its opinions, being so afraid of the public feeling in England and in Scotland that it is not going to carry out the policy in which it says it firmly believes. Now the policy of which Mr. Birrell is the instrument with respect to Ireland is a deliberate and intentional fraud upon the British electorate. So Mr. Birrell brings in a bill with regard to Irish government which in Ireland could be represented as a very long step towards an independent parliament and an executive responsible to that parliament and which in England could be represented as a slight, insignificant and innocuous extension of that principle of county government which the Conservatives bestowed upon Ireland as the Conservatives had already bestowed it upon England and upon Scotland. Foretelling confusion in the administration and collisions between rulers and ruled should the bill ever become law, Mr. Balfour sat down to see it pass its first reading by 416 votes to 121. Thus opened the light artillery stage of the Home Rule battle. The big battalions take the field next month, when Mr. Redmond will have received his orders from Dublin for the inauguration of that campaign of agitation throughout Ireland which was ushered in by

EUNUCHS OF THE IMPERIAL PALACE AT PEKING AWAITING THEIR FATE

It turned out that they were to stay and not to be dismissed from their posts in disgrace. These eunuchs in the palace are said to sway the decisions of the aged Empress Dowager and to have great control over the impotent Emperor, Kwang Su. Their dismissal formed the subject of a fierce debate among the grand mandarins.

the severance of all relations between the Nationalists and the Liberals in the House of Commons.'

HENCE no particular importance is attached to the chorus of denunciation with which the fiasco has been received in the English press. No one expected the London *Times,* traditional foe of Home Rule in all disguises, to do otherwise than make Mr. Balfour's accusations of bad faith its own and to say that the scheme of the ministry was unworkable. The partisan London *Tribune,* seeing good in all things ministerial, blesses Mr. Birrell as heartily as that true-blue Conservative, the London *Mail,* does the exact opposite. The organ of the Nonconformist conscience in England, the London *News,* sees something to amend here and there, but it accepts the situation in the hope that Mr. Birrell may do better next time. The London *Telegraph,* supposed to reflect the personal views of Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, still a sick man, sees the British constitution a heap of ruins upon which Mr. Birrell capers besottedly, while the London *Chronicle,* champion of every British interest that is solid, commercial and conservative, thanks God there is still a House of Lords. All these, of course, are but preliminary rollings of the journalistic eye. The convulsions will come with the hot weather, when what the London *Outlook* is pleased to term "an orgy of unconstitutional coercion and unpunished crime" will open in Ireland. Mr. Balfour expects a general election next summer.

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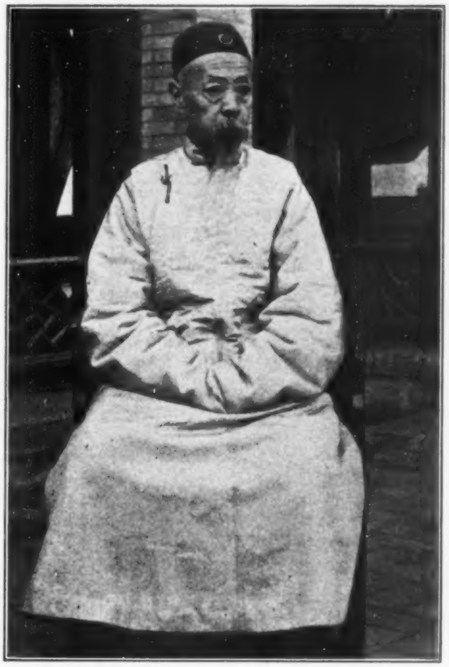
WHERE THE EMPRESS DOWAGER OF CHINA LIES PARALYZED

This edifice is the favorite abode of Tsi Hsu in what is somewhat indefinitely styled "the forbidden city." The Empress Dowager was giving an order for the degradation of Yuan-Shi-Kai, it is said, when she fell to the floor helpless in one of the apartments in this building.



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THE FOE OF THE "FOREIGN DEVIL"

Prince Ching, who presides over the Wai-wu-pu or Foreign Office entrusted with China's diplomatic relations, is opposed to all western influence in China. Now that the Empress Dowager is paralyzed, he is trying, it is said, to have his son named heir to the Chinese throne.

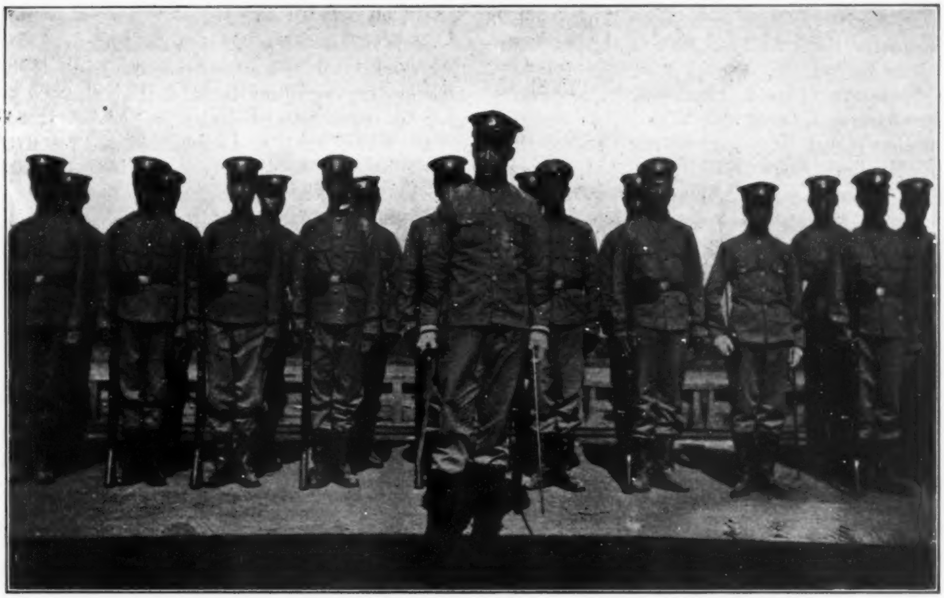
NO ONE outside the grand council of the Chinese empire seems to know how true it is that the Empress Dowager is at the point of death. Her majesty's symptoms came on somewhat insidiously several weeks ago in the form of paralysis. There was impairment of speech. Tsi Hsu has long walked in a tottering manner with her body bent forward, the trembling in all her limbs ceasing, it is said, only when she sleeps. Yet the aged woman is clinging to that supremacy at Peking which was enabled her to play one great power against another with all the astuteness of the Sultan in Constantinople. Within ten days of the aged woman's seizure, revolutionists in four provinces were burning the yamens of viceroys and cutting off the eyelids of tax gatherers with the avowed object of overthrowing the government. Kwang-Su, the spineless Emperor, was bolted within the palace at the order, it is said, of Yuan-Shi-Kai, who, as one of the guardians of the throne and viceroy of Chi-Li, is responsible for the safeguarding of

the royal person. Yuan-Shi-Kai, foreseeing the conflict over the succession to the throne, had imported a hundred field guns from Germany, besides a million small arms. In all the tea houses, whence this gossip—picked up by correspondents who believe nothing told them by the mandarins—was cabled around the world last month, it is understood that Yuan-Shi-Kai is waiting for Tsi Hsu to die. Meanwhile the grand council is quarreling behind closed doors. Prince Ching, the incapable head of the Wai-wu-pu or foreign office, who is much addicted to opium and whose name stands for all that is reactionary in the empire, intends that before the Empress has lost all power of speech she shall name his own son heir to the throne. The weak-willed Emperor, upheld by Yuan-Shi-Kai, is preparing to resist any such spoliation of himself.

WERE his health less feeble, Prince Ching, trusted friend and adviser of the paralyzed Dowager Empress, might seat Tsai Chen on the throne of China. It is to Prince Ching, now as ever the incarnation of Chinese conservatism, that the Japanese press ascribes the stultification of all reform at Peking. The importance of the imperial decrees wrung by Yuan-Shi-Kai from the paralytic Tsi Hsu months ago lay in the fact that they pledged China to continue the reform movement until the nation was fitted for self-government. Fourteen of the highest officials in the empire had matured the scheme founded upon the observations of those imperial commissioners who toured the world for wise ideas. The result had been awaited in patriotic impatience by that "Young China" party which is so clamorous for sweeter manners, purer laws. Native dailies, emboldened by the Empress Dowager's failure to have a reforming editor broken on the wheel, were audaciously curious. What useless boards were to be suppressed by the reorganization of the world of grand mandarins? Would the eunuchs who wielded such disastrous influence at court be retained? Would the long Manchu pension list be abolished? Were the Manchus to enjoy no privileges greater than those of ordinary subjects of the son of Heaven? Was the administration to be remolded on the lines adopted in Tokyo? The result, in the language of *The North China Herald,* was a shuffling of high placemen accompanied by official expressions of a purpose to accomplish good in the indefinite future by unspecified methods. Some score of exalted mandarins made way for new men, largely Manchus, notwithstanding pledges that the old discrimination between Manchus and Chinese in favor of the former was to end. There had been a fierce conflict between the party of progress, headed by Yuan-Shi-Kai, and the conservative sages led by Prince Ching, many of whom are Manchus and all of whom find their prerogatives in peril.

HAD it not been for his control of the only effective army in China, Yuan-Shi-Kai would have succumbed to the influences supporting Prince Ching. Observers in Peking express absolute certainty of that. Yuan-Shi-Kai continues to wield a power rarely attained by a Chinese official. For the first time in the history of the empire, many of the most lucrative and responsible posts in the most conspicuous of the provinces were entrusted to Cantonese educated abroad. Every high provincial official who owes his position to the influence of Yuan-Shi-Kai has a Cantonese attached to his staff. Now the clannishness of the Cantonese is remarkable. To what extent are the political dependents of Yuan-Shi-Kai identified with the activities of their Cantonese countrymen in Singapore, in the United States, in Japan and elsewhere? Their avowed policy is the expulsion of the Manchus from China. Prince Ching dwelt upon that point again and again, it is said, when the exalted reactionaries supporting the Dowager Empress trembled at the menaces of Yuan-Shi-Kai. But Yuan, it is thought in Peking, won a considerable triumph for the cause of reform notwithstanding the resolute and powerful opposition mustered by Prince Ching. Hopes that this first step might lead to genuine administrative improvement have since been dashed. Native dailies lament the failure to make real education of the masses compulsory, the failure to suppress domestic slavery, the failure to end the sway of the eunuchs within and without the palace. Those functionaries, anticipating the victory of Yuan-Shi-Kai, were awaiting, with baggage packed, an order to quit the palace until Prince Ching rushed out of the council chamber with the news that Kwang-Su could not reign without them.

REFORM failed, if the London *Times* is accurately informed, because of the supineness of the Emperor himself. Yuan-Shi-Kai had thought his hold upon the sovereign secure. The Empress Dowager upset this calculation. She reminded Kwang Su of his own political weakness. She pointed out



TROOPS OF THE GREAT CHINESE MANDARIN WHO IS LOSING "FACE"

Captain and infantry company in the regiment stationed at the yamen of Yuan-Shi-Kai, the reforming Chinese viceroy. Yuan is said to have fallen into such disgrace that were it not for the efficiency of the troops at his beck and call he would lose every office he holds. These soldiers are drilled, paid and commanded by Yuan himself, although the field and maneuver work he intrusts to subordinates in his confidence. The spectacle of native Chinese turned into troops of this sort has been called in a report to the general staff of the German army "the wonder of the world."

that he has no heir. She threatened to select a successor to the throne from one of the four imperial youths eligible to that dignity. Her own death would, in consequence, subject the dynasty to the test of civil war. Kwang Su quailed at the prospect. Yuan-Shi-Kai was summoned to the imperial apartments. The Viceroy was asked by the son of Heaven for assurances which he could not give. Yuan, by common report, hesitated. He admitted the difficulty of adapting constitutional government to the needs and conditions of the Chinese people. The struggle for place and power centering in and around the forbidden city proved a draw. Prince Ching has ever since stood for opposition to all that Yuan-Shi-Kai represents. An army of 60,000 men, ready, it is said, to take the field when the Empress Dowager dies, can not be scattered owing to the fury of faction at the capital. Capitalists in this country are charged with financing these forces while Yuan-Shi-Kai maintains a benevolent neutrality and Prince Po Lun, leader of a reform party, vows the overthrow of the Manchu dynasty. Munitions of war are pouring into the eighteen provinces. Valuable concessions, to be wrung from the Emperor when the death of the aged Tsi Hsu ends all effective opposition to foreign novelties, enter into the calculations of Yuan-Shi-Kai. Prince Ching's supporters openly accuse the Viceroy of treason to the state. Fantastic amplifications of this budget of gossip from Peking involve cliques of railway magnates in London and New York, to whom the death of the Empress Dowager would prove of financial rather than historical importance.

NOTHING could indicate the chaotic character of the Chinese imperial system more convincingly, observes the Berlin *Post,* than the difficulty of discriminating between the fantastic and the real in these dream-like impressions from Peking If the Western world is to derive ideas from its experience of that department of the government with which it transacts affairs, the Wai-wu-pu or foreign office, the Chinese Empire is in a state of flux, a formless void. The Wai-wu-pu disposes of all communications from the representatives of the powers by ignoring them completely. Quite recently the ambassador of a most friendly power was compelled to present his formal complaint that more than a dozen of his official communications had remained unanswered for weeks, some even for months.

Al the legations have complained of similar treatment. Prince Ching, who presides over the Wai-wu-pu, met the situation by inviting the diplomatic corps to luncheon. The etiquet of intercourse between the Wai-wu-pu and the sovereign power is so ingeniously Chinese that the individuals responsible for obstruction can not be named by any diplomatist in Peking. Procedure within this body was not affected by the reforms. The only "reforms" accomplished since the Western powers first undertook to render the Wai-wu-pu efficient for negotiation with themselves are the change from its old name of Tsung-li-Yamen to its present name and the substitution of a rectangular table at its meetings for a round one.

* * *

EVEN that long war between church and state in France brought less confusion to the third republic than resulted last month from the crisis in the wine districts bordering upon the Gulf of Lyons. Whole communities refused to pay their taxes, municipal governments gave up their official existence as a protest against conditions explained on mutually destructive hypotheses, and the existence of the Clemenceau ministry itself seemed jeopardized. The truth, as the *Figaro* tries to set it forth, is that the cultivators of the vine, optimistic because of the disappearance of the phylloxera, looked for a golden age of prosperity. Vineyards were extended prodigally. They were enlarged with the use of plants from which the yield of grapes was inferior in quality. In due time was brought about an excessive stock of what in France is known as "ordinary wine." This accumulation of liquor had to compete with an immense and growing yield from Algeria, fine in quality, admissible into France duty free and on sale throughout the republic at some twelve dollars a hogshead. "The effect," we read, "has been to render the wine of the Herault almost unsalable, except at prices which are not remunerative to the producers." The ensuing distress throughout the affected region became intolerable. The population of the depressed region attributed their ill luck to a practice vaguely called adulteration. Denunciation of the manufacturers of those beverages against which the charge of adulteration was brought was fierce. France was said to have been flooded with a so-called wine produced from sugar. Debt was maturing everywhere and want of revenue sharpened the wellnigh universal cry of sugar adulteration.

YEARS ago it was averred in France that this misuse of sugar was a matter of course throughout other continental countries. The adulterating medium is said to be in every case "a result of the decomposition of starch by sulphuric acid, and employed as a source of alcoholic fermentation in liquids of which the juice of the grape formed but a small constituent." Be this as it may, apprehension of indulgence in this kind of fraud became general throughout the Herault. Excitement grew until outbreaks precipitated disorders at Beziers and at Perpignan, where rioting was carried to an extreme. Paraders went everywhere with guillotines for adulterators. The whole south of France seemed to have gone on strike when the Minister of War authorized the use of troops to enforce payment from delinquent contributors to the general revenue. Over 200,000 demonstrators confronted the troops in the southwestern wine country before the excitement culminated, nor is it yet certain that the Clemenceau ministry has solved the problem so dramatically presented to its distracted head.

* * *

FROM the turmoil of the first election ever held in Austria on the basis of universal suffrage, has emerged a parliamentary chamber in which the strongest single party is that of the Social Democrats, with a great group of Christian Socialists numerically second. A democratic and progressive note,—instead of the old racial discord, has been the outcome of what in the opinion of the Vienna *Fremdenblatt* must be considered "the most daring application of the principle of universal suffrage that has yet been seen in Europe." The Emperor Francis Joseph is about to enter upon the sixtieth year of his reign. Age has not made him reactionary, altho that tendency characterized his youth. To him is given all the credit for the boldness of the experiment upon which Austria entered when every male subject in the empire was given the right and in some provinces compelled to record his vote in a national parliamentary election. "Why this should have been the Emperor's will there is no sure sign," observes the Paris *Temps*. "But all Austria will long remember the closing period of the Emperor's sixth decade as the time during which the monarch, inverting the common order of constitutional development, wrestled with parliament to obtain larger rights for his people." The Socialist triumphs mean that Austria is weary of race feuds.

Persons in the Foreground

KNOX

CAN the country stand it to have a President who has such a front name as Philander and such a nickname as "the sawed-off cherub"? With this question we are face to face. For Philander Chase Knox is now formally in the presidential race. He has been presented by the Republican state convention of the Keystone state and he has accepted the candidacy thus thrust upon him. The race for the nomination, it is predicted, will be between Taft and Knox. It seems to be a great year for men of monosyllabic names—Taft, Knox, Root, Shaw, Hughes—all of them seriously talked of for the next president, and only twenty-two letters in all five names.

Senator Knox began his career in Brownsville, Pa., some fifty-four years ago. His wealth to-day is estimated (by the newspapers) at two million dollars; but he had a struggle to get to college, and he had to teach school afterwards to enable him to study law. If he did not have the advantage that Taft and Fairbanks had of being born in Ohio, he did the next best thing: he went there to get an education, graduating at Mount Union College in 1872, the same year that Fairbanks was graduated from another Ohio college—the Ohio Wesleyan. There is a story told of some sort of trouble that Knox had in getting his diploma. His entire class had a clash with the faculty, so the story runs, and every member was required to apologize or leave the institution. Knox was the only man who refused to submit to the requirement. The story lacks circumstantiality and may not be true. At any rate the difficulty, if there was one, was patched up in some way and Philander was not chased.

His real career was carved out in Pittsburg. He specialized on corporation law, and when the Smoky City began the manufacture of multimillionaires it found Knox a very indispensable sort of individual. He has been described as "the law on two legs." It is difficult to think of him, says one Washington correspondent, in any other way than as a lawyer. "Try to figure the teething Knox, the Knox of measles, the marble-playing Knox, and still the respected shade of Blackstone will linger." He became connected with the Carnegie company, and it is said that it was he who did the major part of the legal work of putting together the United States Steel Corporation. The newspaper men, in that fine, easy, generous way they have, allotted him an income from his law practice of anywhere from fifty to two hundred thousand dollars a year at the time that President McKinley enticed him away from his practice to become Uncle Sam's attorney-general at a salary of eight thousand.

It was President Roosevelt who dubbed him a "sawed-off cherub." That was because of his personal appearance, which is thus described in *The Independent*:

> "Knox is a small man—exceptionally small; small as Hale; almost as portly; and between them there is not more than the possibilities of fifteen years' development in inherent, unapproachable pomposity. There is this to be said of Knox, that it is not artificial. It is altogether unconscious. He has solid shoulders and a full chest. He stands and walks like a naval officer on parade—merry ones about the Senate say that he has to, to keep in balance the massive head he carries on his shoulders.
>
> "That head is a study. It attracts attention instantly and holds it almost to a breach of courtesy. It has been called a Napoleon head. Perhaps. It is broad and deep, with a high crown and big, bulging forehead from which the black hair is beating a successful retreat. The face under the forehead is good to look at, but suggestive of other things than the massive dome. It is a smooth-shaven, delightfully clean and open face, narrow and long, delicately put together, exceptionally fair and free from wrinkles. There is so much room inside the thinking chamber that apparently there has been no occasion for thoughts to furrow canals outside."

That is Knox as one man sees him. Another denies the pomposity, and asserts that he is frankness itself and "as candid as a lake." He is bustling rather than pompous, with a "brisk, alert manner and a cherubic face."

By more than one observer of Washington affairs he is described as the best dressed man in the Senate, and one writer calls him the best dressed man in Washington. He is a great reader, absorbing daily the contents of a dozen newspapers, reading all the novels that amount to much, letting nothing new in

legal literature escape him, and being a conscientious student of *The Congressional Record.* His dearest fad is fast horses, and the span he drives in Washington is said to have cost him several thousand dollars more than the Count of Monte Cristo paid for the span with which he once dazzled Paris. When he isn't reading or driving fast horses he is apt to be playing golf, fishing, or playing poker or pinochle. He enjoys the reputation of having never weakened at a poker game and of being regarded by Speaker Cannon as "a foeman worthy of his flush," to use the phrase of the New York *Times's* correspondent. It was the same writer who declared that Knox is not the kind of a man things happen to. "You can as easily imagine things happening to the Code of Civil Procedure." This is not, however, because of anything ox-like or placid in his nature. "There is nothing of the Alton B. Parker about Knox. He is as swift and sudden a proposition as ever came down the turnpike. Also he is full of red blood. The only difference is that he does not talk about it. He was not a Rough Rider; if he commanded a cavalry regiment it would be entitled 'The First United States Volunteer Cavalry' instead of 'The Rough Riders'; but it would get to Las Guasimas just as quick."

The same writer—Thompson, of *The Times*—develops further the contrast between Knox and Roosevelt:

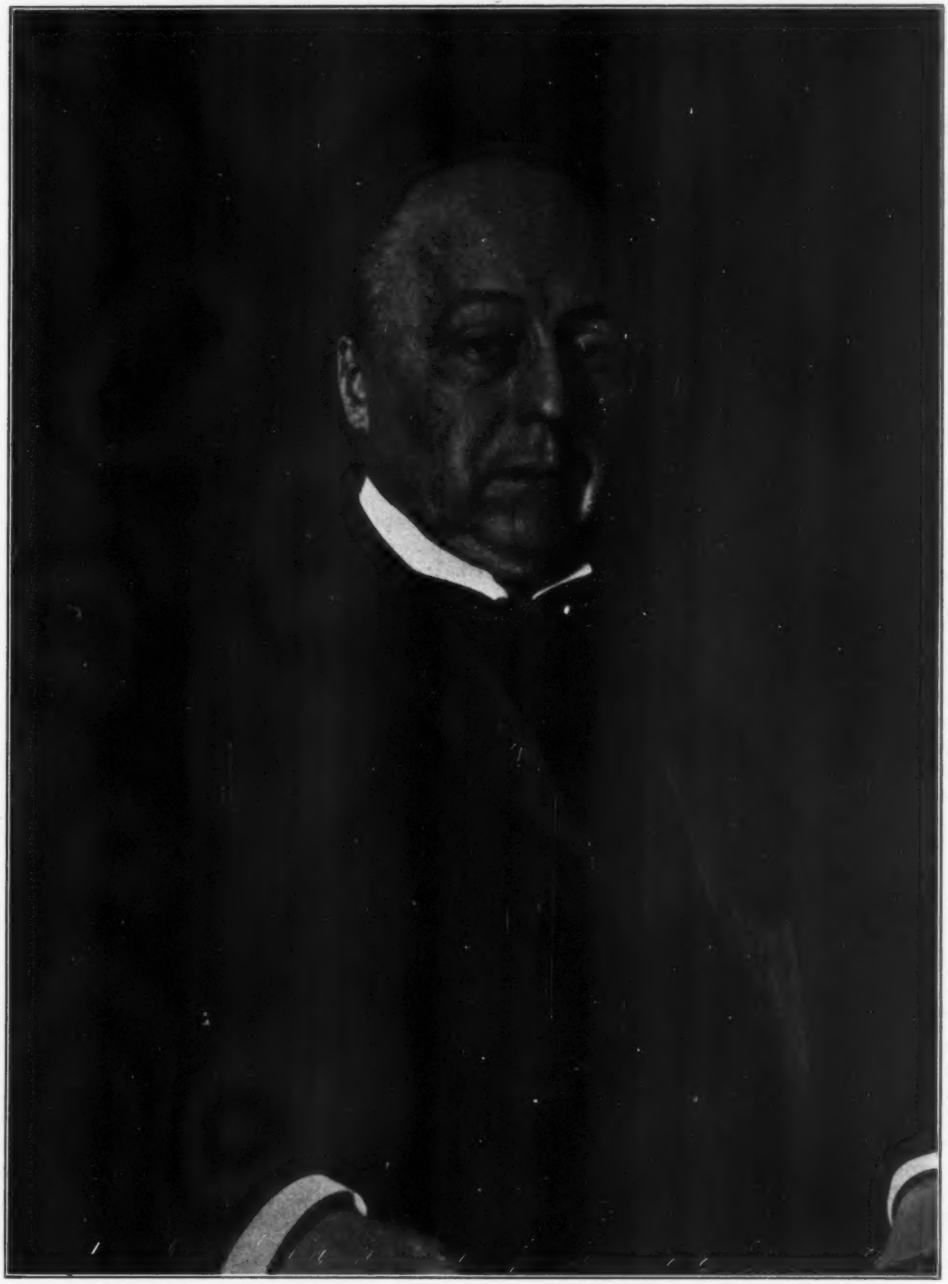
"What kind of president will Knox be if Taft doesn't get it? He will be a highly accentuated contrast to the kind we have been accustomed to for the last six years. He is not impulsive, he is not spectacular, he is not passionate, he has no love of display—in fact, he hates it. He is a quiet, unemotional, but sudden sort of man—efficiency developed to its highest point. He is not an exclamation point, but a period; when he comes the paragraph is ended. He never speaks until he has gone through his subject from topknot to heel, and after he speaks there is nothing more to say about it. The President we have got accustomed to in these six years likes display and likes noise; he likes uniforms and the sound of big guns. When he is going anywhere and people come out to look at him and make loud and parlous noises the President snuffs it up like perfume and is as happy as a clam. Then there is the social end of the presidency; there never has been a president who took such keen delight in being in society. It is a waste of time to pity Roosevelt for having to shake so many hands; he likes handshaking.

"Especially does he enjoy a big dinner party or a reception at the White House. There are only two things he likes more. One is a lot of warships sailing by Oyster Bay and shooting off guns, with the President looking on and saying 'Bully!' or a bunch of soldiers marching past a reviewing stand on which stands the President. The other is a stop at a way station, with the President expounding the strenuous life on the back platform and the proletariat barking joyfully at every comma.

"Now, Knox is different from that. He likes to wear good clothes, but hates 'society.' In fact, the necessity of going through these things, which are the delight of Roosevelt's soul, constitute Knox's one objection to the presidency. 'Of course,' said he, once before his boom was launched, 'I'd like to be president; every American citizen has a feeling somewhere in him that he would like to be the president. There is only one thing about it that I don't think I would like. That is being made a show of. A president has to be led around the country at stated intervals, and people come out and look at him as if he were a wild animal. And I wouldn't enjoy having to go through this compulsory society business.'"

Different as the two men are, however, they are good friends, and it is said that even now, altho Knox is no longer attorney-general, whenever the President, in the course of his prosecution of trusts for illegal practices, has a particularly knotty problem to solve, he sends for Knox. It was Knox who developed the plan of battle that resulted in the dissolution of the Northern Securities Company and in the many subsequent attacks upon corporations that were reveling in advantages improperly acquired. This fact is made the basis of the claims advanced by those who have put him forward for the presidency. Says the platform adopted last month by the Pennsylvania Republican Convention: "It was Philander Chase Knox who, in 1902, pointed out that an amendment to the Constitution of the United States was unnecessary to enable Congress to redress the wrongful exercise of power by corporations in their relation to interstate commerce, and who made that opinion good by the legal proceedings which he successfully prosecuted for the violation of the interstate commerce and anti-trust laws of the nation; and also by the amendments to those laws which he recommended and prepared and which subsequently met the approval of Congress."

Knox, like Taft, has never been before the people as a candidate for elective office. He was at the very outset of his legal career appointed as an assistant district attorney. He took no active part in politics thereafter until coaxed into the attorney-generalship by McKinley, who also beguiled Taft, Cortelyou and Root into the political arena. The choice of Knox for Senator from Pennsylvania to succeed Quay is said by those who think they know to have been due to two men, Henry C. Frick and the late Andrew J. Cassatt. For this reason his candidacy is looked on with distrust by the less conservative Republicans.



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"OF COURSE I WOULD LIKE TO BE PRESIDENT"

So says Philander Chase Knox, presidential candidate of Pennsylvania Republicans; and he adds: "Every American citizen has the feeling somewhere in him that he would like to be President. There is only one thing about it that I don't like, and that is being made a show of."

THE THREE-YEAR-OLD HEIR TO THE THRONE OF THE CZAR

THOSE fervent prayers for the intercession of St. Seraphim to which Nicholas II attributes the escape of his only son from the infernal machines smuggled last May into Tsarskoe Selo had to be renewed by the Metropolitan of St. Petersburg a few weeks ago. A membranous exudation on the tonsils of the little Czarevich Alexis had been submitted to a skilled bacteriologist in St. Petersburg, who hinted at the presence of diphtheria bacilli. In this wise, as the world is apprized by the Paris *Gaulois,* was blighted that joy with which the fourteen maids of honor in the Czarina's suite had greeted the first appearance of his Imperial Highness in trowsers.

Alexandra Feodorovna, if we are to accept the detailed reports of the case in the Paris press, at once isolated herself with her son in the nursery. The aged Princess Galitsin, who carried the Czarevich to the baptismal font when the world was too full of Port Arthur to heed the christening of Alexis, plunged his Imperial Highness into hot baths on a hypothesis of croup. A resort to serum therapy, at one stage of the crisis pronounced imperative, is alleged to have been unnecessary. The gift of St. Seraphim, to employ the phrase applied to the Czarevich by the Metropolitan of St. Petersburg, was not withdrawn. Preparations for the celebration of the third birthday of Alexis this month—the Russian calendar insists that the heir to the throne was born July 30, 1904—include a thanksgiving service to St. Seraphim by the Patriarch of Constantinople.

The existence of Alexis is the greatest of the innumerable miracles ascribed to the last saint canonized during the religious career of the late Mr. Pobiedonostseff. Kneeling side by side on the stone at Saroff worn thin by the knees of St. Seraphim, Nicholas II and his consort had besought the spirit of the monk to grant them a son. Her Majesty bathed in the spring at which Seraphim had quenched his thirst. The bones of the saint were removed by a procession of gorgeously appareled clergy from a monastery near the miraculous spring to a new marble tomb wherein they are now permanently enshrined in the Uspensky Cathedral at Saroff. Vestments embroidered in gold and silver, worn by the Metropolitan of St. Petersburg and the seventeen bishops escorting the relics, were the gift of the Czar for this particular occasion. The aggregate weight of the votive candles consumed in the two days of ceremony was over eleven tons.

Four daughters in succession had been born to these imperial pilgrims at the shrine of Seraphim. Providence seemed to have decreed against a son. The Czar despaired until the Metropolitan of St. Petersburg informed him that at Saroff the blind were recovering their sight, the paralyzed the use of their limbs. These marvels were attributed to that recluse whose austere life among the bears in the forest near Saroff was brought to a close more than thirty years ago. Seraphim wore sandals of bark. He lived on bread and water. He slept in the tree tops. The bears loved him for the angelical playfulness of his relations with them and for the assiduity with which he nursed them whenever they were sick. The testimony of a thousand witnesses, required by the canon law and authenticated by the Russian police, had familiarized the mind of the Patriarch of Constantinople with all these particulars. The name of Seraphim was inscribed in the calendar of saints. Within a year from the day on which the Czar and Czarina helped to carry the cedar wood box of relics through crowds of kneeling clergy from the monastery to the cathedral, Alexis was born. Seraphim, on this occasion, as appears from a narrative in the St. Petersburg *Novoye Vremya,* manifested himself in the forest at Saroff. He was surrounded by innumerable bears. These animals are exempt from all pursuit in the vicinity of the spring at which the saint quenched his thirst.

Thus has it come about that the little Alexis is the gift of St. Seraphim, to whom prayers are particularly addressed now that diphtheria and infernal machines render the welfare of his Imperial Highness the chief spiritual concern of the Metropolitan of St. Petersburg. To St. Seraphim recourse was had when Alexis, at the age of eighteen months, rebelled against being weaned. The same powerful intercession, as the St. Petersburg correspondence of the Paris *Figaro* attests, facilitated the timely appearance of his Imperial Highness's second molars and developed him physically into a fine child. His

Photograph by Underwood & Underwood

THE GIFT OF ST. SERAPHIM TO THE CZAR

Alexis Nicolaievich, the three-year-old heir to the throne of Russia, is here shown in his first pair of real trowsers. His Imperial Highness has just had a narrow escape from the machinations of the terrorists, who, it seems, have tampered with the food supplied to the nursery table at Tsarskoe Selo.

height on the twentieth of May last, when he went into real trowsers—not to be confused with the silk breeches in which his Imperial Highness has been exhibited for official purposes, but real trowsers to run around in—was two and a half feet. He weighed thirty-one pounds.

Abysmally blue round eyes, dimples that dance from elbows to cheeks, from chin to chubby knuckle, and a golden growth of hair shading with the approach of his third birthday into an auburn so soft that, like an evening in Sicily, it may be said to have tears in it, renew in every grace of the sweet child his mother's sweeter self. With what delight he rides around the nursery at Tsarskoe Selo on the shoulders of his father is revealed by that well informed London organ of artistocracy, *The Throne*. Alexis, it appears, is spoiled. Being the only boy in a family of five children, of whom he is the youngest, he might be even more self willed than Nature seems to have made him but for his mother's firmness. The nursery is supervised by an English lady who has long been an intimate friend of Alexandra Feodorovna. The nurse of the little Alexis is English. She is assisted in the feeding of her charge by the Czarina herself. The porridge appearing on the nursery breakfast table at Tsarskoe Selo is prepared on a small stove by her Imperial Majesty or by some one in her confidence. The facility with which the kitchen force can be approached by terrorist agents is said in the Paris *Gaulois* to make it desirable that the cooking be done upstairs.

The Russian girl student who tried to convert a Cossack of the convoy—as the palace guard at Tsarskoe Selo is called—to revolutionary principles offered the soldier about five thousand dollars, or so the London *Standard* reports, if he would attempt the life of Alexis. This was weeks ago. Details of the child's daily life have been kept secret ever since He was getting four meals every twenty-four hours last spring, and these never included mutton broth or pudding that had not been prepared under the eye of his mother or of some one designated by her. The ill health of the child is ascribed to the misfortune that so many residences of the Czars leave much to be desired from the point of view of sanitary science. One of the Czarina's spells of illness has been traced to the defective plumbing which makes a certain imperial palace uninhabitable in summer because of its odors. Her Majesty is said to tremble for Alexis when she remembers the revelations made by the eminent Moscow physician, Dr. Zakharin, as to the contributing causes of the ailment which finally carried off the late Emperor Alexander III. The private apartments of the imperial family in the winter palace at St. Petersburg are very damp. Alexis cannot be hurried to the Crimea like his four sisters. The terrorists are believed to attach too much importance to Alexis Nicolaievich—to give him the full name he received in baptism within an hour of his birth—to render land journeys expedient. The only Czarevich born while his father was on the throne, with the exception of the son of Peter the Great—himself an Alexis and unlucky—has seen and, the Paris *Figaro* fears, will see very little of this world. It has not always been possible to provide him with butter from sources above suspicion, whereupon the heir to the throne of Russia has had to eat his bread dry. The nursery table at Peterhof—whither the heir to the throne was conveyed upon the approach of summer—is supplied with food in accordance with English notions of diet.

In the matter of clothes, on the other hand, Alexis, besides his knickerbockers, has the rich uniform of the 51st Finnish Life Guard Regiment and of the 12th East Siberian Rifle Regiment, which bear his name and which he has commanded—officially, at any rate—from the day of his birth. His Imperial Highness is also on the staff of all the regiments of the guard of which his father is commander, and of the famous Chevalier Guard regiment, the Empress Dowager Marie Feodorovna's regiment of cuirassiers and the 13th (the Czar's own) Eriwan regiment of the guard. Whenever it is desired to confer some mark of peculiar favor upon the staff of one of these organizations Alexis is put into an appropriate uniform. No spectacle could be more curious, affirms a writer in the *Figaro*, than the babe appearing at a review of the guard in the official dress of Hetman of all the Cossack regiments. The Czar himself pins upon the little one's breast the insignia of the order of St. Andrew—a wide blue ribbon from which depends a golden cross. As knight of St. Alexander Nevsky, as knight of the White Eagle, as member of the order of St. Anne and of St. Stanislas, the chubby Alexis, with a plumed hat on his head and his breast blazing with jewels, stands quite abashed. In the presence of so many strangers the eyelids droop, the long lashes disclose themselves against the peachiest of complexions and mama's boy flees for refuge among the little sisters over whom he tyrannizes all day long.

THE CAREER OF FAIRBANKS

WHEN Charles Warren Fairbanks went away from his home on an Ohio farm to get a college education the strong Methodistic leanings of his family sent him to Delaware, Ohio, where the Ohio Wesleyan University was and is. If you care to know what that university and town were like in those days read Eugene Wood's mirthful and veracious sketches in his book "Back Home." For "back home" means back to Delaware in that book, and in June *Everybody's* is a description by the same writer of an Ohio Wesleyan commencement that will warm the cockles of the hearts of all who ever drank at that Pierian spring in the sixties, seventies and eighties. Fairbanks was there in the late sixties and early seventies, when Wood was in his early teens, and here is a picture which the future author preserved of the future Vice-President:

"I hung on the fence between our house and Bethard's, and watched a long-legged, gangling Junior Prep trying to make a paper cracker-bag behave like a hot-air balloon. A wad of flaming cotton soaked in coal-oil—kerosene?—was at the decussation of the wires that acted respectively as the axis of abscissas and the axis of ordinates, and still the dog-gone thing would not soar upward into the ethereal blue. Other Junior Preps were with him then, but are forgotten now. I remember him well, tho, partly because I mind him sitting on the back steps sewing up a rip in his pants, partly because I remember Mrs. Bethard telling how he liked his steak fried, real done, you know, with lots of gravy, and the steak cut thin and crisscrossed; but chiefly do I remember him because he turned out to be—Who d'ye s'pose? Oh, you couldn't ever guess! The Vice-President of these United States! Yes, and will be president, too, if there is any virtue in lightning-rods. He had more freckles in those days, and more hair on the top of his head, but not so much money. Not near."

They do say—those who knew Fairbanks in these green and salad days—that he must have been the original from whom George Ade drew the character of the long, gawky, green new student in "The College Widow." The greenness and gawkiness vanished years ago; but the length is still in evidence—six feet four inches by the measuring rod.

Journalists are of a gregarious nature, and love to hunt in packs. Someone years ago heard Fairbanks make a speech and called him an iceberg. The whole pack took up the cry, and from that day to this the public has been led to suppose that he is a man of frigid demeanor, repellant and stiff. There is this measure of truth in such a conception. His oratory is modeled on the old stilted style that prevailed in his early youth. He orates. His voice and posture and manner are of the kind that young men were wont to use when they stood up to declaim the "give-me-liberty-or-give-me-death" kind of speeches of Patrick Henry or Daniel Webster. Fairbanks is still declaiming and he leaves an audience cold. But off the platform there is no frigidity, no pomposity, no posing. He doesn't take himself too seriously and doesn't require any one else to do so. His geniality is natural and puts one at ease immediately. You feel that here is a man you could go through the Yellowstone National Park with and enjoy his companionship all the way. Even the journalists are now admitting their mistake. Says a writer in the New York *Times*: "This icy reputation that has been spread about has done him harm, doubtless, but also in a way it has done him good, for every man who meets Fairbanks for the first time expects to meet an iceberg, and when he meets instead a genial, kindly, courteous gentleman with a most ingratiating manner, the revulsion of feeling usually sends him forth a warm admirer of Fairbanks."

Nor is he skinny, as the same writer also observes. "There is nothing of the beanpole about him. He has plenty of flesh on his bones. His cheeks are plump and rosy. He is, despite his great height, a good figure of a man, well put up and good to look at." Samuel G. Blythe, writing a racy sketch for *The Saturday Evening Post* (Philadelphia), speaks of the difference in Fairbanks's surroundings in Washington and in his Indianapolis home:

"It is freely acknowledged that the viewpoint one gets of statesmen in Washington is distorted. The atmosphere, you know, and all that. In Washington, for example, the statesmen go to the Fairbanks house and observe the gold chairs and the butler and the great crushes at the receptions, to say nothing of the steady procession of diners and lunchers and teaers, and immediately put the Vice-President in the plutocrat class. He is branded as a plute, and the external evidences are all there. How different in Indianapolis! Out there they know the man as he is. He lives in no palace in his home town. Instead, he occupies modestly a neat, commodious but not ornate frame house on one of the best residence streets, to be sure, but with nothing opulent about it. The official position demands a proper recognition in Washington, and it gets it. But in Indianapolis, among the people, the people who have votes, the true Fairbanks is displayed. It is fair to assume that all the glitter of Washington irks this sturdy, if somewhat elongated, son of the soil."

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FAIRBANKS PERSUASIVE

"Every man who meets Fairbanks for the first time," says a Washington correspondent, "expects to meet an iceberg, and when he meets instead a genial, kindly, courteous gentleman with a most ingratiating manner, the revulsion of feeling usually sends him forth a warm admirer."

Fairbanks was born in Ohio, lives in Indiana, and has a farm in Illinois. In the campaign "Life," issued when he was running for Vice-President, appeared a picture of a log-house which is given as the place of his birth. In a recent bitterly hostile sketch of him in *Collier's,* written by Gilson Gardner, the house is declared to be a "fake," drawn by an artist and published to give a Lincolnesque tone to Fairbanks's life. But Mr. Gardner admits that Mr. Fairbanks was actually born in a log house. His quarrel with the picture is that the artist made the house one of unhewn logs, when the actual house was of "hewn logs"—an important detail which, of course, the world has been anxiously waiting for years to have set right!

Mr. Gardner's entire article in *Collier's* (three and a half pages) is devoted to correcting similar details in the "official biography," which, he asserts, was supervised by Mr. Fairbanks himself and paid for with his check. The article is a very skilful massing of little things until their cumulative effect seems to a hasty reader a weighty indictment of the man's entire character and career. The very way in which he combs his hair is presented as the symbol of a concealing nature! While he is actually bald on top of his head, the hairs at the side have been trained to lie in parallel columns covering this baldness, and this horrific hirsute babit, "if not a sure index to his character, is at least in harmony with the rôle which he has chosen to assume in public life!" That is to say, "a thin veil of seeming" has been "draped across the bald spots in his business and political career." Mr. Gardner's avowed purpose is to remove the veil and reveal the bald spots. The matter of the log-house is one bald spot revealed. Another pertains to the statement that Fairbanks is a self-made man. The campaign biography says that "he has succeeded in life without the adventitious aid of wealth and influential friends." This is denied. Mr. Fairbanks "owes all he has," says Mr. Gardner, "to the timely help of two rich uncles." One uncle, William Henry Smith, was a manager of the Associated Press, and gave young Fairbanks a job at $20 a week as manager of the Pittsburg branch. In his spare time he studied law, and then another uncle, Charles W. Smith, made him solicitor for the Indianapolis, Bloomington & Western Railway, then in the hands of a receiver, at a salary of $5,000 a year. After that he got on rapidly in law practice. The campaign biography says of this practice: "Much of it was connected with large transportation and corporate affairs." The word transportation does not satisfy Mr. Gardner. In italics he remarks: "From the first blue cover of the official biography on the left to the last blue cover on the right the word 'railroad' is not used." As a matter of fact, we are told, he acted as an attorney for Jay Gould in his Erie transactions; was "associated" with Ives in his Napoleonic financial deals; was president of the Terre Haute and Peoria, vice-president of the Ohio Southern, general counsel for the Cincinnati, Hamilton & Dayton. From 1874 to 1892, he "was engaged exclusively in business—lego-railroad business." Not only

were his uncles rich, but the immediate progenitors of his being had the unblushing effrontery to be well off. Mr. Gardner goes on to expose this bald spot also:

"The real Fairbanks did not have a Lincolnesque beginning. His parents were more than ordinarily well-to-do, according to the standards of the times. His father combined farming with the business of making wagons, and in those days, before the factories and trusts, it was a paying business to make wagons for the farmers of all the country for miles around. The farm comprised two hundred and thirty acres, and is still the property of Mr. Fairbanks's mother. The elder Fairbanks was what farming people call 'a good provider,' and there was never a day from the time when young Charles was born until his uncle started him in life that the boy was obliged to earn his bed or board. His parents supported him in school, and during the last two years of his life at Ohio Wesleyan University the father and mother resided in the town of Delaware, and the elder Fairbanks ran the city foundry, so that Charles could have the advantages of living at home."

One other count in the indictment is that Mr. Fairbanks has entrenched himself in politics largely by means of the financial control he exercises over the Indiana press. The Indianapolis *News* is the principal paper in the state. It was sold at auction in 1900 for $927,000. "The name of the purchaser," says Mr. Gardner, "was not disclosed, but it is well known that the earnings go to Mrs. Fairbanks." Mr. Fairbanks holds the bonds, amounting to $200,000, on the Indianapolis *Star* and the other two papers—Muncie *Star* and Terre Haute *Star*—which with the Indianapolis paper constitute the "Star League." He is also "interested in the Cincinnati *Commercial Tribune*," and "it is probably a conservative estimate to say that Mr. Fairbanks has a million dollars invested in publicity properties in and out of Indianapolis." These papers, Mr. Gardner asserts, are covertly manipulated to advance Fairbanks's political interests and to magnify his achievements. The article in *Collier's* has made something of a sensation and dispatches say that the entire edition, or that part of it sent to Indianapolis, was bought up at the newsstands and removed from public sale.

Mr. Fairbanks's national political career began as one of the managers of the campaign to make Judge Gresham the Republican candidate for President in 1888. "He has two heroes," says the New York *Times* writer, "Gresham and McKinley. He cannot make a speech without bringing in McKinley's name. The dead president consulted him a good deal and their relations were of the friendliest." Between President Roosevelt and Mr. Fairbanks there has never, so far as the public knows, been a break at any time, and it was only a few days ago that the newspapers told of their walking into the country and drinking buttermilk together on the occasion of the President's recent tour to Indianapolis. Nor has there ever been any opposition made —openly at least—to the Roosevelt measures by the Vice-President. Everybody at Washington, nevertheless, seems to assume that, as *The Times* writer again says, "if Fairbanks is nominated and elected, no matter on what platform, it will be the end of the Roosevelt policies."

FAIRBANKS EMPHATIC

His style of oratory is modeled after the stilted style of the sixties, when the "holy tone" prevailed not only in the pulpit but on the stump and platform. It is the give-me-liberty-or-give-me-death style of his early youth, which he has never entirely outgrown, and to which is due his reputation for iciness.

THE REAL MIKADO

AT NO stage of that long crisis in the diplomatic relations of Washington with Tokyo which the optimists of the official world so unctuously belittle has the personality of Mutsu Hito, one hundred and twenty-first Emperor of Japan, lineal descendant of Jimmu, who reigned over the islands some six hundred years before the birth of Christ, been out of the foreground. To the insistence of Mutsu Hito must be ascribed the eagerness with which United States officials studied last month the details of the attack on a Japanese bathing establishment and restaurant in San Francisco. Those "leading persons" in and out of political life at Tokyo to whom the dispatches of the last fortnight ascribe "a feeling of apprehension" regarding Japan's future relations with the United States weigh their vexation in the scales of Mutsu Hito. Neither the people of the United States nor the people of Japan are to decide that war shall or shall not be the outcome of the peculiar position in which Washington has been placed between California's state autonomy on the one hand and the defiant attitude of San Francisco labor interests on the other. Of that, says the Paris *Temps,* the world may rest assured. Destiny in this matter is personified, we are told, by Mutsu Hito, the real maker of modern Japan.

A somewhat indiscriminate enthusiasm for this sovereign dates, in the Western World, back to the days when Nanki-Poo, disguised as a wandering minstrel, avowed his love for Yum-Yum to immense audiences at the Savoy theater in London, where "The Mikado"—a title unrecognized by Mutsu Hito—demonstrated anew Sir Arthur Sullivan's capacity to make music itself comic and W. S. Gilbert's genius for turning lyrics exquisitely and for polishing epigrams until they dazzled. Gilbert and Sullivan impressed the Emperor into their service, made Ko-Ko his Majesty's prime minister and applied irreverent and daring language to a divine attribute of which Mutsu Hito is the personification, thus committing sacrilege. To Togo, to Kuroki, to the Japanese Ambassador in Washington, Mutsu Hito is a god, no more appropriate as material for Gilbert and Sullivan than if he were the founder of Christianity. When Prince Fushimi went to London, consequently, the Lord Chamberlain banned "The Mikado." This short method with Pooh-Bah was taken up in the House of Commons. "If my advice had been asked or given," said Sir Edward Grey, Secretary for Foreign Affairs, replying to the protests of a hater of all censorship, "it would be entirely in accord with the action the Lord Chamberlain has taken." If the advice of Mutsu Hito had been taken, Nanki Poo would probably have gone on asking for Yum-Yum in Mrs. D'Oyly Carte's enchanting reconstitution of all these blasphemies. But the Anglo-Japanese alliance rests, in the last resort, upon the susceptibilities, not of Mutsu Hito alone but of Mutsu Hito's subjects.

Because of these susceptibilities, Mutsu Hito dare not be too impetuously modern, lest he incur the penalty incurred by the reforming Sultan of Morocco, whose Europeanizing innovations make him hateful to pious Mussulmans. Conservative Japanese are scandalized, as it is, by the unrestraint with which the rising generation gazes upon his Majesty every time he appears in public. About forty years ago, when Mutsu Hito assumed the divine nature—it had not protected his father from the ravages of a fatal attack of smallpox—all that was to be seen of him by those who took his orders was a long and lean back. He dwelt apart in a palace amid acres of foliage, writing poetry, studying the classics and conducting himself like a potentate whose highest ambition was to provide Anthony Hope with material for some fantastic invention. When Mutsu Hito first modified his environment to the extent of going out into the real world of Japanese men and things, all the shops in his capital had to be closed, all the porcelain kilns ceased to glaze, and in every dwelling blinds were drawn down as scrupulously as if the imperial capital were Coventry during the famous coming of Lady Godiva to town. To this very day it is regarded as irreverent to concentrate the gaze upon his Majesty when he adorns a street to the extent of being driven through it. Mutsu Hito, as the London *Standard* explains, is a deity. He is therefore everywhere. To notice his presence at any one point would be a mockery of the national faith in the spirit of Gilbert and Sullivan. Standing on a balcony as the Emperor rides by is to give too free rein to a spirit of topsyturvydom, a human being elevating himself higher than Mutsu Hito. Hence the ingenuity expended upon the coachman's seat when the state carriage was built.

Now, when the plentiful hair and thin beard of the Emperor are streaked with gray, his people still consider a cheer for their sovereign an innovation in ceremonial procedure justified only by a circumstance of especial sanctity. The astonishing height of Mutsu Hito—five feet seven—the extreme size of his hands and his physiognomical anomaly, from a Japanese standpoint, of chin whiskers intensify the veneration which, as descendant of all the imperial ancestors, embodying in himself their surpassing virtues, their divine rights, their special privileges, he necessarily inspires. His countenance is pronounced by all familiar with it a grave one, stern in repose, yet capable of relaxation into the smile of genuine humor. It is a countenance so void of Japanese characteristics that a line from the forehead meeting with that from the ear to the tip of the nose would constitute almost a right angle. The small black eyes are deep set, keen, restless, topped by thick brows carried over until they almost meet above the nose—sure evidence, say some authorities, of a secretive disposition. The ear is quite large in comparison with the face as a whole, the mouth is wide, the lips thick but red and shapely. The squareness of the imperial chin accords with the universal impression that Mutsu Hito is a man of strong will held in proper subjection by an intellect of which his lofty temples attest the breadth and force.

To what extent the features of Mutsu Hito give point to the theory of a negro strain in the present Japanese population has been a matter of some discussion. His complexion would appear to be negroid. There is an infusion of negro blood in his long ancestry, and blacks comprised at one time the honored race in Japan. The Emperor is said to have Madagascar blood in his veins, altho no such claim is made for him in that work on "The Ancestry of the Mikado" which every Japanese schoolboy is so carefully taught. Instead of a Malayan-Polynesian hybridity attributable to natives of Sierra Leone—the dominant ethnological characteristic of Mutsu Hito from a strictly scientific point of view—the official ancestry of the Mikado shows that no other ruler can approach his Majesty in length of ancestral tree. The records of the Chinese rulers travel back to a remoter antiquity, but dynasties at Peking have changed. Mutsu Hito, on the other hand, is directly descended from Jimmu, whose progeny have reigned over Japan in unbroken succession for twenty-five hundred years. Jimmu, according to ethnologists, was a South Sea black.

A poetical genius that awakens in all Japanese minds emotions of purity and sweetness, a piety that takes him to the temple of Ise to report to the first imperial ancestor every glory of his reign, a studiousness of disposition that impels him to take instruction in the myriad leaves every morning and an athletic disposition to which he owes his renown as a wrestler, attest the versatility of Mutsu Hito. Mutsu means friendly, as far as so abstract a term can be given an English equivalent, while Hito means generous or humane. How truly these characterizations are applicable to his Majesty would appear from his treatment of his aged mother. This lady is sometimes confused with the dowager Empress of Japan, who died ten years ago. Mutsu Hito is the son of one of Komei's concubines, just as the present crown prince of Japan is the son of one of Mutsu Hito's concubines. The real mother of the Japanese Emperor is not entitled to what a Western mind would deem due official recognition. Mutsu Hito was brought up to accord his father's wife that degree of respect to which only a mother, in a monogamous state of society, has a claim. The Emperor has always displayed, nevertheless, a filial fidelity. "He did not forget his true mother in the flesh," writes Mrs. Mary Crawford Fraser, whose relations with the royal family at Tokyo are intimate. "She has followed his career with eager interest and devotion. She set aside the restraints of tradition and the infirmities of age so far as to come and see him off at the station when he went to give thanks at the shrine of Ise. The appearance of this venerable lady (she is nearly eighty) at such a moment touched all hearts. She has never attended any public function of her illustrious son's life—but it seemed that his departure on this pilgrimage of gratitude for Heaven's benefits stirred her so deeply that she could not refrain from coming to wish him godspeed and assure him of her prayers for his safe return." But from an official Japanese point of view Mutsu Hito's mother had, as the English say of impertinent servants, forgotten her place.

His Majesty has almost given up the use of tobacco, a weed to which he was much addicted a few years ago. Much smoking had brought on palpitation and irregularity of the heart and even, it is said, partial blindness. That inflexibility of will for which the Emperor is noted enabled him to stop the use of

tobacco at once. His health is understood to be robust notwithstanding the rather serious consequences of a fall from his horse in the comparatively recent days when he was the best horseman in all Japan. Wrestling, once the favorite sport of Mutsu Hito, attracts him no longer. Time was when he threw all the courtiers with the greatest ease. Even the Prime Minister would be asked to a bout in Japanese style with the embodiment of all virtues. After his unlucky fall from the horse, Mutsu Hito challenged Tet-Su, a courtly noble, who punished his sovereign severely. His Majesty has kept out of the ring ever since.

Great as is the position won for himself by Mutsu Hito in the literature of his country, it must be avowed that his poetry, from the point of view of the West, is second rate. In the original it is comparable only, affirm native critics, with perfume from the trees. This quotation is characteristic:

"When I look into the ancient writings,
The one thing to which my thoughts ever turn
Is how fares the nation that I rule."

A striking feature of what Dr. James A. B. Scherer—high authority on the subject—terms these Lilliputian odes is, he thinks, their "elliptical terseness of style." Hence Mutsu Hito's poetry lacks quantity, accent, tone, rhyme and all the incidents to prosody. His Majesty's stanzas are made up of five and seven-syllable lines alternating, unless some patriotic frenzy agitates his muse. His genius is grave in the ode, gay in the stanza, enabling him to perform without adventitious aid all the functions of court poet. Thus, when a lady in the diplomatic circle was returning to her native land and received in consequence the unprecedented honor of a visit from the Empress, a royal stanza embellished the parting. "The gray goose," ran the verse, "is flying westward." The departing lady's white hair was symbolized by that bird to which Japanese artists are so partial, the goose itself being emblematic in the native poetical mind of feminine loveliness in its most ravishing aspects. The Japanese prettiness of the thing is quite sacrificed in our more rugged phraseology. Mutsu Hito's poetical fame is, therefore, strictly national.

In the vast imperial palace at Tokyo, built over six acres of ground and set in the hundred acres of enclosing flower-gardens like a gem in a ring, Mutsu Hito often begins his day with the rising of the sun. His favorite morning beverages are mineral water and tea, and his breakfast, owing to the care he must exercise in the matter of diet, is always light. He has a staff of instructors in diplomacy, in international law and in economics, it being the business of these gentlemen to be ready for lessons as soon as Mutsu Hito has breakfasted.

His Majesty's afternoons are devoted to more personal interests, such as the composition of odes, saunterings through the gardens where the marble basins stocked with goldfish interest him deeply, and contemplation of the polo contests, for which he permits the palace grounds to be used occasionally. Here, too, the imperial garden parties take place, the guests being members of the diplomatic circle and distinguished foreigners passing through Tokyo. In these hot days the ruler of Japan wears the native costume indoors.

Mutsu Hito lacks facility in the expression of his ideas through the medium of any Western tongue. It is said he can read some French and speak a few words of English, but is otherwise no linguist. In conversation he is reported reserved and in manner wholly undemonstrative. Mutsu Hito's consort was a Princess Haru-Ko Ichijo, two years his senior, whom he married when he was sixteen. There are no children of this union, altho the two sons and four daughters of the Emperor are nominally the children of Haru-Ko as well. Her name is transliterated as "Spring-time" in the German dailies. She wears well-laced corsets, princess gowns and picture hats at the palace garden parties. A daughter of General Dix, after long and intimate acquaintance with Haru-Ko, has described her as tiny, gentle, demure, never in haste, never weary, and divinely inspired. This Empress is kindness itself to her husband's unofficial mother, who dwells in that ancient capital of the Mikados, Kioto, and who is regularly invited to Tokyo. Haru-Ko dearly loves little poodle dogs. She stands for all that is best in the aspirations of modern Japan, but when the diplomats have gone from the palace garden parties with their wives, when the last distinguished foreigner passes beyond the three-hundred-year old portal by the still more ancient tower, the spring time Empress runs from the apartments of state—fitted up with all the heaviness of a New York millionaire's library—kicks off her high-heeled shoes, throws the picture hat away and sits in her kimono on the floor. Mutsu Hito—his general's uniform gone the way of the picture hat—drops in for a cup of tea.

Literature and Art

A PLEA FOR SHORTER NOVELS

"IT IS time that the modern novel should be metamorphosed," exclaims Basil Tozer, an English writer. "The era of up-to-date tabloid journalism has been inaugurated. Who is going to inaugurate the era of up-to-date capsuloid fiction?" As a start in this direction, Mr. Tozer enters a powerful plea (in *The Monthly Review*) for "novels whose standard of excellence will be gaged by their literary merit, their dramatic force and their terse and convincing phraseology, rather than by their author's ability to make twelve words do where half a dozen would suffice." He looks with special hope toward this country. Not long ago an American said to him: "Our storytellers in the States *can write all around* your men," and, "tho this was an exaggeration," remarks Mr. Tozer, "one must admit that two clever American writers of fiction, whose names will suggest themselves to habitual readers of the novels of the two nations, have lately succeeded in getting placed upon the book market short and admirably done novels of the type that I am endeavoring to recommend." Does he mean Mrs. Wharton and Booth Tarkington?

Why is it, asks Mr. Tozer, that modern novels are almost invariably "spun out" to unconscionable lengths? He has put the question to the publishers, and they have replied: "It must be done," or "The booksellers insist;" but such answers, he thinks, are the reverse of satisfactory. The booksellers and librarians argue: "Our subscribers won't take books that look short. They would think they were not getting value for their money." In other words, says Mr. Tozer, we are asked to believe that "the generality of novel readers actually prefer to struggle through page after page of utterly wearisome verbiage that in most cases has nothing to do with the thread of the story and serves only to retard its movement, to reading through in less time a story that is well told, well knit together and that consequently compels attention literally from the first page to the last. Is such a statement credible?" He continues:

"Surely it would be as rational to argue that a restaurant which provided a dinner of eight courses, all of indifferent quality, would be more largely patronized than one which provided at the same price a meal of only five courses, but every course well served and of good quality.

"From the fact that one hears so many subscribers to lending libraries — and the lending-library public constitutes the great bulk of novel-readers—complaining that most modern novels are unconscionably 'padded' and 'spun out,' and adding in a matter-of-fact tone that 'naturally one skips the rubbishy parts,' it is reasonable to conclude that novel-readers themselves emphatically do not want 'padded' books, and that therefore the booksellers are mistaken in believing that they do. Who ever heard a reader recommend a book to a friend 'because it is so long'? Indeed, as nine-tenths of the subscribers to a lending library skip, as a matter of course, 'the rubbishy parts,' the question naturally suggests itself — Why write 'rubbishy parts'? Why fill page after page with 'padding,' when we know in advance that all those pages will most likely be left unread?"

In Mr. Tozer's opinion, a greater condensation in novel-writing would be as advantageous to authors as to readers. "None but the veriest 'hack,'" he observes, "or the writer who does not take any personal pride in his work, can actually wish to 'spin out' a story which he could tell better in, let us say, 60,000 words instead of 100,000." Moreover:

"A writer who packs five thousand words into a chapter, where four thousand would be ample, makes his story 'drag.' The writer who crams in six thousand instead of four thousand renders the story practically unreadable. This is the reason that journalistic work generally proves so excellent a training for the writer of fiction. In journalism every sentence, almost every line, has to be condensed as much as possible; and the journalist able to convey the greatest amount of solid news in the shortest possible space is the man who, other qualifications being equal, will get to the top of his profession the quickest. This power of condensing, indeed, is an art, call it a knack if you will, not acquired easily or in a very short time."

Carrying the same line of argument further, Mr. Tozer registers his conviction that "many a modern writer can construct and develop an ingenious plot; many another can produce readable and in some instances brilliant and witty dialogues; but the gift of painting in words situations, localities and landscapes is apparently denied to all but a favored few." For this reason, he says, "it is to be regretted that more of our novelists of ordinary ability do not cultivate the art of leav-

ing a great deal more to the reader's imagination than they do leave."

"The practice of describing in detail the features, the expression of the eyes, the exact tint of the hair of the chief characters in a book, not to speak of these characters' general appearance, their dress, and the inflections of tone in their voices has fortunately gone out of fashion except among writers of fiction of a very low order. But the habit of loading a story with indifferent descriptive passages still prevails to a great extent, tho it might with considerable advantage be dispensed with. A beautiful woman loses her charm when every good point she possesses, from the creamy smoothness of her complexion to the alluring curve of her eyebrow, is described separately and in detail; and in the same way a glorious scenic panorama metaphorically falls flat when every square mile of it is analyzed and dissected. These faults are, of course, commonest among young writers, but they are flagrant enough still among some of our novelists who have served a long apprenticeship."

In concluding, Mr. Tozer makes the decidedly original recommendation that publishers employ newspaper men to read manuscripts of novels. In this way, he thinks, we shall get *vital* fiction, stripped of superfluous verbiage. "Newspaper reporters," according to his idea, "possess a wider knowledge of civilized mankind of almost every rank than is possessed by any other one body of men." He goes on to suggest that it may have been the journalistic spirit of the greatest modern story-writers that gave them their intensity and power.

"Who ever read a book by Daudet, Hugo, or de Maupassant that brimmed over with superfluous verbiage? It may be said in answer to this that I have selected three of the most polished writers of fiction that France ever possessed. True, but even if the rank and file of the French novelists be studied carefully it will be found that they seldom err upon the side of overloading their work with unnecessary vocables and third-rate descriptive passages. Is it too much to hope that this plea for the condensation and consequent 'strengthening up' of the great bulk of our British novels may not have been advanced in vain?"

THE GLITTERING GENIUS OF EDGAR SALTUS

EDGAR SALTUS is held by some to be our greatest American stylist. Others regard him as a mere dazzling juggler of words. But, strangely enough, he has remained, with twenty books to his credit, in what one critic terms "distinguished obscurity." His recently published "Historia Amoris" fills the hearts of the elect with strange exultation. "Saltus," says William Marion Reedy in the St. Louis *Mirror,* "is simply fascinatingly diabolic in his wisdom and his wit and his word-wizardry. He catches flashes from many facets of the jewel, Love. Mostly he delights in the recondite colors of its spectrum analysis, its rays X or N, or what others may be." Bliss Carman, in the Brooklyn *Eagle,* affirms a similar verdict. He attributes to Mr. Saltus a brilliant style, daring fancy, fearless epigram, polished wit, qualities of genius and marvelous talent. The San Francisco *Argonaut* asserts that his artistic stature is greater than sixty times six best-sellers. His prose, we are told, at its best, is comparable to Oscar Wilde's. "Like Wilde he writes for the few; he has something of the same surface scholarship mingled with estheticism; his writing is *recherché;* his discourses are filled with the information of culture."

To-day Edgar Saltus has almost completed his fiftieth year. He has written philosophy and fiction, journalism and poetry. Mitchell Kennerley is republishing the strangely-colored novels and fantastic essays of his early manhood. And yet the tide that "taken at the flood leads on to fortune" has not come to him. One of his ancestors, we gather from an elaborate study in *The Westminster Review,* was Admiral Cornelius Everston, who, as commander of the Dutch fleet, captured in 1673 the city of New York. Saltus, however, has not captured the American public. This fact seems inexplicable to the writer in *The Argonaut*: "The works of this author," he exclaims, "contain more brilliant writing than the same number of books by any writer outside of France, where the graces of style are common property—the birthright of every littérateur." To quote further:

"Do you know them, gentle reader? Here are some of the names: 'The Pomps of Satan,' 'The Anatomy of Negation,' 'Love and Lore,' 'The Philosophy of Disenchantment,' 'Mary Magdalen,' 'Imperial Purple.' Here is variety—philosophy, fiction, essays, poems—and all of distinguished merit. And yet Edgar Saltus is not recognized as a man of letters. He holds an anomalous position in American literature. To the masses he is not known at all or only through a factitious fame acquired by writing brief but characteristically brilliant essays for the Hearst papers. He has done a deal of 'scribbling,' too, good, bad,

and indifferent, for magazines, but the worst of this potboiling is ever touched with the qualities of cleverness and polish that mark his style. He is as intimately known by the few as he is unknown to the many. He carries no weight with the critics—or, rather, with the book-reviewers—with the publishers, or with the public. He is *declassé*. As Poe was denied admission to the Hall of Fame, so Saltus is denied admission into the vast sanctuary of public favor."

The first work from his pen, "The Philosophy of Disenchantment," in which the influence of Eduard von Hartmann, under whom Saltus studied in Heidelberg, is clearly discernible, was published in 1884. Since then almost every year has added one book to the catalog of his works, and if in spite of this Edgar Saltus has remained an unknown quantity as far as the general public is concerned, only two conclusions are possible: Either he writes too much above the heads of his readers or there must be some fatal defect in his work. Mr. Ramsay Colles, a writer in *The Westminster Review*, furnishes some arguments in favor of the former view.

Of Saltus's first novel, "Mr. Incoul's Misadventure," published in 1886, Mr. Colles speaks in terms of enthusiasm. "I can give but a vague impression," he says, "of the intensity and artistic workmanship displayed in a volume which is remarkable as a first effort in fiction, inasmuch as the author is triumphantly successful in investing with fresh interest the world-old trinity of the husband, the wife and the lover." In a second novel, "The Truth about Tristrem Varick," Mr. Colles finds "again a simple theme treated with consummate art," and notes the author's indebtedness to Balzac, Flaubert and Paul Bourget. If "Tristrem Varick" is the most artistic of Saltus's novels, he adds, "A Transaction in Hearts," published in 1888, is the most powerful study of human nature he has yet given us. It is here that Saltus has shown himself "the deft anatomist who lays bare the very sources of life" while he searches for the roots of the disease, the cure for which he would discover. "In all his operations," continues Mr. Colles, "his actions are marked by judgment and skill, and in the beneficial result of his labors the whole world shares and rejoices." The writer concludes:

"Edgar Saltus is, to adopt the words of his own Mr. Incoul, about to 'come into his own,' that popular recognition which undoubtedly he has earned, and for the existence of which ample evidence is to be found in 'Wit and Wisdom from Edgar Saltus,' by G. F. Monkshood and George Gamble, and 'The Cynic's Posy,' a collection of epigrams of which the major portion is by the author of 'A Transaction in Hearts.'"

A NEGLECTED AMERICAN STYLIST
Edgar Saltus, poet, philosopher, novelist; who is conflictingly designated as "a prose paranoiac" and "our only American stylist."

Percival Pollard, the brilliant critic of *Town Topics,* takes a much less favorable view of Saltus's talents, and seems to feel that the reason for the novelist's comparative failure must be sought within. He suggests that Saltus is incapable of treating other than flippantly the serious issues of human destinies, and is enamored only of the glitter of his own technique; that he carries to the last conclusion the theory of art for art's sake, until life appears to his sight only a subject to be turned into dazzling words.

Once asked by a certain newspaper who was his favorite character in fiction, Saltus replied: "My favorite character in fiction is God." In his latest book, "The Lords of the Ghostland," he has attempted to give us a history of the god idea. It is *à propos* of this book that Mr. Pollard speaks of him as a man "drunken with his own phrases, hopelessly mazed by the clamant meaninglessness of his own too brilliant sentences." "For some years past," the critic informs us, "the author's most disinterested friends have frequently asked themselves whither his piling of phrase upon phrase, heedless of either sense or nonsense, must eventually tend." Mr. Pollard himself supplies a term for it. The author of "The Lords of the Ghostland," he says, is a "prose paranoiac." Mr. Saltus bewilders us with names, but what glitter he achieves out of all his posy he has gathered of other men's flowers. Says Mr. Pollard:

"Oh, yes, he has the trick of glitter, there is no doubt of that; but he is assuredly himself its chiefest victim; in the resultant blindness he has lost all sense of balance, of proportion—he is blind, hopelessly, utterly blind-drunk with his own brilliance and his own music. We can note him reeling, still spouting phrases, incoherent—wonderful to watch, wonderful to listen to, provided you are willing to pay for just an exhibition of virtuosity. If that is what you like—simply a show of rhetorical contortions—'The Lords of the Ghostland' is just the book for your money. Or, again, if you want merely the names of things so that you may do a little vague joggling of your own, to impress the Harlem entourage, or the little Turkish corner in West Philadelphia—just the book for your money. You will get a splendid smattering of names of gods and creeds, you will be able to fling broadcast such allusions and hints as will make the Rubaiyat a somewhat vulgar topical ditty. But if you really want to know the why and wherefore, if you want to pass beyond the portals of the temple, you will have to leave Mr. Saltus, still babbling, musically, ceaselessly, enchantingly, but—babbling—at the gate. He stands there reeling and babbling, the slave of his own syllables.

"What Mr. Saltus did eloquently and admirably in his 'Philosophy of Disenchantment' and his 'Anatomy of Negation' he has attempted again in 'The Lords of the Ghostland.' He once gave us a popular and fascinating version of Schopenhauer; he now thought to give us an equally popular and fascinating version of what legend or history has to tell us of those things that men and gods believed when yet the world was warm in youth. Meanwhile, however, the years had been busy with Mr. Saltus. They delivered him of some pungent, lucid tales of modern life, of some stately poetry, and of much matter in the essay form, in which latter first appeared the seed of what has now undone him. Always addicted to the paradox, to the phrase for phrase's sake, to the sentence that glitters, yet is not gold, this author gradually let go altogether the hold he had upon logic, upon proportion, and upon the simple enunciation of simple things. Here, in this new book, is the final confession of his faults."

"Mr. Saltus," the critic concludes, "is afraid of uttering the intelligible. We cannot read a single chapter of his book and assimilate one definite idea. We can gather only the pungent perfume of the incense that Mr. Saltus swings unconsciously before himself, the god of phrases."

THE MOST INFLUENTIAL NEWSPAPER EDITOR THAT THIS COUNTRY HAS KNOWN

MATTHEW ARNOLD once referred to the New York *Nation* "as 'the best journal in the world," and its founder and editor, the late Edwin Lawrence Godkin has left so enduring an impress upon the intellectual life of America that he may fairly lay claim to the title at the head of this article. It is true that he had neither the forcefulness nor the picturesqueness of Horace Greeley and Charles A. Dana, and he never succeeded in appealing, as they did, to the "man on the street." But he had more scholarship than either, and he rallied to his support the greatest American writers of his time.

In the newly published "Life and Letters"* of Godkin, edited by Rollo Ogden, is printed a letter addressed to Mr. Godkin in the year 1870, by a young Chicago journalist. "I have just finished reading a copy of your *Nation*," it begins, "and feel impelled to drop you a line, conveying my thanks, which are but as the echo from a thousand young men like myself. . . . Somehow I have always looked upon *The Nation* as a part, and the better part, of myself. . . . I sometimes wonder if you are aware of the extent of the good work you are accomplishing." The words are simple and spontaneous, and their author probably never expected that they would reach any other eyes than Mr. Godkin's. But they speak convincingly of the peculiar fascination of Godkin's mind, and they enable us to understand James Russell Lowell's confession that every Friday morning, when *The Nation* came, he filled his pipe and read it from beginning to end.

Mr. Godkin started *The Nation* in 1865, when he was thirty-four years old. "I want," he said, "to try the experiment fully and fairly, and see whether the best writers in America can not get a fair hearing from the American public on questions of politics, art and literature through a newspaper." The task that he had set himself was far from being an easy one. For a long while capital was not forthcoming. Emerson, whom Godkin knew slightly, discouraged the whole project, and other well-known literary men were lukewarm in their support. But at last forty stockholders were persuaded to contribute a sum total of $100,000. The business manager of *The Independent* threw in his lot with the new venture, and Wendell Phillips Garrison was given an editorial position. The publishers announced that "*The Nation* will

*The Life and Letters of Edwin Lawrence Godkin. Edited by Rollo Ogden. The Macmillan Company.

not be the organ of any party, sect or body. It will, on the contrary, make an earnest effort to bring to the discussion of political and social questions a really critical spirit, and to wage war upon the vices of violence, exaggeration and misrepresentation by which so much of the political writing of the day is marred." In the list of regular and occasional contributors figured Lowell, Whittier, Longfellow, Bayard Taylor, Phillips Brooks, William Lloyd Garrison and Charles Eliot Norton.

To Norton, Mr. Godkin wrote on July 5, 1865: "No. 1 is afloat, and the tranquillity which still reigns in this city, under the circumstances, I confess amazes me." Three weeks later he wrote: "The paper is doing well, far better than we ventured to hope. We reached 5,000 circulation by the third number, and it is rising steadily." As time went on all kinds of obstacles arose. Mr. Godkin was Irish by birth, and had to meet the taunts hurled at "a foreigner." There were dissensions among his stockholders. By the end of the first year nearly all the capital had been drawn upon, and virtual liquidation ensued. But, in spite of all, Godkin won, and won triumphantly.

Emerson was among the first to pay tribute to the merits of *The Nation*. He said that he had been mistaken in his earlier attitude; that in breadth, variety, self-sustainment and style of thought and expression, the paper surpassed all others. Goldwin Smith found in it "the first fruits of the regeneration which a great moral struggle is sure to produce." And Lowell wrote, enthusiastically:

"*The Nation* continues to be a great comfort to me. I agree so entirely with most of its opinions that I begin to have no small conceit of my own wisdom. You have made yourself a Power (with a big p), my dear fellow, and have done it honestly by honest work, courage and impartiality. I won't tell *you*, but I should like to tell Mrs. Godkin, what a high respect I have for your brains."

It is difficult to sum up the editorial policy of *The Nation* in a few words. Mr. Godkin was above all things an independent spirit, forming his judgment on every question as it came up. But it may be said that, in the largest sense and with a quiet but passionate intensity, he fought for civic purity as he understood it. The cause of civil service reform owes much to him; in the liberalizing of political thought which led to the overthrow of the disgraceful "carpet bag rule" in the South after the war, he took a leading part; in the cause of honest finance he was a powerful and effective fighter. If we would understand the reasons why Godkin's writings in *The Nation* so deeply impressed a whole generation, says Mr. Ogden, his peculiar qualities must be borne in mind. The biographer continues:

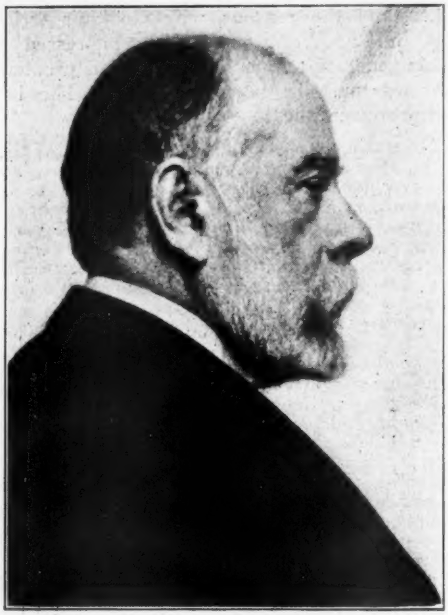
"He was a deep student, but also a man of the world. He was fond of political speculation, but he never took his eye off the fact. Mr. A. G. Sedgwick, in an article on Mr. Godkin's political writings, has pointed out the difficulty of comparing him with any other speculative writer on government. He was able to correct Tocqueville by a more rigid observation and a more tenacious following of causes to their consequences. Far less comprehensive than Mill, who took all knowledge for his province, Mr. Godkin was more intense than his great teacher, and his method, within his narrow range, more sure. His political philosophy was founded in deep convictions, acquired by wide study and patient reflection, but was a philosophy kept actual and alive by constant application to the daily problems of the journalist, and forever rendered glowing by the heat of his imagination. It has been said that he brought the ripest wisdom of the ages to the discussion of the pettiest question of the moment; but this was really no waste. Virtue went out of him at every pen stroke. It was his habit of bringing the highest principles to bear upon the most customèd event that made his writings a power and his personality an inspiration."

An interesting English view of Mr. Godkin and *The Nation* is afforded by Dr. Robertson Nicoll in *The British Weekly*. After characterizing Godkin as "one of the ablest men who ever took journalism as a profession," Dr. Nicoll goes on to say:

"What makes a great mark in journalism is a glowing personality. From the first Godkin possessed this invaluable gift. His words tingle and flame. His feelings were perceptibly keener and warmer than those of the average. Others might write quite as well, and know quite as much, but they did not move men's minds. . . . He succeeded in selling about 10,000 copies of *The Nation* a week, but the influence of the paper was not to be measured in that way. The subjects chosen were often revoltingly dry. It seemed as if the editor often deliberately rejected or put in the background themes about which people were talking. He wanted them to think of his subjects. It was able to the last degree from beginning to end, and all journalists worth their salt were accustomed to study it. So its thoughts and phrases were reproduced the world over, and it gained the suffrages of the most fastidious critics."

In 1881 *The Nation* was made a weekly edition of *The Evening Post*, "and I remember thinking at the time," says Dr. Nicoll, "that it was never afterwards quite the same." Mr. William Dean Howells, who has registered for us, in the pages of *The North American Review*, the significance of the change, says:

"The time had come for the editor to take that leading place in New York journalism which only



THE FOUNDER AND EDITOR OF "THE NATION"

"To my generation," says Professor William James, "Godkin was certainly the towering influence in all thought concerning public affairs, for he influenced other writers who never quoted him, and determined the whole current of discussion."

a leading daily newspaper offers the man capable of holding it. *The Evening Post* became Godkin's primary interest, and *The Nation* became his secondary interest. The editorials of *The Post* were reproduced in *The Nation*, and most of its literary matter, though I believe it was not quite a mere weekly edition of *The Post*, but had some features and properties of its own. Yet, somehow, it slipped more into the background, and, somehow, *The Post* came more into the foreground; one may say this without impeaching its continuing excellence. Oddly enough, however, unless I am misreading history, or mistaking the situation, the editor, with an increasing local force, lost something of his national influence, while he gained international recognition. He dealt as strenuously, as faithfully, as ever with national politics, but in this field he grew more critical and conservative, while in foreign matters he held the advanced position of English Liberalism, beyond which, perhaps, he never passed even in his ideals. At the same time, he became so deeply, so intensely, interested in the questions of municipal government, or misgovernment, more strictly speaking, that while read and trusted at home and abroad for his views of international affairs, he was perhaps less remembered in connection with our general politics than he had been."

Valuable as was his work on *The Evening Post*, there can be little doubt that Mr. Godkin will be chiefly remembered as the creator of *The Nation*. During those early days when he wrote a great part of the paper himself, or drew upon the brains of his ablest contemporaries, he influenced vividly and directly the whole intellectual life of his epoch. As Prof. William James has said:

"To my generation he was certainly the towering influence in all thought concerning public affairs, and indirectly his influence has certainly been more pervasive than that of any other writer of this generation, for he influenced other writers, who never quoted him, and determined the whole current of discussion."

A REDISCOVERED CARICATURIST OF GENIUS

A SCULPTOR-CARICATURIST of sinister and powerful genius who has left a whole gallery of political figures of the epoch of Louis Philippe, an artist of rare and formidable gifts, who has transmitted to posterity a sort of epic satire upon the famous men of his time, constitutes one of the latest art sensations in Paris. This genius, whose but newly discovered work has evoked the enthusiastic praise of Parisian art critics, died in comparative obscurity in 1879, at the age of seventy-one. Honoré Daumier by name, a native of Marseilles, he pursued a long and laborious career, his greatness unrecognized by his contemporaries, who saw in him merely a clever caricaturist and the entertainer of an idle hour. It is only now that the world-wide significance of his work is being apprehended, and as a result one of his most original sculptural satires, the "Ratapoil," has been reproduced in bronze by order of the French government. The statue dates back to 1850, and shows a rakish, bourgeois figure, wearing a battered stove-pipe hat and leaning upon an enormous cudgel. In this work, Daumier has attempted to portray the degeneracy which overtook France after the Napoleonic era, and incidentally he has revealed his own deepest motive. For the inspiring passion of his life was his contempt for bourgeois statesmen and bourgeois ideals. He was born early enough to have had some personal remembrance of the *épopée* of his country, and the epoch of the Citizen-King Louis Philippe, with its glorified shopkeepers installed in the offices of state, contrasted meanly enough in his mind with the far-flaming

glories of the Empire and Napoleon. What he saw from his obscure place, and hated with all the power of an idealist, was the reaction that had followed upon a great period. The enthusiasms, the patriotic exaltation of the Revolution and the Empire, had been succeeded by an era of sordidness and money-grabbing. Every ideal in the artist's soul revolted at this triumph of the bourgeoisie, and all this winged the satire of his art with fire and power.

Champfleury, the friend of Balzac, in his "Histoire de la Caricature Moderne," describes the strange methods of Daumier. The caricaturist was accustomed to attend regularly the sessions of the House of Peers, in which he found a rich field for his peculiar art. He would sit in the gallery by the hour studying the richly varied physiognomy of that notable group of statesmen, and catching on the wing, as it were, the amazing facial expression which was to astonish posterity by its glorified ugliness. Instead of sketching on paper, he held in his lap a lump of clay which he modeled deftly and with remarkable rapidity. A few seconds was enough to perpetuate some choice and master grimace of one of Louis Philippe's statesmen which the artist considered most typical. From the slight accounts we have of his interesting methods, he seems to have worked with incredible speed, far more rapidly in fact than an expert sketch artist. Sitting silent in his place, he would fix his eagle glance upon some particular subject whose physiognomy struck him as rich in possibilities of expression, and, waiting for the psychological moment that sums up a whole character in a single glance or grimace, would give it permanence in the lump of clay in his hands.

What manner of man was this solitary genius whose art had the bitterness of satire and grandiose cynicism of Rabelais and Swift? Unfortunately we possess but few details concerning his life. That it was an humble and humdrum sort of life, as far as outward incident is concerned, there is little doubt. We know that Daumier was poor and that he toiled day by day for his bread. We know also that he was supremely devoted to his art, that he loved it for its own sake, and seemed to be unaffected by the neglect of his contemporaries. Fortunately we possess a good portrait of him. It is by Corot, and shows the caricaturist in the prime of manhood. It is a fine open face crowned with an abundance of hair. The eyes are large and are set wide apart, the nose is finely shaped and the mouth denotes amiability and kindness. There is no trace of that terrible gift of satire which he possessed, and which was to confer an ominous immortality upon a group of obscure ministers, deputies, peers and magistrates. What Daumier has left us is not a mere collection of caricature-portraits of the political celebrities of Louis Philippe's time; his work has far more significance than that. He has left a veritable frieze of historical importance and value. These men, whose names and deeds filled the trumpet of fame for a brief hour in France's history, would, with a few notable exceptions, have been completely forgotten but for the humble artist whom they regarded with contempt and as unworthy even of passing notice.

From a painting by Corot

AN IMMORTALIZER OF RIDICULOUS STATESMEN

Honoré Daumier, the French caricaturist, was accustomed to attend the sessions of the House of Peers and to satirize the physiognomies of its members. He held in his lap a lump of clay which he modeled deftly and with remarkable rapidity.

Of these bourgeois statesmen upon whom the formidable genius of Daumier has conferred such sinister fame, there are enough to fill out a long catalog. We mention only: Doctor Prunelle, deputy and mayor of Lyons, an incarnation of ugliness, sus-

THE GREASY LAUGH
One of Daumier's most effective satires of bourgeois coarseness.

GALLOIS, THE JOURNALIST
In whose portrait we seem to detect a touch of grotesque kindliness, as though Daumier recognized in him a brother castigator of the hypocrisies of public office.

picion and small malignity, the head enormous but well formed, eyes small and close together, the large mouth twisted in an all-embracing sneer, the whole evil face overwhelmed by a cataract of hair; Chevandier, deputy, looking like a bird of prey on his perch, his small head widest at the cheek bones, dominated by an enormous nose, the eyes closed in malign meditation; the famous Jacques Lefèvre, deputy and banker, one of the master financiers of that bourgeois and sordid age, cold and pitiless of glance, the cadaverous face denoting a repulsive and calculating type

A BIRD OF PREY
In this caricature Daumier satirizes the deputy Chevandier, his small head widest at the cheek bones, dominated by an enormous nose, the eyes closed in malign meditation.

of probity; Charles de Lameth, deputy, a frozen mask of ugliness and cynicism unillumined by a ray of healthy humanity, and crowned with an atrocious drowned fur cap—the whole highly suggestive of Dickens' Rogue Riderhood; Vrennet, deputy and academician, a celebrated littérateur of his day, rescued from oblivion by the unknown young man whose discerning eye for human curiosities of physiognomy was fascinated by the academician's superb ugliness; Guizot, one of the few of the group whose fame was independent of the master caricaturist—his face

wearing an expression of melancholy and illness; Delessert, the prefect, "with the hint of a nose and the mouth of a baboon;" Delort, deputy, and a general as well, tho the portrait gives no trace of the soldier, a caricature that might serve for Ibsen; d'Argoult, the minister, a species of glorified vulture, the head of a mean smallness, a mere detail in fact of the enormous nose, ears and chin; and Gallois the journalist, in whose portrait there is a touch of grotesque kindliness, as tho the artist recognized a brother castigator of the hypocrisies of public office.

Gustave Geffroy, the eminent art critic, has left the following account of his impressions of the famous Daumier group of statuettes:

"I insist that the individual portrait has been transcended, and that we are here confronted by human types, forms and expressions which have an interest that is independent of the name on the masks. . . . These faces express, with startling power, sullenness, meanness, self-importance, the vanity of old *beaux*, bourgeois satire, the cruelty of ogres. Yet, in spite of all this, there is a certain humor and kindliness in Daumier's unpitying genius. He is terrible, yet he seems to say: 'All this is merely to raise a laugh.' In truth, we do laugh, but the ferocity of it all remains with us."

A STATESMAN OF SUPERB UGLINESS

In such portraits as these Daumier transcends the individual portrait, and confronts us with human types, forms and expressions that are universal.

JACQUES LEFEVRE, DEPUTY AND BANKER

Daumier's representation of a master financier, cold and pitiless of glance, the cadaverous face denoting a repulsive and calculating type of probity.

CHARLES DE LAMETH, DEPUTY

A frozen mask of ugliness and cynicism unillumined by a ray of healthy humanity and crowned by an atrocious drowned fur cap.

Apart from the critical attention aroused by Daumier's sculptures in Paris, there are evidences that his fame is spreading in England and this country. Not long ago the publishing house of John Lane Company issued a notable series of his cartoons; and in the near future a well-known New York house will bring out a study of Daumier by Elisabeth Luther Cary.

A DECADENT WHO BECAME A MYSTIC

ALMOST every great author or artist develops a peculiar "note" in which he differs from all others of his craft. The whole octave of human experience has made its contribution toward this individual expression, and few are the emotions that remain unsung. But, so far as we know, Joris Karl Huysmans, the French writer who died in Paris last month, is the first great author of whom it may be said that he wrote a series of novels whose central motive is—*boredom!* With the single exception of Baudelaire, remarks the London *Times Literary Supplement,* "no man ever felt so cruelly as Huysmans the burden of mere existence, unspiced by any delicate sensation." If his works contain any fundamental message, it is this: There is no remedy in all the world against the *taedium vitae.*

On the ground of sheer literary workmanship Huysmans's writing ranks high in the literature of our time. "He recalls Rembrandt and Rubens," said Zola, in presenting him to the public. "No French writer," the London *Academy* has lately declared, "not even Théophile Gautier, had a rarer or richer vocabulary, or manipulated words with more consummate virtuosity." To this the Boston *Transcript* adds:

"He came of a Dutch family, a family of painters . . . and his choice of subjects was—allowing for the difference between Paris and a community in Holland—the same as theirs. His still life was taken from the carrot and cabbage side of nature, his personages were small functionaries, workmen and women, carousers both male and female, dull married couples. He depicted this astonishingly trite and stupid world with the same beautiful style, the same clear lights and shadows, the same harmonies of tone which distinguish the foremost artists of Holland, but the shadows were more frequent, the colors grayer, the gleams of sunlight rarer. His tremendous psychological insight distils itself in the analysis of the little emotions and sentiments of little souls."

From early youth Huysmans was as talented as he was pessimistic. He gravitated naturally toward a circle that included Emile Zola, Paul Alexis, Léon Hennique and Guy de Maupassant. This group of brilliant young authors used to meet together, eat together, and theorize endlessly upon the future of contemporary art. As Adolphe Brisson tells the story, in *Les Annales Politiques et Litteraires* (Paris):

"These esthetes, of diverse temperaments, who had scarcely any common aspirations, were agreed upon this one point, that life is a tissue of uglinesses and infamies. And they set about proving it. They vied with one another to see who would go the farthest on the road of pessimism. Huysmans abandoned himself to it recklessly. He published 'Les Soeurs Vatard,' in which discouraging pictures abound, and various bits not less cruel, which appeared in *La République des Lettres,* a review founded by M. Catulle Mendès, always eager to march in the vanguard. But Huysmans was not long in growing weary of sowing this narrow field. Adultery, the eternally banal adventures which serve as the foundation of modern literature, communicated to him a sort of nausea. He desired to get out of this rut, to escape by a *coup d'éclat.* He published 'A Rebours,' which had at least the merit of the unexpected."

"A Rebours" is generally conceded to have been Huysmans's masterpiece, and, at the time of its publication in 1885, it created a sensation. The hero of the book, Des Esseintes, is a decadent, but a decadent on principle, who is ready, if necessary, to sacrifice his life to what remains of his sensations. His days are given over to the search for strange pleasures. He surrounds himself with curious luxuries and perfumes, makes extravagant experiments, and finally, having arrived at the abnormal in all things, comes to the end of his nervous force and recognizes that he must either change his life or give up living altogether. "In this figure of the voluptuary who is ever on the hunt for new and sharper excitement," observes a writer in the London *Outlook,* "Huysmans produced something universal. Des Esseintes touches hands with his like in every age. In him is the sadness of Ecclesiasticus, the weariness of the Roman aristocrats of the Lower Empire."

Des Esseintes, it should be added, was but the symbol of Huysmans's own soul. Like the hero of his book, he felt that he had exhausted all the pleasures of the senses, and was still unsatisfied. What was there left for him but the one sensation that as yet he had not experienced—purity, chastity, asceticism? To quote from *The Outlook* again:

Courtesy of Funk & Wagnalls Company

SOME DISTINGUISHED MEMBERS OF THE GONCOURT ACADEMY

In this group of eminent French literary men, Joris Karl Huysmans, the realist who became a mystic, may be seen in the front row with his hand to his face. On his right is H. Rosny, on his left J. Rosny. At the extreme left of the picture is M. Geffroy. The standing members, reading from left to right, are M. Bourges, Lucien Deseares, Leon Hennique and Leon Daudet.

"Almost inevitably he went from naturalism to mysticism, from the tyranny of the objective to the fervors of contemplation. But it was not the intellectual mysticism of Amiel or Senancour nor the spiritual exaltation of the saints of the medieval church. It was based on the physical stimulus of colors and lines and masses. It wanted jewels and rich vestments and the choirs and roofs of cathedrals and the voices of singers and the heavy perfume of incense. It is all in that marvelous style of his, stiff with gold embroidery, glowing with the hues of many gems, bringing the rustle of silks and satins, and the dim religious light of the sanctuary. By that style he will live, by that and his strange knowledge of human secrets."

M. Huysmans abandoned the gay life of the boulevards for the quiet of a Trappist monastery. He turned his attention from *décadent* psychology to the analysis of religious emotions. He wrote "La Cathédrale" and a book on Lourdes; "L'Oblat"—this last "the most intimate study of modern monastic life yet given to the world"—and a masterly Life of Saint Lidwinne de Sheidam. The Roman Catholics undoubtedly regarded him as an inconvenient convert; but he convinced every one of his absolute sincerity.

Inconsistent as Huysmans may appear to have been, there was yet an underlying unity in his life. "He did not contradict himself," in the opinion of the French critic, Andre Beaunier. "I find one and the same man," says M. Beaunier, "in the two periods of his intellectual development. He was veritably realist, . . . but also a mystic." The same writer continues (in the Paris *Figaro*):

"It is a remarkable thing that in the most daringly mystic of his writings, 'Les Foules de Lourdes,' for example, he makes a perpetual effort to demonstrate his statements. He affirms the miracles and he wishes to prove their authenticity. He proceeds, or tries to proceed, experimentally. He refers to the certificates of the physicians; he cites, discusses and appreciates the witnesses and their testimony. Then, the miracle constituted as a scientific certainty, he utilizes it as an argument and as the principal valid argument in favor of the Faith. And then he treats and describes the divine world which he has installed in the domain of the unknowable as he formerly treated and described the reality close by. His manner is the same, minute, wonderstruck, skilful. Its fervor is increased by the joy of having annihilated the unreal, the non-existent; it is increased also by the splendor of the new spectacle which excites it. But the realism, in the veritable and complete sense of the word, is the same. This is the profound unity which I discern in the thought of the writer who pursued an uninterrupted course from 'Les Soeurs Vatard' to 'La Cathédrale.'"

ARTHUR SYMONS, "THE WHISTLER OF CRITICS"

A CRITIC of the first order, it has been well said, must be a man of feeling in whom exquisiteness of taste is carried to the point of genius and transformed into the power of creation. Of living English-speaking critics none more perfectly fulfils this formula than Arthur Symons. Mr. Symons's artistic sensitiveness is in itself a kind of genius, and his expression has all the subtlety and glamor of a poet who has deliberately chosen to write in prose. It must have been this ethereal quality in his style, this penetrating delicacy of touch, that led James Huneker to term him "the Whistler of critics." And Mr. Huneker has written further (in *The North American Review*):

"We may not always agree with his judgments—there is no particular reason why we should—but we cannot fail to admire their presentation, the simplicity of his methods of exposition, the marshaling of his arguments, or the persuasive glow which suffuses his appreciation of masterpieces. Mr. Symons never argues, never raises his voice. His theory of criticism, like Renan's, is that it should be a valuation of forces, not an examination with marks and prizes. In the vast and shrill concert of contemporary literary polemics, the voice of Arthur Symons is the 'still small' one. It is easily distinguishable because of the purity and sweetness of its *timbre*, like that of some rich-toned violin. His books of verse and criticism are much read to-day; they will bulk largely in the critical consciousness of the future."

The latest biographer of Walter Pater declares that upon Symons, if upon any man, the mantle of Pater has fallen. Mr. Huneker goes so far as to say that in certain respects the work of Symons surpasses that of the more famous master. In an article in the New York *Times Saturday Review,* he goes on to say:

"The pulsebeat of the younger man's prose is quicker, he has lived in the midst of things, has not regarded life as a picture to be curiously wrought into suave and multicolored prose; and his range is wider than Pater's—Symons loves all the arts, from the art of mimicry to the art of living. He never sits aloof as did Pater, weaving with infinite patience those shining lengths of rare and lovely phrase, weaving books not without a touch of that disdain we surprise on the sculptured lips of the Greek gods. Arthur Symons, while he shows his literary birthmark, is not of the Attic breed. He is a modern among moderns, a poet, yet a critic, a critic and a writer of hauntingly strange fiction."

In the preface to one of his earlier works, "Plays, Acting and Music," Mr. Symons wrote that he had been slowly working his way to "the concrete expression of a theory, or system of esthetics, of all the arts." In the nature of milestones marking degrees of progress toward this goal may be mentioned: "The Symbolist Movement in Literature," characterized by Mr. Huneker as "the most important book of humanist criticism since Walter Pater's 'The Renaissance';" "Cities," a series of impressionistic prose-pictures that has won words of praise from so fastidious a critic as William Dean Howells; "Studies in Verse and Prose," unforgetable essays dealing with the most vital literary figures of our epoch; and "Spiritual Adventures," a record of strange psychological experience thinly veiled in the guise of fiction. Mr. Symons's latest volume,* in which he most nearly realizes his critical ideal, is called "Studies in Seven Arts." The seven arts in question are painting, sculpture, architecture, music, handicraft, the stage and dancing, and Mr. Symons lays it down as a cardinal doctrine that "art has to do only with the creation of beauty, whether it be in words, or sounds, or color, or outline, or rhythmical movement; and the man who writes music is no more truly an artist than the man who plays that music, the poet who composes rhythms in words no more truly than the dancer who composes rhythms with the body, and the one is no more to be preferred to the other than the painter is to be preferred to the sculptor, or the musician to the poet, in those forms of art which we have agreed to recognize as of equal value."

"Truly, a quickening conception of the arts!" exclaims Mr. Huneker; and Symons, he adds, has lived up to his theory:

"'Plays, Acting, and Music,' without being so rich in thought as 'Studies in Prose and Verse,' nor yet so profound and brilliant as 'The Symbolist Movement in Literature,' covers a diversified group of subjects, betraying a mind actively curious and one free from prejudices academic or the cant of the new—which already sounds so old. From Duse to Yvette Guilbert, Nietzsche to Vladimir Pachmann, 'the Verlaine of pianists,' a remarkable bit of impressionistic criticism, acute and true, vivid yet not dogmatic, this latter; from Tolstoy to Stephen Phillips, Sarah Bernhardt to 'Parsifal'—there is strong meat for many tastes."

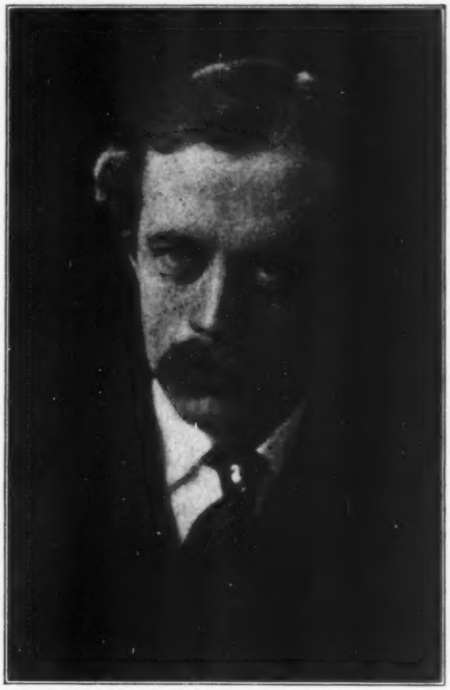
At least an idea of Mr. Symons's marvelous felicity of phrasing and breadth of view can be gained by detaching some of his sentences. Here, for example, is what he

*STUDIES IN SEVEN ARTS. By Arthur Symons. E. P. Dutton & Company.

has to say of Gustave Moreau, the French painter: "Beauty, to him, is bounded on the one side by prettiness, on the other by the fantastic and the unnatural. At a touch of nature his whole world of cold excitement would drop to pieces, scatter into colored fragments of broken glass." And here is his summing up of Villiers de l'Isle Adam: "Satire with him is the revenge of beauty upon ugliness, the persecution of the ugly; it is not merely social satire, it is a satire on the material universe by one who believes in a spritual universe. Thus it is the only laughter of our time which is fundamental, as fundamental as that of Swift and of Rabelais."

In an essay on Rodin, Mr. Symons tells us:

"All Rodin's work is founded on a conception of force; first, the force of the earth, then the two conflicting forces, man and woman; with, always, behind and beyond, the secret, unseizable, inexplicable force of that mystery which surrounds the vital energy of the earth itself, as it surrounds us in our existence on earth. Out of these forces he has chosen for the most part the universal, vivifying force of sex. In man he represents the obvious energy of nature, thews and muscles, bones, strength of limb; in the woman, the exquisite strength of weakness, the subtler energy of the senses. They fight the eternal battle of sex, they seek each other that they may overcome each other. And the woman, softly, overcomes, to her perdition. The man holds her in the hollow of his hand, as God holds both man and woman [a reference to the great sculptured hand which holds a lump of earth with two little figures cuddled up inside it]; he could close his hand upon the fragile thing that nestles there and crush it; but something paralyzes his muscles in a tender inaction. The hand will never close over her, she will always have the slave's conquest."



Courtesy of John Lane Company

THE SUBTLEST OF LIVING ENGLISH-SPEAKING CRITICS

"In the vast and shrill concert of contemporary literary polemics," says James Huneker, "the voice of Arthur Symons is the 'still small' one. It is easily distinguishable because of its *timbre*, like that of some rich-toned violin."

In spite of his genius, it seems rather doubtful whether Mr. Symons will ever win a large circle of readers. He is too introspective, too subtle, too morbid. Perhaps he is more French than English in temperamental affinity; one of his interpreters speaks of him as "for years a sort of official envoy of the Parisian symbolists at London." *The Saturday Review* (London) has lately said:

"It is easy to realize how much Mr. Symons's work might offend some readers. Sometimes he might easily be mistaken for a mere poseur with nothing behind that passionately calm manner, cultivated so obviously with such care and pains. He is morbid. He delights in torturing self-analysis, in tracing the inner emotions to their source. He revels at times in the spectacle of sheer animalism and shows delight like the subject of one of his studies, Peter Waydelin, in mere brutality. He appreciates keenly the value of the grotesque, the bizarre. There is in his work frequently a lack of virility, of buoyancy, a complete absence of animal spirits in striking contrast with the epicureanism of which he is so obviously in theory a follower. To clutch at one's pleasures, realizing the fleeting nature of existence; to be ever at the point where the spirit burns at its fiercest, to maintain a voracious appetite for life—such is the attitude of mind which he would inculcate. And yet there is about all he writes a singular absence of joyousness, a sense of enervation, of the general futility of things—a morbid dissatisfaction with life as it is, and with all that it has to yield, a suggestion that nothing can ever be quite worth while."

Desmond MacCarthy, a writer in *The Albany Review* (London), condemns Mr. Symons on somewhat similar grounds. "His bias as a critic," we are told, "is to be too appreciative of those who look for beauty curiously, sadly, and even perversely, in moods and perceptions which are generally regarded as trivial or base." For this reason, says Mr. MacCarthy, Arthur Symons, "one of the subtlest critics now writing" and "the one interpreter of the 'decadents' worth reading in the English language," will never be a widely influential critic.

A HISTORIAN WHO WRITES LIKE A NOVELIST

MOST histories are insufferably dull. We study them at school as a kind of penance, and lay them aside at the close of our college courses with a sense of relief. They are crammed with facts, but the facts are recorded in a perfunctory and academic fashion and fail to kindle the imagination. Once in a while, it is true, a great historical mind appears—a Gibbon or a Macaulay in England, a Mommsen in Germany, a Fiske in America. But it is no exaggeration to say that even yet the most important historical periods have never been finally covered or adequately imagined. The ideal historian must be something of a poet and romanticist, as well as a recorder. He must look down on mankind as from Olympian heights, and, without abandoning an attitude of absolute impartiality, must feel the human struggle as intensely as if he took part in it.

And now, from Italy, comes the news that such a historian has arisen. His name is Guglielmo Ferrero, and his theme is the old, yet ever new and fascinating, story of the "Greatness and Decline of Rome." There is a peculiar appropriateness in an Italian writing a history of Rome, but, apart from all racial sympathy, Signor Ferrero possesses quite exceptional qualifications for the work he has undertaken. He has been a working journalist, and commands a literary style of unusual charm and penetration. He has also engaged in political work, and is a trained economist and psychologist. When he writes history he imagines it as a novelist or a dramatist might. He aims, above all, to interpret the dry facts of the past in the living terms of our present psychology. "I know very well," he has said, "that the contradiction between my history and tradition will awaken in many minds a sort of hostility. They will ask if it is possible that the whole world has been deceived for twenty centuries, and that we have had to wait until 1906 to know the exact truth about the Roman Empire of the year 6. . . . But to-day we see in a fuller light. I do not profess to be a magician nor to have a miraculous power of intuition. If I have been able to rectify many errors it is only because I have been the first one to observe closely at a moment where it was at last possible to see and to understand."

Ferrero's reputation has passed the experimental stage. He is already regarded as the leading historian of the day in Italy, and his fame is rapidly becoming worldwide. His *magnum opus* is as yet incompleted, but two volumes, dealing with the age of Caesar from the death of Sulla to the Ides of March, have been translated into French, and now into English.* The French translation won instant popularity, and was so highly esteemed by French scholars that the author was invited to lecture at the Collège de France last December—an honor never before conferred on an Italian. The visit took on an international importance. At the fifth lecture Signor Ferrero received a telegram from the Italian Minister of Public Instruction congratulating him in the name of his country. At the last the French Minister of Public Instruction was present to bestow upon him the cross of the Legion of Honor.

The historical method of Ferrero, it may be stated on his own authority, is derived from Gaston Boissier. His labors have not been so much in the field of research as in that of interpretation—of minute correction, new valuation of facts and the placing of details where they belong. In the preface to his work he tells us:

"Human history, like all other phenomena of life and motion, is the unconscious product of an infinity of small and unnoticed efforts. Its work is done, spasmodically and in disorder, by single individuals or groups of individuals, acting generally from immediate motives, with results which always transcend the knowledge and intentions of contemporaries, and are but seldom revealed, darkly and for a moment, to succeeding generations. To find a clue to the immediate, accidental and transitory motives which have pricked on the men of the past to their labors; to describe vividly and whole-heartedly their vicissitudes and anxieties, their struggles and illusions, as they pursued their work; to discover how and why, through this work, the men of one generation have often not satisfied the passions which spurred them to action, but effected some lasting transformation in the life of their society—this should be, in my opinion, the unfailing inspiration of the historian's task."

Attempts to convey the essence of a writer's style and method by means of excerpts and quotations are bound to be more or less ineffective, but something of Ferrero's spirit appears in his characterizations of the generals and statesmen who contributed to the upbuilding of the greatest empire the world has ever seen. He constantly enlivens his narrative with vivid and revealing word-pictures, and

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*THE GREATNESS AND DECLINE OF ROME. Volumes I and II. By Guglielmo Ferrero. Translated into English by Alfred E. Zimmern, Fellow and Tutor of New College, Oxford. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

he does not know how to be dull. Of Pompey, the friend and afterwards the rival of Caesar, we read:

"Pompey was a perfect specimen of the man of talent who, though himself devoid of any real originality or creative power, is quick to pick up and to profit by new ideas brought within his reach by men of genius. . . A graceful and not unsuccessful dilettante in art, literature and science, in politics and war, the very variety and facility of his accomplishments unfitted him for any intense and concentrated endeavor. Skilful and even crafty within his own range, he was yet easily deceived by an active intriguer or unbalanced by the shock of an unexpected rebuff. Tho he served ambition and was gratified by power, like the rest of his age, neither violence, nor greed, nor any active self-seeking lay truly at the bottom of his nature; but beneath that kindly and amiable yet dignified demeanor, as so often in an aristocratic nature, lay cold and unstirred depths of complacency and selfishness."

Crassus was a man of firmer and less pliable stuff and "by nature a careful and hard-headed man of business." The story of Crassus is a romance of millions. In certain respects, says Ferrero, he was not unlike many of the great Jewish financiers of our own day. We get a glimpse of this "elderly banker buckling on the sword," and the historian betrays a certain admiration for the "man of great gifts—able and active, tho self-centered and lacking in generosity," whom "destiny had chosen to be the first victim of the megalomania of his countrymen." Of his death at the hands of the Parthians we are told briefly, dramatically:

"Crassus was every inch a man, and when death suddenly stared him in the face amid the mountains of Armenia, far from his family and his home, like a criminal given but a few minutes to prepare for his fate, he revealed no sign of weakness. . . He set out with an escort and was killed on the 9th of June."

It is of Julius Caesar, however, that Ferrero offers the most fascinating picture. He takes the view that Caesar was a man whose powers have seldom or never been equaled in history, yet who failed to become a great statesman—an opinion directly contrary to Mommsen's. The German historian has tried to show that Caesar's conquest of Gaul was part of a magnificently conceived strategic plan; in Ferrero's judgment it was simply an electioneering maneuver designed to make an impression on the senate. The Caesar of Ferrero's imagination is a very fallible creature, a man of whims and weaknesses, as well as of sudden strengths, an opportunist who constantly made mistakes. To quote:

"Caesar was the psychological puzzle of his day. The fashionable young patrician, with his charming literary gift, his exquisite manner in speech and writing, his amazing quickness of acquisition and omnivorous appetite for study, from astronomy at the one pole to strategy at the other, after entering into politics with a show of moderation, had strangely falsified the expectations of all friends and observers. They had watched him sinking deeper and deeper into debt, then practically selling his services to the highest bidder, changing his whole program from one day to the next, dragging feminine intrigue into politics and government, exciting the poor and base against the rich and noble, and leaving nothing undone that a cynical and shameless versatility could suggest. How could men forget that the chief of the popular party, who had promised to put an end to the abuses of capitalism, had not scrupled to sell his services for one of the most discreditable transactions of the time, the reduction of the contract price for the farming of the taxes of Asia? One who treated politics in this way could surely not be considered a serious statesman by the thinking public of his day. He was merely one of those noisy and unscrupulous but shallow-minded politicians who, finding an unworthy satisfaction in the futile arts of ostentation and notoriety and gifted with a magnificent and expressive rhetorical style, often make themselves heard and felt in the disorder of a young mercantile democracy. . . .There were many, no doubt, who put Caesar in this class."

With the same deft touch Ferrero illuminates all the acts of Caesar's life. Caesar the student and romancer at Rhodes; Caesar the hot-headed young blood in Rome; Caesar entrapped by the wiles of Cleopatra; Caesar the noisy demagog, the electioneer, the conqueror of Gaul, the world-power; Caesar pitifully dead—all are portrayed with a master hand.

And when he fell,—

"Rome was wrapped in funereal silence, like a city of the dead. All parties were afraid of one another.

"Parthia was saved. The Archdestroyer had himself been cut down at the moment when he was setting out to conquer the Empire of Parthia and set Rome on the road trodden by Alexander. For this was the dream which had absorbed all his energies during the last months of his life, while the rumors as to his monarchical ambitions were probably nothing more than inventions or at least exaggerations on the part of his enemies. How he would have acted on his return, supposing he returned victorious, no one can say. Perhaps he did not know himself. After all, he had been an opportunist all his life."

Ferrero's third volume is to deal with the Augustan era; and if he completes his scheme as worthily as he has begun it, says the London *Academy*, he will have succeeded in writing a more living, a more actual, history of Rome than any hitherto existing.

Through an oversight last month, we neglected to state that the reproductions of John W. Alexander's mural paintings in the Carnegie Institute in Pittsburg were made from photographs copyrighted, 1907, by Curtis Bell, of New York.

Religion and Ethics

ARE PREACHERS UNDERPAID?

ONE of the delegates at the recent Presbyterian General Assembly made the statement: "The minister is idolized at thirty, criticized at forty, ostracized at fifty, oslerized at sixty and canonized at seventy—if he survives!" The speaker's emphasis rested on the last phrase, and his purpose was to convey a sense of the inadequacy of the financial provision made for the average clergyman.

The sentiment thus humorously expressed has its serious bearings. There is a disposition at the present time on the part of many religious thinkers to consider the question of the clerical salary. The leading Protestant Episcopal organ of the country, *The Churchman,* feels that this problem, in view of recent developments, has passed out of the domain of the academic and become "a matter of pressing importance." A clerical writer in *The Independent* goes so far as to say: "The present situation amounts almost to a crisis. The average man without an independent income has no business in the average Protestant pastorate."

Bishop Whitaker, of the Protestant Episcopal diocese of Pennsylvania, has lately discovered, with some mortification, that many of the clergymen over whom he has assumed spiritual direction are receiving annual salaries as low as seven hundred dollars. The average salary of the Methodist ministers in the United States, according to a recent computation, is in the neighborhood of seven hundred dollars.

On the principle that one concrete instance is worth a host of generalizations, it is interesting to turn to the "confession" of an unnamed minister that has recently appeared in the pages of *The Independent.* He writes under the title, "A Challenge to Christian Laymen," and makes some startling statements. He has served in the ministry, he declares, for twenty years, and began his career with a salary of $550 a year. As he had six preaching points on a circuit of thirty miles, a horse and carriage were absolutely indispensable. The outfit cost $300. This left him $250 net, or some 68½ cents a day for his services! His second and third charges were in large cities at salaries of $900 and $1,000 respectively. By this time he was married and had a baby. He tried housekeeping for awhile, but it was "simply suicidal," and the three were compelled to take refuge in a boarding-house. To continue the narrative:

"Four years more and I was financially (and I feared mentally) bankrupt. My entire ministry had been as it has ever been, of hardest necessity, chiefly a struggle for existence. Sometimes I would receive no salary for three, four, or five months at a time, while my Board of Trustees included some millionaires and men of international reputation. My 'credit' was gone. But what of that? They had carefully preserved *theirs!* My usefulness seemed on the verge of destruction. My future looked hopelessly dark. It was quite enough to drive an honest, sensitive man to—distraction. For days at a time I did not have a nickel for a car fare or for a loaf of bread. All I had was the continued commendations of my lay associates. But praise makes pretty poor provender. And I was thirty-five years of age."

Five years more passed, and the situation only grew worse. "At this writing," says the clergyman, "I am surrounded by a people to whom I am warmly attached, and my titles are more numerous than I can comfortably bear. My wife alone, however, easily earns, and before our marriage did earn, a very much larger salary than we now receive. As it is, in an expensive community, it is costing us at least $800 a year actual cash out of pocket over and above our meager salary for the privilege of doing this work, and we live with carefully studied economy." He goes on to ask:

"Where in the name of Christian sense do people suppose that $800 is coming from? I was not fortunate enough to inherit it. I was not long-headed enough to marry it. I could not grovel enough to beg it. It has been utterly impossible for me to save it out of former pastorates. Where then is it coming from?

"At forty years of age, when I am easily at my best (which is saying precious little), after twenty years of active service, during which time I have preached to some of the largest audiences in the United States, have addressed some of our greatest conventions of Christian workers (with balances always on the wrong side of my cash account), have written editorially for some of the leading religious journals in the world (all to no financial profit)—I am virtually down and out. How could it be otherwise on an average salary, in city work, of $1,000 a year?"

Three deductions are drawn from this unhappy experience:

"1. Never once in all my twenty years' ministry has the Church lived up to its so-called 'temporal contract' with me. Never once. And when I say the Church I refer to men whom I have distinctly in mind, who pride themselves on their 'rating,' and who would not dare to treat their other creditors as they treat their pastors. And one day four years ago I wrote this in my diary: 'It is my purpose henceforth to undertake no Christian work in which I am wholly and directly dependent on my Christian constituents for financial support.' I have kept to that, and by the grace of God I mean to keep to it to the end.

"2. For a calling I will preach the Gospel; it has been the joy and inspiration of my life. For a living I will—do something else, perhaps cobble shoes as Cary did, or make tents as Paul did.

"3. I advise young men to take up the greater ministry of Christian work, more largely, more heartily and with deeper consecration than ever. But as to entering the ordained ministry of the Protestant Church as things stand to-day I say to young men, don't do it, until the laymanship of the Church wakes up to its duty in this matter of ministerial respect and support."

The writer in *The Independent* thinks that the present shortage in the supply of ministerial candidates, of which all denominations complain, is chiefly due to the lamentable under-payment of ministers. He says:

"The dearth of such candidates is traceable largely to one source—the absence of conditions favorable to independence of thought, speech, action. I am fully convinced there will be candidates a-plenty when a redeemed, broad-minded, conscientious laymanship, now largely engrossed with the hot pursuit and selfish accumulation of things material, with barns bursting and contracts let for larger storehouses, alters its attitude of patronizing condescension and pauperizing toleration toward the ministry of the church and returns to that ministry with a moral and financial support commensurate with what is expected of a well-bred, high-purposed, independent preacher of the Gospel, a support given, not as a pitiful charity, but as the payment of a first lien on all that that laymanship is and has. . . .

"Talk about a revival? I tell you it is securely locked up in the fattening purses of our Christian laymen. Let these men begin to loosen up as they ought, and in the spirit of men who are simply paying an honest debt, and your long-expected revival will come over night."

The case of this minister has aroused keen interest in the religious world, and has evoked a number of letters of reply and comment. Some of these are printed in *The Independent*. One or two writers find the picture overdrawn. A Presbyterian elder says: "I have been a member of the Presbyterian Church over forty years, have been an elder over twenty-five years, have been sent to Presbytery many times and to the General Assembly once. I have never known an instance when a Presbyterian minister was not paid his salary in full, and paid willingly and cheerfully." A farmer declares his conviction that "the rank and file of the Christian ministers are paid all they are worth, and in many cases more than they could command in the commercial world."

The majority of the writers, however, take the view that the conclusions reached by the anonymous minister are in large part justified. A Congregational minister says:

"I have been in my present pastorate ten years, and have expended more than $3,000 more than I have received from the Church as salary, including missionary aid. In another pastorate I went several hundred dollars in debt. A number of ministers have told me at various times that they could not force their stipends to cover their expenses."

Another clergyman, a Methodist, admits the evils of the case, but does not believe that the remedy lies in appeals to laymen. He says:

"Ministers will never be better paid till they demand it. Churches are always going to buy good preaching at the market price. And so long as there is no *honor* among ministers in the matter of competition and price-cutting the market price will continue low. If a union of carpenters is possible, why not a union of the disciples of the Carpenter's Son?"

The Churchman frankly admits the gravity of the situation. What is needed, it says, is collective action and "the inauguration of a diocesan fund sufficient to supplement the salaries of the clergy." The same paper proceeds to enlarge upon this idea in terminology that applies primarily to the Protestant Episcopal Church, but that may easily be extended to include the whole field of Christian effort:

"The raising of clerical salaries can not be treated as a mere pious opinion, a sentimental concern that can be taken up and dropped from time to time, or that can even be handled superficially. In an enormous number of cases if the initiative must come from the vestry nothing will be done. Vestrymen are well intentioned. They are earnest, in many cases they are public-spirited, so far as their parish interests are concerned. But it is not at all unlikely that they feel the financial pressure of increased prices in a different way from the clergy who minister to them. Those parishes which are best able to act on the bishop's suggestion in each diocese are exactly those parishes in which the clergy, through the normal rate of their salaries, are least sensible of the financial pressure spoken of at the diocesan conventions. The rectors whose salaries are small, and who therefore are exposed to acute distress, will have associated with them the vestrymen least able to meet the situation. The futility of leaving this matter to the individual parish is plain. If relief is to come—and it must come, not only to save the honor of the Church but to enable its work to be carried on—it must come through some central agency."

THE "ASTRAL" THEORY OF BIBLICAL INTERPRETATION

NOT long ago, the theological world of Germany was stirred to its base by the so-called "Babel Bible" controversy aroused by Friedrich Delitzsch's lectures. This able Berlin professor, it will be remembered, took the ground that the theory of divine revelation in the Old Testament must be abandoned, and tried to show the direct descent of the Scriptural books from Assyrian inscriptions. He may be said to have left a permanent impress upon religious thought. It is no longer possible to regard the Old Testament as an absolutely isolated phenomenon in ancient literature; we know that it must have had *some* relation to contemporary religions and to Babylon in particular. To a greater and greater extent this relation is assumed by Biblical scholars. And now the work of research is being carried a step further, and controversy has shifted to the question: What was the exact nature of this relation?

A new solution of the problem is being offered by the school of thought headed by Prof. Hugo Winckler, of the University of Berlin, and by Stucken, Jensen and Jeremias. It finds its most characteristic exposition in Winckler's book, "The History of Religion and the History of the Orient," which was published several months ago (see CURRENT LITERATURE, November), but still continues to excite comment, and is recognized by so careful a periodical as the Leipsic theological *Literaturzeitung* as *the* Old Testament publication of the day.

The fundamental theory of this new school is that the Old Testament books are based on the astro-mythological system of the Babylonians. According to the Babylonian theory, the earth in all its parts and relations is a reflection of the heavens; religion, science, poetry, statesmanship are all a reproduction and imitation of heavenly happenings. The Babylonian gods are astral gods, and in the phenomena of the heavens, in the movements of the stars and of the constellations the will of the gods is revealed. The heavens are the great book of instruction in which humanity can learn higher wisdom. It is here that man must search for what determines his destiny; and he who understands the language of the stars can interpret the counsel of the gods. Nothing in the fate of the individual from the cradle to the grave, nothing in the most important transactions of the state, is hidden from astrological science. To the seeing eye the fate of nations and the esoteric meaning of historical epochs are wrapped in the cycle of the constellations.

Traces of this "astral" thought, it is argued, are constantly discernible in the Old Testament—in the Song of Deborah, for instance, in which it is said that "the stars in their courses fought against Sisera;" in the beautiful imagery of the Nineteenth Psalm; in the account of the creation of the universe in the first chapter of Genesis, in which we read that the stars were made to "rule the night."

The most complete collection of data supporting the new theory is contained in a new work by Jeremias, entitled "Das Alte Testament in Lichte der Orients" (The Old Testament in the Light of the Orient). He attempts to prove that the Biblical heroes have the distinguishing characteristics of the astral divinities of the Babylonians; and that not only the epochs in Israel's history in their entirety, but even the minutest details of the different periods are bound up in a network of references to the astral gods and their mythology. The story of Samson in particular is cited as a vivid illustration of astral influence, and is said to be based on earlier conceptions of a solar god. The hair of Samson is symbolic of the rays of the sun, and his loss of strength recalls the winter sun deprived of its power. He is destroyed by Delilah, just as the lion-slayer Gilgamesh, of Babylonian legend, was undone by Istor. The story of Joseph, it is claimed, can be paralleled in all its details in the story of the Babylonian Thammuz, the god of spring. According to ancient belief, Thammuz died in summer, then descended to the lower world and was mourned on earth, but in spring returned to the upper world in new glory to bless mankind. This story is accepted as a symbol of Joseph's career. He and the eleven brethren of his dream constitute the twelve Signs of the Zodiac, and Egypt is held to represent the lower world. The story of Moses is also traced back to Babylonian sources.

Another remarkable interpretation of the Bible along the same lines has been published by the Marburg Assyriologist Jensen, under the title "Das Gilgamesch Epos in der Weltliteratur" (The Gilgamesh Epic in World Literature). Jensen carries the campaign boldly into the New Testament field, and tries to show a parallel between the Babylonian

deity, Gilgamesh, and Jesus. He draws some striking analogies between the two, but even so radical a scholar as Professor Cheyne, of Oxford, declares that these claims are certainly "extravagant," and will tend to discredit the school which here seeks a new solution of Biblical problems.

It is a significant fact, however, that the theories of the new school, within certain limitations, are meeting with approval from even conservative writers. In a new theological journal just started in Leipsic, the *Theologie der Gegenwart,* Professor Koeberle, of Rostock, registers his conviction that the facts adduced are at least important enough to undermine the whole theory on which Wellhausen built. Another writer, Professor Vettli, takes the position that the new views are not necessarily in conflict with the acceptance of the Old Testament religion as a divine revelation, and insists that in view of these new facts it will be necessary to reconstruct certain explanations of the origin of the religion of the Old Testament which are entirely outgrown and have virtually become fossilized dogmas.

THE SPIRITUAL VIRGINITY OF CHILDHOOD

ONE of the crassest of our mistakes in dealing with childhood, according to Havelock Ellis, the eminent English scientist, lies in our failure to recognize the essential irreligiousness of the child-mind. Boys and girls can not be religious, he argues, for the very excellent reason that the capacity for religious feeling is not developed in them, in any real sense, until the age of puberty. "To teach religious duties to children," he says, "is exactly the same as to exhort them to imagine themselves married people, and to inculcate on them the duties of that relation." He continues (in *The Nineteenth Century*):

> "The mind of the child is at once logical and extravagant, matter of fact and poetic or rather myth-making. This combination of apparent opposites, tho it often seems to be almost incomprehensible to the adult, is the inevitable outcome of the fact that the child's dawning intelligence is working, as it were, in a vacuum. In other words, the child has not acquired the two endowments which chiefly give character to the whole body of the adult's beliefs and feelings. He is without the pubertal expansion which fills out the mind with new personal and altruistic impulses, and transforms it with emotion that is often dazzling and sometimes distorting; and he has not yet absorbed, or even gained the power of absorbing, all those beliefs, opinions and mental attitudes which the race has slowly acquired and transmitted as the outcome of its experiences."

It is a curious fact, as Mr. Ellis goes on to point out, that most adults have only the vaguest recollections of their childhood attitude toward religion and the facts of the universe. Moreover, children themselves are usually, like peoples of primitive race, more or less secretive, and unwilling to communicate their mental operations, emotions and ideas. For a correct revelation of the child-mind we must turn to the works of trained investigators, who have explored the intellectual processes of children during recent years with a care and detail that have never been brought to that study before. The result of these inquiries has been to show that children create a world of their own and people it with images that they are familiar with. Of forty-eight children examined by Stanley Hall, twenty believed that the sun, moon and stars are alive, sixteen thought flowers were sentient, and fifteen that dolls could feel pain if burnt. Half of these children thought that at night the sun flies away, or is blown, or walks, or God pulls it up higher out of sight. One suggested that God took the sun every evening, stripped off its clothes and put it to bed; another favored the idea that the sun goes to sleep under the trees and that angels guard it. In the speculations of all these children God played a large part. The general conception seemed to be that God is a big, perhaps a blue, man, to be seen in the sky, on the clouds, in church, or even in the streets. He keeps Heaven in order; sometimes He rolls barrels about—that is what makes thunder. The children declared that they had seen God sometimes. He makes lamps, babies, dogs, trees, money, etc., and the angels work for Him. He looks like a priest, or a teacher, or papa. He has a house in the sky; birds, children and Santa Claus live with God.

Burnham, another investigator of the child-mind, has pointed out that birds and beasts, food and furniture, all talk to little boys and girls. Children often imagine play-brothers and sisters and friends, with whom they talk; and sometimes, they say, God talks with them. When the dew is on the grass, "the grass is crying;" the stars are candles or lamps, perhaps cinders from God's stove; butterflies are flying pansies; icicles are Christmas candy.

Such facts as these—and they can be multiplied endlessly—are cited by Havelock Ellis in support of his contention that "for the most part the ideas of religion cannot be accepted or assimilated by children." He makes the further statement:

"The child is unable to follow the distinctions which the adult is pleased to make between 'real,' 'spiritual' and 'imaginary' beings. To him such distinctions do not exist. He may, if he so pleases, adopt the names, or such characteristics as he chooses, of the beings he is told about, but he puts them into his own world, on a footing of more or less equality, and he decides himself what their fate is to be. The adult's supreme beings by no means always survive in the struggle for existence which takes place in the child's imaginative world. It was found among many thousand children entering the city schools of Berlin that Red Riding Hood was better known than God, and Cinderella than Christ. That is the result of the child's freedom from the burden of tradition.

"Yet at the same time the opposite tho allied peculiarity of childhood—the absence of the emotional developments of puberty, which deepen and often cloud the mind a few years later—is also making itself felt. Extravagant as his beliefs may appear, the child is an uncompromising rationalist and realist. His supposed imaginativeness is indeed merely the result of his logical insistence that all the new phenomena presented to him shall be thought of in terms of himself and his own environment. His wildest notions are based on precise, concrete and personal facts of his own experience."

Not only, continues Mr. Ellis, are boys and girls under twelve years of age incapable of understanding conceptions of life that transcend immediate experience, but "the child whose spiritual virginity has been prematurely tainted will never be able to awake afresh to the full significance of those conceptions when the age of religion at last arrives." But are we, it may be asked, to leave the child's restless, inquisitive, imaginative brain without any food during all those early years? "By no means," replies Havelock Ellis. He writes on this point:

"The life of the individual recapitulates the life of the race, and there can be no better imaginative food for the child than that which was found good in the childhood of the race. The savage sees the world almost exactly as the civilized child sees it, as the magnified image of himself and his own environment, but he sees it with an added poetic charm, a delightful and accomplished inventiveness, which the child is incapable of. The myths and legends of primitive peoples—for instance those of the British Columbian Indians, so carefully reproduced by Boas in German and Hill Tout in English—are one in their precision and their extravagance with the stories of children, but with a finer inventiveness. It was, I believe, many years ago pointed out by Ziller that fairy-tales ought to play a very important part in the education of young children, and since then B. Hartmann, Stanley Hall and many others of the most conspicuous educational authorities have emphasized the same point. Fairy-tales are but the final and transformed versions of primitive myths, creative legends, stories of old gods. In purer and less transformed versions the myths and legends of primitive peoples are often scarcely less adapted to the child's mind. Julia Gayley argues that the legends of early Greek civilization, the most perfect of all dreams, should above all be revealed to children. The early traditions of the East and of America yield material that is scarcely less fitted for the child's imaginative uses. Portions of the Bible, especially of Genesis, are in the strict sense fairy-tales, that is legends of early gods and their deeds which have become stories. In the opinion of many these portions of the Bible may suitably be given to children (though it is curious to observe that a Welsh education committee has lately prohibited the reading in schools of precisely the most legendary part of Genesis), but it must always be remembered, from the Christian point of view, that nothing should be given at this early age which is to be regarded as essential at a later age, for the youth turns against the tales of his childhood as he turns against its milk-foods. Some day, perhaps, it may be thought worth while to compile a Bible for childhood, not a mere miscellaneous assortment of stories, but a collection of books as various in origin and nature as are the books of the Hebraic-Christian Bible, so that every kind of child in all his moods and stages of growth might here find fit pasture."

If Havelock Ellis's diagnosis is accurate, serious religious instruction ought not to commence until the age of puberty. He says:

"At puberty everything begins to be changed. That period, really and psychologically, marks a 'new birth.' Emotions which are of fundamental importance, not only for the individual's personal life, but for his social and even cosmic relationships, are for the first time born. Not only is the child's body remolded in the form of a man or a woman, but the child-soul becomes a man-soul or a woman-soul, and nothing can possibly be as it has been before. The daringly skeptical logician has gone, and so has the imaginative dreamer for whom the world was the automatic magnifying mirror of his own childish form and environment. It has been revealed to him that there are independent personal and impersonal forces outside himself, forces with which he may come into a conscious and fascinatingly exciting relationship. It is a revelation of supreme importance, and with it comes not only the complexly emotional and intellectual realization of personality, but the aptitude to enter into and assimilate the traditions of the race.

"It cannot be too strongly emphasized that this is the moment, and the earliest moment, when it becomes desirable to initiate the boy or girl into the mysteries of religion. That it is the best moment is indicated by the well-recognized fact that the immediately post-pubertal period of adolescence is the period during which, even spontaneously, the most marked religious phenomena tend to occur."

"THE GREATEST EUROPEAN EVENT SINCE GOETHE"

IT seems to be a great consolation to many good people that Friedrich Nietzsche, the revolutionary Polish-German philosopher and poet, went mad. No other explanation of his bewildering aphorisms is necessary, they think, after that. But the critical mind of Europe finds it not so easy thus to dispose of his vigorous and original genius—the prophet of the "Superman." Nietzsche is now the "war-cry of opposing factions" in Germany and France, while in England he is the chief subject of controversy in the new Art and Philosophy group of the London Fabian Society—an intellectual center which attracts such famous debaters as H. G. Wells, G. Lowes Dickinson, W. B. Yeats and Bernard Shaw; and one of the members of this distinguished group, A. R. Orage, editor of *The New Age,* has just published a valuable study of Nietzsche,* whose "arrival" he terms "the greatest European event since Goethe."

"It is old fashioned now to dispute about Wagner and Ibsen; but on Nietzsche folly and ignorance are still busy," writes Bernard Shaw in *Fabian News*. The famous dramatist continues:

"The journalists have read in one another's paragraphs a certain sentence about 'the big blonde beast'; and from this misunderstood sample they construct an imaginary Nietzsche of impossible mental and moral inferiority to themselves. . . . Anyone who will take the trouble to read Mr. Orage's very interesting and readable little book will pay no attention in future to this sort of journalistic anti-Nietzscheanism. His selection from Nietzsche's aphorisms and his statement of Nietzsche's position are just what is needed: that is, they give the characteristic and differential features of Nietzsche's philosophy and influence, and make quite clear those categories of Apollan and Dionysian which are not only useful as instruments of thought, but indispensable conversationally as the catch-words of Nietzschean controversy. This is no small critical feat."

Nietzsche's outward life, Mr. Orage tells us, was uneventful, like that of so many of the world's great thinkers. He was born in 1844 at Rocken near Lutzen in Saxony, and was of Polish descent on his father's side. As a schoolboy he was very pious, a hater of lies and a lover of music and poetry. At the age of fourteen the boy was sent to school at Pforta, where he soon came into contact with the greatest emotional force of Germany at that day, Wagnerian music. He heard "Tristan and Isolde." "That," says Mr. Orage, "was the first real event of his life, the event that moved his soul to its depths. Henceforward he was a Wagnerian. But the passion thus stirred he turned into the channels of his ethical thought. Tho esthetically moved, he was not content to remain in the sterile region of pure esthetics. His whole passion still lay in the world of knowledge, where he had now become a raging fire." Nietzsche entered Leipsic University in 1865, and there began his career as student, afterwards becoming professor of classical philology. But a more important event than classical philology befell him there—he read Schopenhauer, whose doctrines, in later life, he discarded one by one. Then, most important of all, when he was twenty-four years old he met Wagner. The two became passionate friends, Nietzsche an exacting disciple. His first book, "The Birth of Tragedy," published in 1872, was dedicated to Wagner, and is an acknowledgment of the moralist's debt to art. But already he began to see the new world, his own world, opening before him. The disciple became critical of his master, until finally, in 1876, with the publication of "Parsifal," came the tragic break between the two. Of that work, Nietzsche could scarcely speak with toleration. It was for him the death-knell of his hopes, and henceforth Wagner was "the head and front of his abomination." —a mere "stage-player of the spirit!" And as for Wagner, he forbade the very name of Nietzsche to be mentioned in his presence. Fierce and unrelenting as a critic, Nietzsche was, nevertheless, the tenderer man of the two. He suffered, symptoms of ill health appeared, and he was obliged to resign the chair of classical philology at Basel which he had come to occupy. Nine years of travel through Italy and Switzerland, years of intensest production, only served to increase his invalidism. In 1885, "Also Sprach Zarathustra," his *magnum opus,* was published,—"the first modern book that can be set above the Psalms of David at every point on their own ground," declares Bernard Shaw. And Mr. Orage writes:

"This marks the final period of Nietzsche's productive life. It was the period of the Superman. From the time the idea of a splendid type of humanity came to him as the redeeming creation of a world of all too human men, Nietzsche believed and ever grew in the belief that his mission was to preach Superman. Already in 1876 his friends had observed that he

*Friedrich Nietzsche—The Dionysian Spirit of the Age. By A. R. Orage. T. N. Foulis, London.

placed an extraordinary importance on his work; but from the birth of 'Zarathustra' Nietzsche conceived the idea that he was no less than the avatara of the spirit of humanity. In a brilliant essay he describes the consciousness such as the genius of humanity may be supposed to enjoy, the complete and ever-present knowledge, memory and rich experience of all ages and times, the visions and plans of all the future. And wild as the notion may seem, there is little doubt that Nietzsche had risen to something like this height.

"In 1889 the final blow came which shattered the lamp of Nietzsche and threw in the dust the brightest intellectual light that Europe knew. A period of severe hallucinatory delirium led on to complete dementia; the enormous strain of thought sustained at white heat during a period of thirty years broke down at last a brain which after all was human and fragile. Nietzsche passed out of sight of men and died a few months later without recovering sanity."

Mr. Orage characterizes Nietzsche as the "Dionysian spirit" of our age. For the secret of Nietzsche, he thinks, is the old, old secret of Dionysos. "Whoever wishes to understand Greek culture," said Nietzsche, "must first penetrate the mystery of Dionysos." And Mr. Orage adds that the statement is equally true if we substitute for Greek culture Nietzsche himself. "It was through the gateway of Greek tragic art that Nietzsche found his way into his own world: and all his originality and daring, as well as his excesses and contradictions, become intelligible when once his tragic view is seized." Continuing Mr. Orage defines and contrasts the Apollan and Dionysian spiritual movements as seen by Nietzsche in ancient Greece and modern Europe.

In his study of Greek art, Nietzsche constantly found himself asking the question: Why did the Greeks, the blithest and best constituted race the world has ever seen, need such a tragic art as theirs? It is certain that they were not emotionally dead, nor was it as a medicinal purgation of soul that they craved the tragic note. On the contrary, they were a highly impressionable, profoundly esthetic, people, and they seem to have been both deeply moved, and greatly rejoiced, by the tragic drama.

The oftener Nietzsche faced this question, the more convinced he became that the art of a people is not to be accounted for by their whims and fancies; it is to be determined by need. Unless a people *need* art as they need bread, how can their art be great? But to satisfy what imperious need did the Greeks create tragedy?

Nietzsche found the solution of the problem, says Mr. Orage, in the myth of Apollo and Dionysos: and the antithesis he there discovered he afterwards employed in art, literature, philosophy, morality, and life itself. Mythology, he saw, was no less than the spiritual history of a people, the records of its moods, its periods of spiritual doubt, despair, and triumph. In the story of the coming of Dionysos into Greece, of the resistance of Apollo, and of the final reconciliation, Nietzsche saw the outlines of spiritual movements mythically veiled, the phases of the myth corresponding to historic phases of the Greek mind. The coming of Dionysos was a popular movement of ideas: the resistance of Apollo was a popular movement of conservatism: the reconciliation was a compromise. Regarded in this way, the myth becomes history of the most intimate nature, and records the history of the Greek soul during several centuries. To follow Mr. Orage's interpretation further:

"All the more interesting is the story to us on account of the essential similarity between ancient Greece and modern Europe. The issues involved in the struggle of Apollo and Dionysos are the same now as then. In truth, as Nietzsche discovered, the way to the modern world is through the portals of the ancient wisdom.

"The spiritual condition of Greece during the period immediately preceding the Dionysian awakening was comparable to the spiritual condition of Europe during the eighteenth century. Greece was Apollan in the sense that Europe was religious. The long established Apollan cult was fast becoming a convention. Now that the Titans, the elemental forces of wild nature, were vanquished, and the gods had no more enemies, Olympos, the bright and splendid Olympos, began visibly to fade. Great Zeus himself was nodding on his throne. Religion, morality, art, life itself, were losing their hold on men, and Greece was threatened with the fate of India.

"Then it was that there came into Greece from the North, the home of spiritual impulse, a new power in the form of Dionysos."

That the leader of the new and revolutionary movement was a Thracian, that he brought with him the secret of wine, music and ecstasy, that he was instantly welcomed by women, and that the movement so inaugurated began rapidly to spread over Greece—all this is clear enough even in the secular story. But the spiritual issues raised were infinitely greater.

"For Dionysos and the Dionysian spirit were everywhere in open and direct antagonism with everything Apollan. The whole structure of the Greek mind under Apollan influence was threatened at every point by the attacks of the Dionysians. Its modes of thought, its religion, its morality, its art, its philosophy, its very existence, were challenged. In comparison with all that Greece had so far been, the Dionysian movement was revolutionary, irreligious, immoral, barbaric and anarchic. The reception of

such a movement by the Apollan Greeks may easily be conceived by modern Europeans. However they might secretly feel the attraction of the splendid virility of the new movement, they could not but pause before accepting doctrines which flew in the face of accepted established customs. . . .

"Placed once more in a position of necessity, Apollo girded himself for the fight; and the conservative forces for a while succeeded in repelling the Dionysian invaders. Thus by a curious reaction the very element that threatened to destroy served in fact to strengthen and renew. . . .

"The question that now presented itself was this: remembering Olympos at war with Titans, Olympos at rest and dying of rest and Olympos renewing its youth in war with Dionysos, was it possible, was it really true, that Olympos needed an enemy, that conflict was indispensable to Olympos? Sworn deadly enemy of Apollo as Dionysos might be, could Apollo really live without him? Might not Dionysos, the eternal foe, be also the eternal savior of Apollo? The question was afterwards put by Nietzsche in myriads of forms. The whole of his work may be said, indeed, to be no less than the raising of this terrible interrogation mark. He divined and stated the problem for modern Europe as it had been stated for ancient Greece. He asked Europe the question which Greece had already asked herself, and which Greece had magnificently answered. For the answer of Greece is recorded in her Tragic Mysteries. In Greek tragic drama the answer of the Greek mind to the momentous question is a splendid affirmative. Not Apollo alone; not Dionysos alone; but Apollo *and* Dionysos. What will be Europe's reply?"

The Dionysian spirit led Nietzsche to an attack on all existing standards of morality and the production of a strange book entitled "Beyond Good and Evil." "Such an attack cannot fail at first sight to appear wild and criminal in the extreme," says Mr. Orage, "and Nietzsche was thoroly well aware of this. It is quite unnecessary to plead any extenuation, or to make it appear that Nietzsche was playing a part. Nobody was ever more serious; he set his whole mind on the task of destroying morality, root and branch. He challenged not merely this or that item of the current code, he desired to annihilate the very conception of the code. He was not merely immoral, he aimed at being unmoral, super-moral. Morality was to be completely transcended."

After a comparative study of different systems of morality, which he divided into two great groups—"noble" and "slave"—according as they originated in the intellectual aristocracy or in the mob, Nietzsche came to the conclusion that in order to become free—that is, responsible, joyous, wilful human beings—we must transcend all man-made morality, noble or slave. We must dismiss from our minds the conceptions of Good and Evil as absolute things, and substitute for them the human valuations Good and Bad. But good for what? bad for what? are the inevitable questions. "When we have abolished Good and Evil, ceased to believe in a divine will, and declared that man alone and his purposes are writ in the world—what then?" asks Mr. Orage. "Has man any goal by which he may judge of things whether they are Good or Bad? No measurement is possible without a standard. Man *must* measure, but by what shall he measure? Shall he measure all things by their power to produce happiness?"

Nietzsche's answer lies in the "Superman"—that philosophic "White Bogey," as H. G. Wells proclaims him—that moral unmorality and religious irreligion, the Nietzschefication of humanity, which is all he has to offer as a "positive doctrine, the crown and the justification" of his destructive criticism. Mr Orage thus concludes:

"The justification of Nietzsche's inconoclasm is, indeed, to be sought in this, his positive idea. Profoundly and passionately moved by issues which the vast majority are content to ignore, Nietzsche's attack on morality was not simple lust for destruction. So long as the idea of the absolute Good and the absolute Evil prevailed, and men feared to will lest they should incur the punishment of sin; so long, in fact, as the world was regarded from the priest's standpoint, with innocent causes as sinners, and innocent consequences as executioners, so long was it impossible that men should be persuaded to become responsible for themselves and their future. A superimposed and tyrannical Good and Evil makes cowards of men, and forbids their saying, '*My* good; *my* bad.'

"The substitution, however, of a definite human purpose for a vague indefinable 'divine' purpose, while it destroys morality, really creates a supermorality. Henceforth it becomes possible to estimate the values of things in precise terms.

"'Who keeps one end in view makes all things serve.' And the concept of the Superman, as the goal of human progress, immediately lays the foundation of a scientific revaluation of all the instruments of education.

"It was precisely this 'Revaluation of All Values' in the light of the Superman that Nietzsche was beginning when his brain finally gave way. The book in which he was to record his judgments of things, to mark down their values for the coming race, and to provide for Europe a guide, as it were, to the creation of Superman, was also to be his master-work. It should be his great affirmation, the answer to the problem, that terrible question with which the tragic Greeks so nobly wrestled: How may life be enabled to become ever and ever more moving, more splendid, more Dionysian? Nietzsche's answer was no other than the Greek answer: By making life more tragic, by the enlargement of the will of man—by conflict with gods!"

THE SOUL OF AN ACTRESS

THE intimate relation that exists, or ought to exist, between Art and Religion is receiving new emphasis in our day. Something of the Greek passion for pure beauty colors the theological and ethical speculations of brilliant writers now coming into prominence in many lands. Maeterlinck, perhaps, is the one world-figure among them all, and his influence seems to be steadily growing. It may be that the Italian lady who has written so exquisitely the "little white book"* "of an actress's dream and aspiration is no conscious disciple of Maeterlinck. But his spirit has fallen on her pages.

The author of "The Soul of an Artist," or, as it is called in the Italian edition, "Anima Sola," is announced simply as "Neera." This *nom-de-plume* veils the identity of one who in private life is known as Anna Zuccari, wife of Signor Radius. She is a Florentine by birth, a Milanese by choice, and has written successful novels. In this latest work she essays a sort of spiritual biography, recalling Amiel and Marie Bashkirtseff, but differing as much from both as each of these self-analysts differs from the other. The heroine, a great actress, writes of the inner life as it seems to a sensitive woman who has won supreme artistic success. When the book was published in Germany, the cover bore the portrait of Eleanora Duse. The translator hinted by this at the possibility of Neera having taken Duse as a model. It has been generally assumed that the heroine is Duse. But it might be any great tragic actress, so thoroly does the book ignore all facts of the outward life which would assist in identification. The spirit of the book is that of a pure idealism tinged with poetic feeling of a high order.

The work is in the form of a chronicle or diary addressed by the imaginary heroine to the man whom she loves. It starts with an account of her unhappy childhood and her first spiritual awakening. She was living with her aunt at that time, "an orphan, without affections, solitary, ignorant;" and her aunt, she says, was even more ignorant than herself. She thinks with a shudder of those early days "passed in a cottage, beside an ignorant old woman, among people whose rudimental goodness was poor excuse in my eyes for their invincible vulgarity," and of "the piece of bread which they gave me and the hunger of soul in which they let me languish." Religion, she continues, she knew only in the petty practices of her old aunt:

"Boiled eggs on Friday, anchovies on Saturday, the rosary every evening, and confession once a month; a squalid wooden crucifix, often kissed by my aunt, was my only and repugnant symbol of a religion I did neither love nor understand. And yet I had a lively desire of God and sought Him again and again with eyes upraised to the limpid night. But what God did I seek? Who could declare Him to me? Where was He? I know that once while gazing at the stars I was overcome by a tenderness so profound, so devotional, so mysteriously sad, that my face was wet with tears; seeing which, my aunt cried: 'Simpleton!' and then added, 'Say a requiem for your poor dead.'"

But there came a day when, in a more than ordinarily desolate mood, she succeeded in escaping surveillance. Very softly she opened the cottage door, and followed a path which led to the mountains. And then for the first time there came to her something of the joy of living. For the first time she "observed that the sky had many gradations of tender blue and rose suffused and veiled by the white, palpitating atmosphere; and the trees seemed alive with their subdued whispers, with their sweetly evanescent perfumes, and in the air, in the light, even in the shadow, there was a soul." To continue the narrative:

"I spread wide my arms and, holding them somewhat lifted, I continued to ascend, ascend—wonderful sensation! The moment I was alone my isolation ceased. My heart swelled in a wordless and toneless Bacchanal; and it took wings; and all that sang and flew about me, birds, butterflies, flower-petals, all were my friends and brothers.

"And so I reached the hilltop, so light, so happy and with a confused desire mounting through all my being, a need of vent, an ardor which for the first time broke its bounds, almost the need of a prayer, which, in that divine moment, seemed to me must be granted.

"A profound joy and a great audacity invaded me, looking at the solitude which surrounded me; that air and that heaven all for me; that horizon, that world which offered itself so vast and so all unknown to me so young. No image of terror mixed with my festival.

"Erect, embracing in my glance as great a space as possible, my brow uplifted, I cried, 'God!' I really cried it, measuring for the first time the pitch of my voice, marveling that that cry should fall so sweetly down the green declivity without awaking any protest, any recrimination. 'God! God! God!' Three times I said it and listened. Nature listened with me, and was witness of the rite. In that moment I had my spousal with *some one.*"

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*THE SOUL OF AN ARTIST. Translated from the Italian of Neera by E. L. Murison. With an Introduction by L. D. Ventura. Paul, Elder & Company, San Francisco and New York.

Not long after this her aunt died. The young girl found herself, at fourteen, alone in the world. She was put into a convent, and later taken out by a lady to be companion to her daughter. It was during this period that she first became conscious of her personality as a free force, an absolute will, and saw within the gloom "sparkling points of gold" to which her fancy attached mysterious filaments. She was not very religious, but "a sentiment of profound respect for the mysterious, a serious, solemn sentiment" made her love the majesty of the temple. She was not an artist; nevertheless, "the frescos of the arch, the thirteenth century virgins surrounded by angels, . . . certain white diaphanous arms, certain faces of the saints, . . . all this world of inanimate personages" held and vivified her imagination. She was not a poet, and yet "the fresh roses of the altar, with their delicate odor, and the ivory-colored linen" gave her intensity of delight; and she followed with enchanted eyes "the metal lacework of the lamp, the tabernacle incrusted with stones whose changing tints were reflections of the mysterious Orient whence they were taken." She began to realize that some great destiny was to be hers, but for a long while she could not discern its exact meaning. She says:

"I never thought of becoming an actress till I was one; and I was one without knowing why. Art has this unconsciousness that it walks straight to a point which is not the limit, but the means, of reaching this. Do you believe the ideal to be an airy and unscalable castle, or not rather a succession of steps ever rising and so steep that when the last is reached the first is out of sight?

"Oh, no! I solemnly assure you, into my girlish dreams there entered no luster of the stage, and that that day, when on the peak of a hill I invoked God as my greatest aspiration, I knew not myself what I desired. Was it love? Was it glory? Perhaps something more than these. My longings were boundless."

She would have preferred, she continues, to have been a poet or a prose-writer, if such things lay in choice; but the need of her own soul compelled her to choose the theater. In a spirit of desperate reaction against all her youth, she entered upon a career in which she could speak—not in her own words, of which she was never a mistress, but in the words of men of genius, of poets, of heroes. "At last," she exclaims, "I could cry out in hate or love, lift a hymn to my ideals, be by turns pure, proud, ardent, submissive, implacable—Phedra, Ophelia, Marguerite."

"Was not that my way to console, to do good? Ought every one to work out his righteous impulses in the one way, or not rather each one according to his own means? To give a piece of bread is perhaps more meritorious or more profitable than to give a ray of light, a livelier pulsation, a smile. To nourish the body is a nobler deed than to nourish the soul. When I broke the divine bread of my art to a hungry public, who went away happier and better, nobler and purer, was my work wholly different from hers who reaches to the poor clothes wrought by her own hands? Others have wool, crochet-needles and the skill to use them and give of their industry for the comfort of those who suffer from the cold. I have but a soul, ardent, vibrant, and I open this up to those who are cold in their inmost being. I give love, faith, interest, which solaces, exalts and recreates.

"Have men ever thought of the good which comes to them from the stage, of the sorrows which the actress has assuaged, of the smiles she has enticed, of the new thoughts dropped like seeds in young minds, of the words which have calmed stormy hearts? Verily I say that when the actress weeps she sheds the tears of a whole world."

She owed the greatest joys of her life to the resolution that made her an actress; and yet it was out of her isolation and her sorrow that she achieved her artistic triumphs. These very triumphs, moreover, left her strangely unsatisfied. "In the evenings of my greatest successes," she says, "when all the theater was stirred and a thousand hands were raised to applaud me, the exterior I was moved, but my true I, always somnambulous, wondered at the noise and sought still in the darkness its internal and solitary way." She felt how transitory was the spell of a genius that "has died away with our voice, with the fire of our glances, with the enlightening flash of our intelligence, with the fervor of our passions." She longed that even one being, out of all the applauding multitudes, might understand her and take her to his heart:

"Many times, in the evenings of my greatest triumphs, before a theater crowded with people hanging on my words, whose pulses quicken with mine and for me, in that marvelous thrill which runs from stage to audience, when enthusiasm beats its wings, I long with a wild desire for *one* among so many. One only. And it was for him, for the unknown brother, that passion warmed my glance and stirred my voice. Where was he? Did he exist? Have I not been too often deceived? Have we not been reciprocally deceived, and subject all to that natural disillusion, the everlasting disillusion of love?"

Long years before, a mighty prince, surrounded by his courtiers and soldiers, had passed close to the door of her humble dwelling. She had stood on tiptoe amidst a crowd of spectators, watching the *cortège,* awestruck. Too immature as yet for real love, she had loved after her own fashion, a sym-

bol—the man who seemed to incarnate the greatest beauty, the greatest talent, the highest nobility, the impossible, the unattainable, the dream!

Much later, at the height of her artistic success, came the great hero of her life, her real lover. The first time she saw him was "under the trees of the Villa Borghese in the splendid sunset of a Roman sky." He had written a letter to her, but she had never met him, when he came to her that day in Rome, "guided by the invisible thread which leads the soul." It was then that she knew that *love* was the supreme need of her life—"love, great for all who have suffered, secure for those who have seen, love that is not the innocent flower fallen from the wing of an angel, but a flame that has burned its way out of the soul." It was then that she understood that, for her at least, love was the true religion.

"When I encounter one who loves the gray mists of winter; who prefers the green depths of a thicket to the bluest of seas, or the most golden of suns; cold to heat; to external life, reflection; to music, silence; to color, shadow; to action, thought; then I say this is my relative. When I encounter one who lives in his soul as a priest in his temple, serving and adoring the mystery of his office, there is my brother. But when he appears who opens to me the supreme beauty and the supreme good of this recondite sanctuary, he will be truly my comrade. Who will deny me this? In name of what law, what right? Elective affinity is the most worthy of man, the only one in which he can engage his whole contingent of intelligence, of learning, of experience, of desire. Great is the compass of a love which says: In all the amplitude of the world, from among those near and those far, through all the obstacles of time, of space, of men, I choose thee."

The tumult of applause, she says, in concluding, has brought her not the smallest part of that radiant joy which would be hers if she did but know that she would be loved and desired beyond the grave for ever.

"Do you understand? Could I be sure that a hundred years from now a soul would feel what I feel, *as* I feel it, and that such sympathy, repairing time, should meet me across the bounds and mystery of death, this, this would be my love, my ambition! Not a stage, not a public—No! No!—a soul like my own! Is not this the resurrection and the life?"

The diary ends:

"I have not been in bed to-night. I have reread these pages, thinking of You who inspired them, and who perhaps will see them, perhaps will read them, so far distant from me——.

"I open the window, and above the horizon a rosy flush gladdens the eyes, vigil-weary. Day breaks!

"Little loves, little sorrows, little cares of little souls, how they all vanish before the light! Arise, my soul, on through thorns and brambles, or through flowers, even on up to the stars! This is my last word."

JOB AS A TYPE OF THE ETERNAL PARADOX

IN the opinion of that adroit rhetorical tumbler, G. K. Chesterton, "Job" is the most interesting book ever written. Its interest, he asserts, is chiefly due to its paradoxical character. If we come to it expecting to find a solution of the problems it raises, we shall be grievously disappointed. It settles nothing. Its fascination is that of a philosophical riddle.

"Job" is essentially different, says Mr. Chesterton, from the rest of the Biblical books. The underlying conception of the Old Testament, he thinks, may be defined as "the idea of all men being merely the instruments of a higher power." The Scriptural writers positively rejoice in the obliteration of man in comparison with the divine purpose. But the book of Job stands definitely alone because it definitely asks: "What is the real purpose of God? Is it worth the sacrifice even of our miserable humanity? Of course it is easy enough to wipe out our own paltry wills for the sake of a will that is grander and kinder. But is it grander and kinder? Let God use His tools; let God break His tools. But what is He doing and what are they being broken for?"

Passing on to a consideration of the intellectual paradoxes which may be said to constitute the very fiber of this bewildering book, Mr. Chesterton speaks, first of all, of its deep concern with the desire to know actuality—the desire to know what *is*, and not merely what seems. All the characters of the story, and Job especially, are burning to know the truth; they are all asking questions of God. Finally, God Himself appears; and then, says Mr. Chesterton, "is struck the sudden and splendid note which makes the thing as great as it is." To take up the argument *verbatim* (from *Putnam's Monthly*):

"By a touch truly to be called inspired, when God enters, it is to ask a number more questions on His own account. In this drama of skepticism God himself takes up the rôle of skeptic. He does what all the great voices defending religion

have always done. He does, for instance, what Socrates did. He turns rationalism against itself. He seems to say that if it comes to asking questions He can ask some questions which will fling down and flatten out all conceivable human questioners. The poet, by an exquisite intuition, has made God ironically accept a kind of controversial equality with His accusers. He is willing to regard it as if it were a fair intellectual duel: 'Gird up now thy loins like a man; for I will demand of thee, and answer thou me.' The Everlasting adopts an enormous and sardonic humility. He is quite willing to be prosecuted. He only asks for the right which every prosecuted person possesses: He asks to be allowed to cross-examine the witness for the prosecution. And He carries yet further the correctness of the legal parallel. For the first question, essentially speaking, which He asks of Job is the question that any criminal accused by Job would be most entitled to ask. He asks Job who he is. And Job, being a man of candid intellect, takes a little time to consider, and comes to the conclusion that he does not know."

The second paradox emphasized by Mr. Chesterton is "that other great surprise which makes Job suddenly satisfied with the mere presentation of something impenetrable." It might seem as if the enigmas of Jehovah were darker and more desolate than the enigmas of Job; yet Job was comfortless before the speech of Jehovah and is comforted after it. He has been told nothing, but he feels "the terrible and tingling atmosphere of something which is too good to be told." The refusal of God to explain His design is itself a burning hint of His design. "The riddles of God are more satisfying than the solutions of man."

As a third culminating paradox, Mr. Chesterton calls attention to that "splendid stroke" which represents God as rebuking alike the man who accused and the men who defended Him, thus "knocking down pessimists and optimists with the same hammer." To quote again:

"It is in connection with the mechanical and supercilious comforters of Job that there occurs a still deeper and finer inversion. The mechanical optimist endeavors to justify the universe avowedly upon the ground that it is a rational and consecutive pattern. He points out that the fine thing about the world is that it can all be explained. That is the one point, if I may put it so, on which God, in return, is explicit to the point of violence. God says, in effect, that if there is one fine thing about the world, as far as men are concerned, it is that it cannot be explained. He insists on the inexplicableness of everything; 'Hath the rain a father? . . . Out of whose womb came the ice?' He goes further, and insists on the positive and palpable unreason of things: 'Hast thou sent the rain upon the desert where no man is, and upon the wilderness wherein there is no man?' God will make man see things, if it is only against the black background of nonentity. God will make Job see a startling universe if He can only do it by making Job see an idiotic universe. To startle man God becomes for an instant a blasphemer; one might almost say that God becomes for an instant an atheist. He unrolls before Job a long panorama of created things, the horse, the eagle, the raven, the wild ass, the peacock, the ostrich, the crocodile. He so describes each of them that it sounds like a monster walking in the sun. The whole is a sort of psalm or rhapsody of the sense of wonder. The maker of all things is astonished at the things He has Himself made."

Mr. Chesterton thinks that the book of Job must be credited with many subtle effects which were in the author's soul without being, perhaps, in the author's mind. Of one of these, "by far the most important," he goes on to speak. "I do not know," he says, "and I doubt whether scholars know, if the book of Job had a great effect or had any effect upon the after-development of Jewish thought. But if it did have any effect it may have saved them from an enormous collapse and decay." Here in this book the question is really asked whether God invariably punishes vice with terrestrial punishment and rewards virtue with terrestrial prosperity. "If the Jews had answered that question wrong," argues Mr. Chesterton, "they might have lost all their after-influence in human history. They might even have sunk down to the level of modern well-educated society." For "when once people have begun to believe that prosperity is the reward of virtue, their next calamity is obvious. If prosperity is regarded as the reward of virtue, it will be regarded as the symptom of virtue. Men will leave off the heavy task of making good men successful. They will adopt the easier task of making out successful men good." It is at least possible that the Jews may have been saved from "the ultimate Nemesis of the wicked optimism of the comforters of Job" by the book of Job. Mr. Chesterton concludes:

"The book of Job is chiefly remarkable, as I have insisted throughout, for the fact that it does not end in a way that is conventionally satisfactory. Job is not told that his misfortunes were due to his sins or a part of any plan for his improvement. But in the prolog we see Job tormented not because he was the worst of men, but because he was the best. It is the lesson of the whole work that man is most comforted by paradoxes. Here is the very darkest and strangest of the paradoxes; and it is by all human testimony the most reassuring. I need not suggest what a high and strange history awaited this paradox of the best man in the worst fortune. I need not say that in the freest and most philosophical sense there is one Old Testament figure who is truly a type; or say what is pre-figured in the wounds of Job."

ROMAN CATHOLIC LOSSES IN AUSTRIA

WHILE Roman Catholicism continues to grow in the United States, and has been for many years by far the largest single denomination in the country, it seems to show a loss in some of the lands across the ocean. Simultaneously with the report of large Socialist gains in the late parliamentary elections in Austria, come figures showing the steady growth of the "Away from Rome" movement, and of persistent defections from the ranks of the Roman Catholic Church in that country. Recent official statistics of the "Away from Rome" propaganda in Austro-Hungary for the year 1906, just published by the organ of this movement, *Der Oesterreichische Protestant,* make it clear that this is not a spasmodic agitation, but an enduring factor in modern religious life. The movement has now entered upon its ninth year, and the figures show the following gains and losses of the Protestant and Roman Catholic churches respectively:

	Roman Catholics turned Protestant	Protestants turned Catholic	Protestant gains
1899	6,047	675	5,372
1900	4,699	705	3,994
1901	6,299	830	5,469
1902	4,624	937	3,687
1903	4,056	937	3,119
1904	3,982	1,008	2,974
1905	4,480	1,055	3,425
1906	3,905	1,138	2,767
	38,092	7,285	30,807

From other sources Protestantism has won ten thousand more converts, making a sum total of 40,797; while the Roman Catholic Church, in addition to its losses to Protestantism, has also lost 10,918 to the Old Catholic Church. The loss of 41,000 in nine years by a church that claims over two hundred million adherents does not seem very startling. Its only significance lies in the future possibilities of the movement. In its earlier stages the "Away from Rome" movement met only with contempt from the Roman Catholic authorities, who ignored it and its work. Later, an appeal was made to the government to check the movement, and the authorities for a time succeeded in causing the propaganda a good deal of trouble by refusing to allow young Protestants from Germany and elsewhere to take charge of newly organized congregations in Austria. But now even this method has failed.

Both Protestant and Roman Catholic organs are endeavoring to account for this continuing Roman Catholic loss. The Protestant view of this singular movement is well expressed by recent utterances of the *Reformation,* of Berlin, which fairly represents the convictions of similar periodicals. The gist of these utterances may be summed up in the following paragraph:

> The "Fort von Rom" agitation in the German provinces of Austria is not an accidental matter. It has all the signs of permanency. While originally it may have been more or less bound up with political and other impure motives, it can be fairly claimed now that it is a religious movement, pure and simple, and an outgrowth of the religious needs of thinking men. The religious life of the Roman Catholic Church in Austria, where for a long while there was practically no Protestant activity or rivalry, was permitted to sink so low that the better and more evangelically inclined spirits within the Church began to assert themselves. The new movement is substantially a reaction of deeper religious feeling against the purely external and superficial worship practiced by the Roman Catholic Church wherever it enjoys a monopoly and has no rival to fear.

It is a noteworthy fact that even Roman Catholic journals in some case take a very similar view. The Berlin *Germania* and the Cologne *Volkszeitung,* the two leading Roman Catholic political journals in Germany, have both repeatedly declared that the lack of a properly trained priesthood in Austria is largely responsible for the desertion of tens of thousands from the Mother Church. At a recent convention of the "Bonifacine Verein," the International Roman Catholic Association, which labors particularly among Roman Catholics living in predominantly Protestant environments, the leading speaker, in discussing the anti-Catholic agitation, declared: "God forbid! but we Catholics in Austria have become a diaspora!" meaning that the two hundred and twenty-five million Austrian Roman Catholics living side by side with only half a million Protestants, are really the objects of the missionary activity of their brethren in Germany and elsewhere. It is in this spirit that Roman Catholic journals in several European countries are adjuring their brethren in Austria to educate their people to a higher moral and spiritual standard as the most effective way of counteracting the Protestant inroads upon their strength.

On the other hand, the Protestants of several lands are enthusiastically seconding the efforts of the new converts in Austria. The

"Evangelischer Bund," of Germany, a national organization whose membership of hundreds of thousands is pledged to "fight Rome with pen and tongue," has been especially liberal in sending funds for the erection of new churches and school houses and for the payment of salaries of pastors, teachers and the like. The rapid progress of the movement is nowhere more noticeable than in the growth of Protestant church schools and colleges in such places as Klagenfurt, Salzburg, and Villach. In some instances there has been an increase in such educational institutions of more than one hundred per cent. within the past six or seven years. The new converts themselves are enthusiastic for the cause and have contributed liberally to its treasury. One or two observers have gone so far as to say that the Roman Catholic Church of Austria, by a revival of evangelical life, will probably gain more spiritually by this agitation than it loses numerically.

The *Evangelische Kirchenzeitung*, of Berlin, in commenting on the Roman Catholic losses in Austria declares that they are only a local sign of the problems that face the Roman Catholic Church in all countries in which it comes into contact with Protestantism. The "anti-political" or evangelical Roman Catholics of Germany, of whom the late Professor F. X. Krauss, of Freiburg, was such an able representative, are seeking a spiritual revival of Roman Catholicism from within. The "Americanism" of the Western Continent and of Europe has the same aim. The "Christian Democrats" in Italy have similar evangelical tendencies, and the "Former Priests," of France, headed by Abbé "Bourier," have turned hundreds of priests in the direction of Protestantism. In one sense, the "Away from Rome" movement in Austria is but a national manifestation of an international propaganda that in the long run may actually benefit and strengthen Roman Catholicism.

WILL JESUS EVER BE OUTGROWN?

"THE religion of one age is often the poetry of the next. Around every living and operative faith there lies a region of allegory and imagination into which opinions frequently pass, and in which they long retain a transfigured and idealized existence after their natural life has passed away." Thus the historian Lecky wrote in 1865. "In no Christian age," adds the Rev. Edwin A. Rumbull, a writer in *The Open Court* (Chicago), "can the truth of this be better seen than in the present." Mr. Rumbull proceeds to reinforce his position with the startling argument that the fundamental doctrines of Christianity, and, more specifically, the person and teachings of Jesus, are already passing out of the realm of history into the domain of the symbolic. "Historical criticism," he observes, "is making all thoughtful people realize that not only are we creed-makers, but, by some instinct which demands a poetry in life, legend-builders and myth-makers as ever were the primitive Christians." The very men, he thinks, who set themselves the task of writing the history of the "real" Jesus, show this tendency. For example, we have been in the habit of charging Renan with writing a history of "the ideal Frenchman," all unconscious of the fact that, in perhaps a smaller degree, more recent writers of lives or histories of Jesus have yielded their historical sense to the poetical. Mr. Rumbull continues:

"In two of the most recent books upon Jesus—Bousset's 'Jesus,' and Schmidt's 'Prophet of Nazareth,'—the interpolations, legends, and myths are cast aside, and by learned reverent critics we are presented with the 'real' Jesus, as far as it is possible at this day to know Him. As you draw near, however, to the close of each book and the critical parts are gradually being left behind, you feel the beautiful and attractive influence of the advancing poetry. It is hard to cast blame on such idealizations, but one often feels that the influence we have received from contemplating the real is canceled by being wafted again to the ideal little altered from the one we started out with."

Mr. Rumbull pleads for a frank recognition of the actual facts in respect to Jesus that confront the theological world to-day, and he heartily endorses the statement of a recent writer in *The Hibbert Journal* who said: "Let us not be ashamed to acknowledge that by which we really live. Let us have done with pretense. Let us cease to call ourselves Christians when we do not follow Christ. Let us cease attempting to reduce Christianity to a metaphor and to make the words of Christ mean to us what they never meant to Him." If we are honest theologians, says Mr. Rumbull, we cannot blind ourselves to the changing attitude of a host of modern minds toward Jesus. He writes:

"Jesus is a symbol, and has tended to become more and more so for many years. It is very questionable, however, whether in the ultimate religion of mankind Jesus will hold such a place. Rather do we think that the eternal religion which has expressed itself in past history will be looked for more in contemporary history. There is no one person who stands before us as the infallible eternal example to mankind. In no one life is embodied the manifold life of God. 'The man has never lived who can feed us ever.'

"Every attempt to gather round Jesus the ideals of the ages is likely in ages like the present to impede rather than help forward to pure religion and undefiled. We are likely to be discovered floundering amid history, legends and our own ideals, barely able to understand which is which sufficiently to give to him who asketh 'a reason' for the hope that is within us. The religion of those who follow the latest attempt to deny the historicity of Jesus, in affirming Him to have been the deity of a small Syrian gnostic sect, is far more satisfactory than the possession of a religion which brings such confusion of ideas as that which treats Jesus as historical, and yet unconsciously makes Him a symbol. I mean that it is more consistent."

As illustrating the essential difference between the Jesus of A. D. 30 and of A. D. 1907, Mr. Rumbull gives a number of instances of what he regards as adaptations of the original Gospel teachings to the needs of a later age. The "kingdom of God" preached by Jesus, he asserts, had reference to the exaltation of the Jewish nation, and Jesus "expected this kingdom to grow quickly as a mustard seed." But nowadays we think of the kingdom as an ideal embracing all the nations of the earth. According to Mr. Rumbull's interpretation of the New Testament, Jesus had no conception of the modern missionary ideal summed up in the words, "Christ for the World." Jesus of Nazareth, we are told, had no such universal relationship. To quote again:

"Grand and glorious as is the extension of goodness and piety through this world, the idea is foreign to Jesus. Only towards the close of His life, when He began to see that His hopes for the Jewish nation were meeting with no response, did He hint of foreigners coming to God instead of them; it was no essential part of His message. The so-called missionary charge of 'baptizing all nations,' and the world-purposes of the Fourth Gospel do not belong to the historic Jesus. In them we see the beginning of the ideal Jesus."

Jesus is claimed by many schools of modern social reformers, but, in Mr. Rumbull's opinion, the Christ to whom they give allegiance is an ideal and not an historic person. He follows this train of argument further:

"It is nice to think of Jesus at the marriage in Cana, but the allegorizing methods of the Fourth Gospel forbid us speaking of it as history. There is also, no doubt, a great deal of truth in contrasting the 'gluttonous man and winebibber' with the ascetic Baptizer, but the contrast is carried too far. Jesus was by no means the man of society we like to think Him. His enthusiasm for his ideals cut Him off from His fellows; He was cut off from the rich and cultured by the views which a poor reformer often holds of such people. He did not exemplify for us a holy home, for he remained unmarried, and altho His little band of disciples in no way approached the rules of the Essenes, His calling them to yield home, father, mother, children for His sake, His call to some to sell all and join Him, rather places Him with those saintly souls who have sought some earthly Utopia, but who have always failed to realize it. There are elements in the historic Jesus that tend to make the man who has his wife and children to think of, and who day after day has to meet a world of business that Jesus never knew, and never expected would be, that tend to make the man allow the historic Jesus to drop from his life. Jesus thought it best that He and others should be celibates for the kingdom of heaven's sake. 'Our fragmentary record of His sayings does not tell us whether Jesus ever suggested that men might marry, and women bear children, and parents bring up their little ones for the sake of the kingdom of heaven. Would that it did!' The Christ of our homes is an ideal, not Jesus of Nazareth."

Our ideal Jesus, as Mr. Rumbull points out, is always a sinless Jesus. But while "there is every reason why He should be," we err, he says, when we attribute sinlessness to Jesus of Nazareth. For—

"He disclaimed the possession of absolute goodness and affirmed one alone as good and that, God; and further, we should always remember that one of the things which seemed to open His work was taking part in John's baptism of repentance. It is not until we reach the idealizing tendencies of the apostles as found in the Fourth Gospel and the Epistles that we find sinlessness attributed to Jesus."

These are some of the reasons put forward by Mr. Rumbull to support his argument that the influence of the historic Jesus is passing. He says, in concluding:

"Among large sections of the Church the truth will be long spreading. In fact, among the uncultured classes, it is a question, which I leave casuists to decide, whether the aspiration towards an ideal without basis in history is the most beneficial. An idealized historical person seems not at all misplaced in some stages of the evolution of mankind. To minds that ever wish to 'have done with pretense,' it may seem as tho such a stage in evolution is barely honest. God, however, moves in a mysterious way, and much of His mystery is composed of what we call unfairness and unreality. Jesus of Nazareth is passing from us, but the ideal Jesus is the contemporary of all ages. If we would know how long we shall call our ideal by the name of Jesus, let us answer this question first: With whom doth history tell us is God, the historian or the poet? the man of reason or the man of faith?"

Music and the Drama

THE FLOWER-BOAT—SUDERMANN'S LATEST PLAY

"THE Flower-Boat," Sudermann's new drama, recently produced at Conried's German Theater in New York, mercilessly holds up the mirror to the German Nineveh—Berlin. Brutally, fearlessly, the greatest of German dramatists excepting Hauptmann dissects the shallow philosophy based on Nietzsche and Stirner, in which the intellectual smart set of the empire cloaks its vice. Nietzsche is an absorbing topic of controversy in Germany, and those who most ardently uphold him are perhaps those who, like the chief characters of this play, least understand the true significance of his theories. "The Flower-Boat" may be regarded as Sudermann's contribution to the Nietzsche controversy. He presents in it the spectacle of a mother who, deeming herself a "super-woman" in the pseudo-Nietzschean sense, desires to pass pleasantly through life as in a "flower-boat" in the garlands of which the serpents, not of a great passion, but of amorous dalliance, writhe and wriggle shamelessly and unchecked. Like a festering sore the ideas of this elegant wanton have poisoned the atmosphere around her and infected her daughters. But in their hearts there slumbers a spark of the ultimate passion of decency and we see—but not before their lives have been shaken to the very roots—a glimpse of salvation. This is the one positive note in the play. It is symbolic of Germany, mad modern literary Germany, finding herself once more and restoring the fallen household gods to their altars.

The first act introduces us to the salon of a refined voluptuary, the Baroness Erfflingen, widowed daughter-in-law of the founder of a great commercial house. Her husband has committed suicide, and she has married a convenient nonentity to whom she owes her title. Her daughter, Raffaela, has married Brösemann, a stern and simple man whom she derides as a philistine, and who is the actual head of the firm that conducts the affairs of the house in the name of its founder, now in his dotage. The second daughter, Thea, the heroine of the play, is about to be married to a young count of orthodox views whose narrowness she detests. A family council has been appointed to discuss the marriage. Before that event the following conversation takes place between the two sisters, in which the author throws a lurid light on the alleged mode of thought of fashionable Berlin:

RAFFAELA (*heartily embracing Thea*): Thea! Deary!

THEA: What is it? What has happened?

RAFFAELA: You are going away from us and entering into another world.

THEA: Be assured that I will carry my world along with me.

RAFFAELA: When did the count propose to you? Yesterday?

THEA: Propose? No such thing! Proposals can be avoided if you are clever enough. I played the ingénue remarkably well. By the way, before I forget it, a bouquet of orchids was left here for you awhile ago with a glove hanging from it. Why do you blush?

RAFFAELA: Blush? I?

THEA: Yes. That is the way with the lion-hunters; they shoot where they can.

RAFFAELA: I do not understand what you are driving at!

THEA: You don't say? Here is the card. Put it away, put it away quick! No one need know of it. What absurd nonsense it is to have a family council deliberate over my engagement with the count. Very well, let them deliberate. I am going to do as I please anyway.

RAFFAELA: Mamma thinks you decided to accept him long ago.

THEA: Yes, I guess I will take him. There is no hurry. I have plenty of time to make up my mind in two hours. Oh, while I think of it, I have something to tell you. Yesterday before the ball I went to the opera to hear the "Meistersinger," and whom do you think I saw in a box, sitting in grand fashion with his mistress? Guess! I do declare, the audacity of it! Why, Fred! What do you say to that? If your husband knew about it. But she was a fine person, I must say. And *chic*. Fred has her dresses made in Paris. Think of it! And sends her there, too. I saw her get into the carriage. I, too, have rigged myself out fine to-day for my engagement. Look! (*lifts her dress slightly*). You must make yourself imposing, you know. That is the salt of marriage. Eh, Ela?

RAFFAELA (*laughing*): You're a goose.

THEA: Yes, indeed, I am not going to let my husband get the better of me like other people I know.

RAFFAELA: Whom do you mean?

THEA: Nobody. No one. (*A servant brings the orchids.*) Thank you, Sophie. (*Handing the bouquet to Raffaela.*) *Voilà.*

RAFFAELA (*hides her face in the flowers.*)

THEA (*with an innocent air*): Tell me, sweety, I was going to ask you this question long ago: Why don't you take a lover?

RAFFAELA (*lets the flowers drop and looks around timidly*): Thea! For God's sake!

THEA: I have been observing you now for a whole year. You laugh, you cry, your lips are feverishly warm. Now it is this one, now that one who interests you. I always keep thinking: When will something happen? But nothing happens. Tell me now, it cannot be that you are so utterly devoid of talent?

RAFFAELA: Dear Thea, I forbid you to speak in this manner to me.

THEA: My dear, my sweet sister, I am not a child any more. We poor things, if we do not mutually trust and confide in one another——

RAFFAELA: Yes, yes, dear; but believe me, you are quite mistaken, it is a false picture you are creating.

THEA: As regards details—yes. That is natural. But I won't allow myself to be blinded. I see everything, the entire mechanism. All the world is a market for lovers, the end of all things—intoxication, life, the exercise of the imagination—everything, in a word, is the lover. For whom are we beautiful? For the lover. Why do we strive for individuality and independence? In order to hold ourselves inwardly free for the lover.

RAFFAELA: Oh, if mamma heard you?

THEA: Ha, ha! It is from her that I get all this wisdom.

RAFFAELA (*shocked*): From mother?

THEA: Of course she never *said* it to me. Such things are as a rule not said. But, dear, it is the atmosphere, the atmosphere that one must breathe, and the atmosphere around mother was always that——

RAFFAELA: I, in your position, would respect her gray hair.

THEA: So I do! Mother is a superb woman, the grandest woman I know. Mother laughs, and everybody and everything is at her feet. Mother need but lift her hand. She is a goddess. That is why she was able to live the life she did.

RAFFAELA: But you were a child then. You did not understand anything.

THEA: No. At that time I only used to wonder why it is that little girls are invariably sent away when a handsome uncle calls. But——

RAFFAELA: Thea! Thea! I do not want to. Don't speak. I know it.

THEA: So you know it also? You are not so stupid after all?

RAFFAELA (*with tears*): It was not that way; not exactly so. You must not always think the worst.

THEA: Deary, lovey, don't cry. I *cannot* see you cry. I don't mean to reproach her at all. I think it was her full right, and I will act likewise.

RAFFAELA: For God's sake child! It is a crime against yourself to speak like that on the day of your engagement.

THEA: Yes, you were good and pious, God knows! But what is the use? At last the voice of the blood speaks.

RAFFAELA: No, it does not, it must not, it ought not. I love Leopold. He is my husband and I love him.

THEA: And think of your lion-hunter day and night.

RAFFAELA: That is not——

THEA: Don't fight against it. It catches you all. It will catch me some day also. . . .

RAFFAELA: For God's sake, Thea!——

(*Fred, their cousin, appears and Raffaela leaves.*)

FRED: Good morning, dear!

THEA: Good morning, Fred.

FRED: Who is the poor chap whom you are going to marry, you monster?

THEA: Why, what do you know about it?

FRED (*pointing to an envelope*): This sudden family council argues three possibilities. Perchance our precious stepfather has again had bad luck at poker, in which case they would not invite us young chickens; or they want to deprive me of my "flame," in which case again they could have no use for the daughters; or, number three (*pointing at Thea*). Now, then? Out with it. Is it a lieutenant?

THEA (*angrily*): What is that? Why must he be a lieutenant?

FRED: (*laughing unconcernedly*): Didn't I say so? Of course he is a lieutenant. (*Offering her his cigarette case.*) Have a smoke?

THEA: No, I won't touch them.

FRED: Why not?

THEA: God knows what hands have been fumbling with them.

FRED: Now you are insolent, little girl.

THEA (*shrugs her shoulders*).

FRED: Seriously speaking, do you begrudge me my young life?

THEA: Bah! I envy you.

FRED: Well then?

THEA: Only you must not be unmannerly. You must not sit with her in a box at the theater.

FRED: The ladies of the high finance can look aside if the sight offends them.

THEA: After all you are right. Are you again on tolerable terms with her?

FRED: She's a scamp. In the higher sphere, what do you call it?—you know, her psy-psy-psychology is rather weak. When I sit with her evenings in a café, you know, and her tenderness breaks forth through the clouds, do you know in what form it expresses itself?

THEA: Well?

FRED: She warbles forth: "Go, Freddie, and get me an egg cognac." (*Both laugh.*) It is in such moments that the porter's daughter reappears in her. Otherwise she is every inch a *grande dame*, especially since I have kept a horse and carriage for her.

THEA: I thought the victoria and the two Holsteiners had been provided for her by your predecessor.

FRED: Excuse me, such things you do not understand, little girl. No gentleman will tolerate a heritage of that kind.

THEA: Why her jewelry is certainly not all yours, is it?

FRED: Oh, jewelry, that's a different matter.

THEA: Aha, I understand. They are what you might call the fixed stars in the firmament of love.

FRED: "Fixed stars" is pretty good.

THEA: And how's your club?

FRED: Which one of my seven clubs do you mean?

THEA: The jovial *Guinea-Pig*, of course. The others—bah!

FRED: That's no club. It's only a tavern for artist folks. Everyone can get in there. Ah, there are people for you. That's what I call unrestraint. No morals there!—also no money.

It is a peculiar arrangement anyway that most people have no money. But otherwise it is tip top. There is, for example, my friend little Möpple. He's a gentleman in spite of great obstacles.

THEA: For example?

FRED: Well, for example: He suspends himself with both his big toes on the candelabra, takes a champagne bottle in each hand, and meanwhile plays a drinking song on the guitar on the table, do you understand?

THEA: Excuse me! With what? If his hands aren't free——

FRED: With his nose, of course.

THEA: Oh, yes! Of course, of course!

FRED: Meanwhile he delivers a panegyric—on what? On temperance.

THEA: That must be a very difficult matter, especially if the champagne bottles are full.

FRED: He drinks them out as quickly as possible in the meantime. (*Both laugh.*)

THEA: And how is our friend from the "Apollo Theater"? I mean Cora?

FRED: A crazy girl. A crazy girl. She sings celebrated duos with her lover, the black Marchetti. The other day—at noon—she shot at him.

THEA: Oh! What for?

FRED: For what does one shoot a tenor?

THEA: I see.

FRED: In the afternoon he dealt her three thrusts with a knife. And in the evening they stood together on the stage and sang love songs.

THEA: By heaven! This is life! These are passions! What a wild, frantic existence! It is superb! We parlor-puppets have no conception of it. Say, Freddie, can you take me along to the *Guinea-Pig?*

FRED: At twelve o'clock, when the life there commences, little girls must be in bed.

THEA: To what a life we are condemned! Circumscribed within narrow limits! But wait until I get married. I will bolt then. I will take a black domino and you will wait at the corner with a covered carriage——

FRED: Agreed! Shake! Who is he, anyway?

THEA: Guess.

FRED: The little blond hussar—what's his name?

THEA: Go! If I wanted a little blond fellow I should take you.

FRED: Say, that's a capital joke. There is a good deal in it. Let's follow it up.

THEA (*without heeding his remark*): It is Count Sperner.

FRED: Then there is nothing to be said against it. First rate. Tip top. He's all right.

THEA: Do you know him?

FRED: Why, yes, he's a chance acquaintance. But don't you think he is too straight-laced for you, you Tom-boy?

THEA: He still savors a little too much of the nursery. Never you mind. I shall wean him away from it.

FRED: You will do nothing of the kind. You will go to church on Sunday, embroider pillows for the dear father-in-law, have tiny, tiny, tiny bits of babies. (*In sing-song.*) Undici, dodici, tredici, tatatata, tatatata.

THEA: If you don't behave I will turn you out.

FRED: Excuse me. I am a person of quality, invited as member of the family council. I sit in judgment over you. Now, what do you say?

THEA: Then you might really talk sense with me.

FRED: I have already told you: marry me.

THEA: You would be real stupid, Freddie, if you wanted to burden yourself with me.

FRED: I am not so sure.

THEA: A man like you has all the liberty he wants. He has everything, everything! He can act, think and run through the whole gamut of experience and pleasure. Out of the deepest depths he can rise into the skies. He can become a superman.

FRED: Look at me close. Am I a superman?

THEA: Ah, you, my sweet little Freddie, you are a Jack Pudding.

FRED: Now, now, that I am not, either. If only you knew what is going on in me, how many things I would like to do and could do if it were not for these accursed fetters.

THEA: Fetters of what——?

FRED: Well—of liberty. (*Thea bursts out into a giggle.*) Yes, indeed, your much-lauded and exalted liberty.

THEA: "The Fetters of Liberty"—a splendid title for a novel.

FRED: I will prove it to you: Everything great in man comes from energy. Energy, again, is produced by pressure, pressure of circumstances, pressure of external and internal necessities. . . . If I had somebody to spur me on, a friend, a comrade.

THEA: Was I not always that to you, Freddie?

FRED: Yes, in as far as a girl——

THEA: That's what I say, a girl can do nothing. One must be a wife first.

FRED: That depends on whose wife you become.

THEA: It is all the same.

FRED: So? Wait until they stuff you into the feudal armor. I don't know, I should not like to start my journey to eternal blessedness in a count's confounded coupé.

THEA (*threateningly*): Take care.

FRED: Haven't I already told you, dear: Marry me.

THEA (*taking him by the ear*): Listen, are you really in earnest?

FRED: Oh! Here, I'll kiss you so that you—— (*kisses her*).

THEA: Oh! Oh!

FRED: See? Now then.

THEA: If you keep on talking about it much longer I'd be capable——

FRED: Courage! Courage!

THEA: And, Freddie—*if*—of course it's all nonsense—but assuming it not to be so, that *if*—then—full freedom, eh?

FRED: Of course.

THEA: That is to say, for me also? For me also?

FRED: To live and let live—each on his own separate plane—until death do us unite.

THEA: Freddie, marriage shatters one's individuality. That has already been said by Nietzsche. Marriage leads to wickedness, pettiness, to the destruction of the healthy instincts. Freddie, let's be like comrades, confiding and confessing everything to each other.

FRED: Of course—or may be not.

THEA: Yes, and let us laugh at everything. Let us travel through life amid flowers, and laugh at the whole world. I cannot express it exactly, but—hah!

FRED: When you stand near a person with your quick, sparkling eyes, with your lovely mouth—by heaven! Really, I believe, God knows—I am almost ashamed to say it—that I could rid myself of those animal women and progress and rise and—well, let us try that joke.

THEA: And if it doesn't work?

FRED: Then we shall separate awhile, that's understood.

THEA: And thereafter love each other so much the more. That's piquant. That annoys the public. And do you know what else? On the evening of our wedding we will go after the dinner first to the jovial *Guinea-Pig*.

The family council which takes place after this conversation ends with the engagement of Thea to Fred. On the night of the wedding they visit the *Guinea-Pig*. Thea is snubbed by Little Möppel, the clown, who asks her in a sensational scene not to make herself "common" on her marriage night. The scene of the last two acts is laid in the villa of the Baroness Erfflingen, where she entertains in extravagant style. On the neighboring lake are twenty-five boats richly festooned with flowers. One of the guests is the "lion-hunter," to whose fascinations Raffaela is rapidly succumbing, thanks to the machinations of Thea. Count Sperner is also one of the party, and in contrast to the business-like way in which he proposed to Thea before and which left her cold, he now manifests a genuine passionate love, and altho marriage with the divorced wife of Fred would disgrace him in the army, owing to the scandal which her visit to the *Guinea-Pig* had created, he is willing to make all sacrifices and to make her his wife. Thea hesitates to separate from Fred, but overcome by Sperner's strong love for her she offers herself to him outside of wedlock. Sperner rejects the offer indignantly, saying: "You cannot think me capable of desecrating the life of the woman who was to become the most sacred treasure on earth to me." Meanwhile Fred becomes suspicious of Thea and Raffaela, and hints his suspicions to Brösemann, Raffaela's husband. Thea, who has learned the lesson of her life, hears of this and informs Raffaela. At a meeting of Brösemann and Raffaela, the latter implores him to stay with her in the villa for the night, but he leaves her saying that urgent business requires his presence in the city. The following conversation between the two sisters ensues:

THEA (*embracing Raffaela*): He is gone. God be praised! He is gone.

RAFFAELA: Ah! He is gone! I do not deserve such good fortune. If he had remained I could not have gone down to meet the man I love. God knows that the cold sweat is on my brow. Oh, how *thankful* I am to you for remaining with me. Without you I should have died of anxiety.

THEA (*closes her eyes and reels back a little*).

RAFFAELA: But haven't I done it well? I had to ask him to stay since he already had suspicions. Otherwise he would certainly have noticed that I am up to something.

THEA: Perhaps he has noticed that anyway.

RAFFAELA: To-day? How so? Oh, nonsense. And now I must go to *him*. Beneath the elms—in the flower-boat—there he is already waiting for me.

THEA: No, it is not yet half-past twelve.

RAFFAELA (*pointing to the clock*): Why, it is near one. Now he has already put to shore and is looking up to our window. If I wave the light he will see us. (*Takes the candelabra from the table and turns it around in the air.*)

THEA (*attempting to stop her*): For God's sake!

RAFFAELA (*struggling with her and waving the candelabra*): Leave me. This is the torch of Hero, the lamp of Isolde! (*Laughs ecstatically.*)

THEA (*seizing the candelabra*): You are quite mad.

RAFFAELA (*continues laughing*).

THEA (*in an undertone*): Suppose Leopold is still in the park? Think of it.

RAFFAELA (*breathes quickly and audibly, then takes one long deep breath*).

THEA (*seizing her arm*): You love him very much? With that great, that whole great love which some are capable of feeling? With that love which is fate? So that it is all the same to you whether Leopold knows it or not—even if he kills you?

RAFFAELA: Oh, at this moment it is all the same to me.

THEA (*wildly*): Then go! Then snatch him in your arms! Then—then—(*holding her fast*). No, don't go yet, not yet. And he loves you also? He too loves you like that? Tell me.

RAFFAELA (*laughing, with a shrug of her shoulders*): Oh, God, he is so spoiled.

THEA: How have you spoiled him?

RAFFAELA: I? Everybody has. To-day he was quite indignant because he sees me so rarely. "I get as much as nothing from you," he said, "when I would have more from all the others who fight for my love."

THEA (*shocked*): Did he say that? So this is the kind of a man he is?

RAFFAELA: How then should he be?

THEA: Then it is all not true! Then you are throwing yourself away. You are making yourself common with him, Ela. Don't go. If he is that kind don't go. Don't make yourself common, don't make yourself common. (*Pause.*) You must not. I do not want you to.

RAFFAELA: Indeed? And suppose he is unfaithful to me? Suppose he is unfaithful to me?

THEA (*laughing scornfully*): Bah!

RAFFAELA: Do you know what it signifies to me? My blood is now boiling. I am all aflame. If he leaves me then I die, or if I do not, then I belong to everybody. Then I shall be like a woman of the street. Whoever wants me will have me!

THEA (*with her head in her hands, gazing at her*): Ela! Ela!

RAFFAELA: You see, did I not tell you not to

hunt me, not to drive me into it? I clung to Leopold, clung to him. But you kept pushing me and mamma kept pushing me. And now when everything is out of bounds and loosened within me you come and want to put the brakes on, now you want to have it all undone again. "Stay at home like a good wife!" Oh, no! My lover is waiting. Adieu!

THEA (*holding her*): Ela, Ela, dearest Ela! I will never again in my life ask anything of you. Look here, I feel it, he has not gone away. No. It was too late. If he only missed a train. It has happened several times before that he returned. And—and—did you see his eyes? When you called his attention to the time, did you see his eyes then? Take care, he has not gone away. And even if he is gone, don't you go to-day! Ela, my dearest, my only sister, I am the cause of it all, but—don't go to-day!

RAFFAELA: All right. If you are so uneasy about it then I will *not* go.

THEA: Give me your word of honor.

RAFFAELA: Why shall I not give you my word of honor? There you have it.

THEA: Swear to me also.

RAFFAELA: I swear also.

THEA: By your dead child.

RAFFAELA (*trembles*): Very well. I swear by my dead child.

THEA (*heaves a deep breath*): All right. Now go to bed.

RAFFAELA: But why are you——?

THEA (*hastily*): Don't ask.—Nothing.

(*Enter Fred.*)

THEA: What do you want of me, Fred?

FRED: I am waiting for you. Are you not coming?

THEA: Mother wants to speak to me.

FRED: I want to speak to you also.

RAFFAELA: I am going now.

THEA: Good night, dear. (*Kisses her fervently again.*)

RAFFAELA: Good night, Fred.

FRED: Good night, Ela. (*Exit Raffaela.*)

THEA (*looking behind her*): I have done that. I have done it.

FRED: First one question: What happened to-day between you and Count Sperner?

THEA: Why?

FRED: After the conversation with you he suddenly disappeared. And you were in such a condition. It struck not only me, but also—well.

THEA: I will tell it to you. Why should I not? Those who make themselves common get a beating. I have already gotten it twice. Once from a clown, the second time from Count Sperner. And to-day it pained me even more than then. (*Shivers.*) And that was not the only thing. Everything is going to pieces to-day, everything.

FRED: I want to ask you another question. I do not mean to importune you. Maybe you will have confidence in me yourself.

THEA: No.

FRED: But one thing I must tell you: We cannot go on any longer with the kind of life we have been leading.

THEA: Ah!

FRED: I have gone through a great deal in these last hours since I left you alone with the count. I tell you we both made a great blunder when we thought that we could arrange our married life so—well, you know. It seems that such a thing doesn't work no matter what a (*lowering his voice*) debauchee one has been.

THEA: Has been?

FRED: Has been. What——

(*Raffaela in the meantime carefully opens the door of her room, looks in, and seeing Thea engaged in conversation, walks out, closing the door behind her.*)

THEA: Sh!

FRED: What is it?

THEA: Didn't you hear a door open?

FRED: Where?

THEA: See Ela's door, will you?

FRED: It is closed.

THEA: Now continue.

FRED: As regards the pact we made, it is worth no more than the vow we made as children to form a robber band in the forest. This pact I herewith tear up. Henceforth you are my wife. You have to be faithful to me and you can demand fidelity from me just as in all other marriages. I will not commit myself again to perverse jokes.

THEA: That is to say in other words that I obtain from you the right to marital jealousy, and you will go on as before having a hilarious time, only it will be in secret. That's what you mean, is it not?

FRED: I mean——

THEA: Freddie, listen to me. First you come here. I love you, my boy. You are mine. Give me a kiss. So. Now further. What I desire I do not know myself. I think that somewhere there must be something great, a great feeling, a great passion, a great duty—what do I know? I look for it always and I do not find it. In the end everything turns out to be common. And in me, inside of me, still more so. If I loved the count as he loves me then I would be off and away with him. Don't get frightened. I am here—humbled and beaten, but I am here. And with my ears I hear one word sounding continuously, that I can no longer free myself. That is to say, I don't want to make myself common. And you make me common. As much, perhaps even more, than I myself. I know that you do not mean to do it. You can justly throw this reproach back at me. But in this miasma of love-making, flirtation and spying I want to be free. I love you, but I want to be free. *Voila!*

FRED: Tell me that you are in earnest?

THEA: I was never less disposed to joking than to-day.

FRED: And you think that when you are free from me, when you are alone, you will find what you are looking for? In *this house?*

THEA (*starts back*).

FRED: With this mother?

THEA (*still harder hit, pulls herself together and speaks spitefully*): Leave my mother out of this. My mother has been free for twenty years and has drunk her life out like a delicious beverage. And if I have not the power to be what I am, if I must lie here in this miasma—this—this—mire of enjoyment, if I must become what Raffaela has become, then I want to be at least free. At my cradle, too, the fairies have stood, and the golden apples, they still hang for me over yonder. Are you, or any man, able to give me a substitute for them? I do not want to tremble as I have trembled

to-day for another. I do not want to have a policeman behind me. And if sometime I want to make myself common and must make myself common, then let it happen at least on my own account and not through you.

FRED: So you are quite done with me?

THEA: Why do you cling just to me?

FRED (*crying out*): Because I love you! Because I want to rise, I want to become a man with you and through you! And you pull me down.

THEA: Fred, I do not want to do that. God knows I do not want to do that!

FRED: Do you not realize that we two belong together? Because we have breathed the same life's breath from the very first. Because they have inoculated the same faults into us. Because we can exercise the same indulgence to each other. Because we need each other—do you hear? We need each other for our sickness, we need each other for our recovery, for——

THEA: Do not make a mistake, Fred. I do not need you.

FRED: You will cry out for me; and then you will not find me.

THEA: I will never need you or anybody. I am strong because I am cold. Do you not see how cold I am? I am like my mother. And since I can wear a crown like her—do you understand what I mean?—the crown of enjoyment, then why should I be a servant maid? Your servant and that of my conscience? My life shall become like a flower-boat. Music all around, and veiled lights, and laughter, and a dream of happiness—— (*staring in fright*). What was that? It seems to me I heard somebody shouting down there.

FRED: I heard nothing.

THEA: Hush! (*Cries for help of a female voice are heard from the shore.*)

FRED: What was it?

THEA (*agitated*): Perhaps—it is—somebody—further up on the lake?

FRED: No, no, it was on our side.

THEA: Hush! (*The cries are repeated, dying away in broken sobs.*)

FRED: I must see. (*Wants to go out into the park.*)

THEA (*holding him back*): Please knock at Ela's door.

FRED: Do you think that it might——

THEA: One female voice sounds like another from a distance. Please do it. (*Fred knocks; no response.*)

THEA (*terror-stricken*): Open it.

FRED: She has probably locked the door and gone to sleep.

THEA: Try the latch.

FRED (*tries the latch; the door opens*): Nobody is there.

THEA (*utters a soft cry*).

(*Enter Gottlieb, the servant.*)

THEA (*going to meet him*): Is Raffaela with grandfather?

GOTTLIEB: No. I beg your pardon. The baroness sent me to see who is shouting for help.

THEA: Perhaps you saw Raffaela going down the back steps?

GOTTLIEB: I wasn't there at all, lady. (*He goes out.*)

FRED: Good heavens! You are quite——

THEA: You go, too, please, and see—no, no, no, stay here, I—I—I—stay.

FRED: But explain to me——

THEA: Here!—come close, very close. I just want to hold on fast to you. (*Nestles up very close to him and sobs over his shoulder.*)

(*Enter Baroness.*)

BARONESS: What is it, Thea?

THEA (*hiding her face in her hands*): She did go after all, she did go after all.

BARONESS (*to Fred*): Of whom is she speaking?

FRED: She is anxious about Raffaela.

BARONESS (*taking in the situation, softly*): For God's sake! (*Goes out into the park.*)

THEA: Stay with me, Fred, stay with me, stay with me. I do not know what happened out there, but if you also leave me now—— Forgive me for all I said to you to-day. I need you. I need you. In life and in death. I need you. Stay with me.

FRED: Why I *am* with you.

THEA: I will be like your house dog. I will be like the dust at your feet. But he must not do anything to her. He must not do anything to her. Ah, the other one is there. He will shoot him down if he attempts to touch her.

FRED: Who? Tell me.

THEA: No, no, no. He shall not do anything! Nothing has happened at all. If anything has happened I am——(*From the park the baroness is heard anxiously crying "Ela."*)

THEA: Fred!

FRED (*tears himself away from her to go to the park*).

THEA: I want to see myself. I want to—— (*Rushes past him to the vestibule and gazes into the dark with outstretched hands.*) There—there—who?—who?—who?—(*With anxiety and joy*): Ela! Ela is coming! Ela! My Ela!

(*Raffaela hurries up the steps, glances searchingly about with a confused, terrified look, tears herself away from Thea, who tries to clasp her in her arms, and rushes into her room, locking the door after her.*)

THEA: What was it, Fred? (*Runs up to Raffaela's door.*) Ela, open the door, Ela! Let me in, I want to see you, dear, dear Ela!

FRED (*to the Baroness, who comes excitedly up the steps*): Mother, will I ever find out what is happening here?

BARONESS: I don't know anything myself yet, Thea!

THEA: Mamma! She does not open the door! Mamma!

BARONESS: Leave her to herself, my child, She does not want anybody now.

FRED: It seems that you know quite enough.

(*Thea throws herself on her knees in front of a chair and sobs, with her face in her hands.*)

FRED (*to Gottlieb, who has entered*): Gottlieb, what has happened down there?

GOTTLIEB (*panting*): I can't tell. I saw Mrs. Ela come running up the path from the lake and he after her.

FRED: Who?

GOTTLIEB (*embarrassed*): Well.

FRED (*in an undertone*): Brösemann?

GOTTLIEB (*nods affirmatively*).

FRED: For God's sake! (*Looks at the Baroness, who turns aside.*)

GOTTLIEB: I saw by the moonlight that he carried something shining. I thought it was his penknife, but it was only the boat-hook, and I jumped in his way. I myself could not have re-

strained him if the gardener and his helpers had not come. He fought like—I am quite— (*Turns to the left.*) Excuse me.

FRED: Gottlieb.

GOTTLIEB: Eh?

FRED: Was no one else there?

BARONESS (*whispers*): Leave that!

GOTTLIEB: I said that the gardener was there with his helpers.

FRED: I mean was there any stranger?

BARONESS: Leave that alone, pray.

GOTTLIEB:. Stranger? No. (*Exit.*)

FRED: Yes. Who is to blame for this?

THEA: Who is to blame? I will tell you. She begged and entreated enough: "Do not hunt me, do not drive me into this." But I had no pity. I drilled, and bored, and burrowed, arranged meetings and carried letters. And finally I have brought her—I am to blame—I am to blame—I am——

BARONESS: Pull yourself together, my dear child, you are raving.

THEA (*stares at her, puts out her hands as if to ward her off and draws back*): Raving? Of course—yes—raving, indeed. At our heights, in our elevated position, there is no guilt, no blame. But who is it that has brought us to that point? From whom have we learned that life is worth living only when we cast greedy eyes upon strangers? Who is it that has laughed away our feeling of duty from our hearts, laughed it away, laughed it away, laughed it away? Guilt? ha! ha! ha! We are eternally rocked amid flowers—in the—(*laughs aloud*) flower-boat!

BARONESS: I will wait until you return to your senses.

THEA (*bursting into sobs*): Ela! Ela!

FRED: My dear, be calm, be calm now. See who comes there.

BRÖSEMANN (*with disordered garments, his face covered with blood*): There is somebody lying at the shore. He seems to have fallen over the stump of a tree. (*Significantly.*) Or perhaps something else. Send some one to look after him.

BARONESS (*terrified*): Merciful heaven! (*Turns to the door.*) Perhaps it is possible still to conceal this misfortune?

BRÖSEMANN: Yes, of course, that's the main point.

(*Exit Baroness.*)

BRÖSEMANN: Fred, we will go to the city together at four o'clock in the morning. The business of the firm will now devolve upon you.

FRED (*disturbed*): Upon me? And you?

BRÖSEMANN: I? (*Laughs dryly and departs.*)

FRED (*gazes after him, helplessly*): What shall I do? How can I manage it? (*Collecting himself.*) I must go now. You go to Raffaela.

THEA (*holding him back anxiously*): Fred, what will become of it all?

FRED: Yes, there will be no more sailing in flower-boats. The word now is: An end to all this. (*Searchingly.*) Thea!

THEA (*seizes both his hands, glowing with resolution*): Yes, Fred!

(*The curtain falls.*)

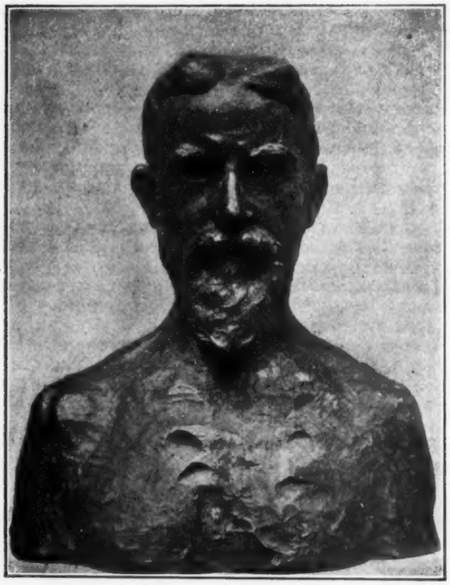
THE CASE OF THE POETS VERSUS SHAW

THE poet is a maker of images. He hates the iconoclast. Bernard Shaw takes special delight in shattering the dearest conceits of the poets. This constitutes their case against him. It explains why they hate him. They call him shallow and refuse to take him seriously; he, on the other hand, points out their artificialities and heaps his scorn upon their sex-ridden pseudo-romance. He then proceeds to write plays to take the place of theirs, in which he mercilessly dissects those emotions which to most of us still seem the essence of poetry. "Up to my time," he modestly remarked, "all the plays were romantic and untrue. They usually dealt with adultery in a variety of forms and had no possible connection with life. I write plays where people can see on the stage things that seem real to them and can hear thoughts that interest them, instead of watching and listening to things miles away from their own or any one else's experience. That's why people who never go to theaters at other times go to see my plays."

At last, it seems, the poets are thoroly aroused to the danger lurking in the utterances of this skeptical iconoclast, and three of the most renowned, Richard Le Gallienne, Arthur Symons and, youngest and newly-laureled, Alfred Noyes, take up the cudgels against him. Almost simultaneously these three brothers in Apollo denounce the author of "Mrs. Warren's Profession," and we are sure that he at least will look upon their attacks in the light of concerted action.

In a critique* of one of Shaw's plays, Symons, that Whistler of the critics, speaks disdainfully of Mr. Shaw's merciless logic and unanswerable common-sense. "Logic," he exclaims, "is not the mainspring of every action, nor is justice only the inevitable working out of an equation. . . . Mr. Shaw's logic is sterile because it is without sense of touch, sense of sight or sense of hearing; once set going it is warranted to go straight and to go through every obstacle. Tolstoy's logic is fruitful, because it allows for human weakness, because it understands, and because to understand is among other things to pardon. In a word, the difference between the spirit of

*PLAYS, ACTING AND MUSIC. By Arthur Symons. E. P. Dutton & Co.



RODIN'S VISION OF BERNARD SHAW
The new bust of the most famous living English dramatist by the greatest French sculptor.

Tolstoy and the spirit of Mr. Shaw is the difference between the spirit of Christ and the spirit of Euclid."

Richard Le Gallienne attacks Shaw from another point of view. It is not surprising that the singer of the "Golden Girl" should dislike the man who invented the Superwoman. Shaw, he tells us, cunningly, is old and hopelessly out of date. Moreover he is bourgeois, a "farcical doctrinaire of stale sociological philosophy, who has at last found his appropriate audience with those middle-class provincial minds who, like himself, are twenty years behind the times, but who fondly believe themselves in the van of daring thoughts, as they applaud this cheap-jack of an outworn rationalism."

Noyes, whom Swinburne recently officially recognized by an invitation to dinner, is much more impetuous and less subtle in his attack. In a review of Shaw's recently published two volumes of "Dramatic Opinions and Essays," he refers to that author's remarks as uninteresting. "They are," he says in the London *Bookman,* "merely vulgar. Mr. Shaw does not respect himself, and therefore cannot be expected to respect the public." Mr. Shaw, we are told, knows a great deal more about certain small matters, perhaps, than a devout Christian like the late Mr. Gladstone with his wide acceptances of various dogmas and miracles. "But Mr. Shaw's intellectual chaos is not an advance even on the Christians who believed that God had a white beard." To quote further:

"Mr. Shaw's 'planes' are still two with a rook-rifle. He still attacks 'love' with a 'life-force' and romance with a motor-horn. Intellectually, he is beneath contempt. Artistically, he appeals only to pseudo-philosophers; and is only entitled to rank with those of the 'quick-change' or the three-card trick. If one points out his fallacies, he pleads, 'I am a dramatist.' If one points out his intolerable faults as a dramatist, his long-winded orations, and his perversions of nature, he pleads, 'I am a wit!' If one asks for the jest, he replies, 'I am a Socialist!' If one asks for his earnest policy, he replies, 'I merely advertise myself and write for money,' with the implication, of course, that, on the contrary, he is a very noble-hearted fellow and at least honest. And nobody perceives that he has really said nothing at all. Let us also be honest. Are we not all a little tired of this blatant self-puffery? Is it not time to cease echoing the empty laughter of the mentally bankrupt admirers of this clever person? . . . The vulgarity of that use of an author's initials in his own book, that indecent familiarity with himself, the self-complacent vanity of the thing, is as unmanly as it is disgusting. He would pride himself on unmanliness and on vanity, we are quite aware; just as he would apparently pride himself on being hunted down by the unnatural, vulgar and feline women he is so fond of depicting. Let him also pride himself on the fact that his reputation even for wit is rapidly on the wane; that even his feeblest admirers are growing tired of him; and that the great writers and poets on whom he has discoursed with so sublime an ignorance (admitted, of course) have no need of a guard about the lasting monuments on which he has tried to pose his own ludicrous naked statue. It would be an unkindness to cut his capers short too soon, if they amuse him. But it is our duty to the great and famous dead, the duty of all sincere critics with a respect for our literature, to say that Mr. Shaw's capers are vulgar, fatuous, and extremely wearisome."

From another source comes the suggestion that the attacks of the three poets may after all be directed not against the real Shaw, but against the dummy that newspaperdom has raised in his image. The press, says Catherine Welch in the New York *Times,* "is mainly responsible for what may be termed the 'Shaw tradition,'" a mythical character which has grown up like Father Christmas or John Bull. "It is a real part of the life of England," she observes, "to indulge in periodical outbursts about something Bernard Shaw has said or written." She goes on to say:

"If Mr. Shaw were represented as giving utterance to opinions not marked by bad taste and irreverence the British public would feel quite as thoroly robbed of their birthright as if Father Christmas should be presented to them in a black frock coat and top hat, or John Bull were

to appear before them in the tulle skirts of a ballerina. All this, without doubt, is very pleasing to the British public, but it does not altogether appeal to Bernard Shaw.

"I asked Mr. Shaw how he felt about it. 'It's annoying to be misrepresented so persistently,' said he, 'but one gets used to it, just as one gets used to cold weather and the London fog. You see, people have got an idea in their heads that I am a witty person and an unkind person, but I'm not. Still people think so, and whenever they want anything witty or unkind said they make the traditional Bernard Shaw say it.'"

On the continent, Shaw the scoffer is considered a man of deep seriousness. The writer who has created a figure at once so human and so great as portrayed in the hero of "Caesar and Cleopatra" is there ranked among the great poets. It is "up to" posterity to decide the debate.

A NEW OPERA BY ITALY'S COMING COMPOSER

ONE of the events of the Milan operatic season was the production at the Scala of a new opera by the young and already popular composer, Francesco Cilea, whose "Adrienne Lecouvreur" has been several times on the list of the novelties promised by American impresarii. Cilea's style is somewhat different from that of the Leoncavallo-Puccini school; the critics find in it considerable affinity with the music of Bizet and Massenet. His melodies are sung all over Italy and he is regarded as "a coming composer."

His new opera, "Gloria," is praised for its dramatic as well as its lyrical qualities, for the power shown in its climax in the final act and in other episodes, as well as for the charm and beauty of its melodies and themes and orchestration. Its theme, as we learn from an article by Serge Basset in the Paris *Figaro*, is somewhat akin to that of Maeterlinck's "Monna Vanna," and the action takes place in the fourteenth century in Siena, which we find torn and threatened with destruction by the factional war between the Guelphs and the Ghibellines.

The occasion around which the drama is constructed is the dedication of a public monument, a fountain. A truce has been declared for the day by the belligerents, and even the banished citizens are permitted to return for the day, unarmed, and participate in the festivities. The exiles, in considerable number, take advantage of this privilege and enter the city. One of them, Lionetto, has remarked the great beauty of Gloria, the daughter of the first magistrate, Aquilante dei Bardi, and fallen violently in love with her. In turn he attracts the attention of the crowd by the distinction and nobility of his manner. When the hour for the retreat of the exiles strikes, Lionetto refuses to quit the city unless Gloria's hand is given him in marriage. His demand is proudly refused by Gloria's father and brother, and the haughty exile then reveals his real identity. He is Fortebrando, the chief of the imperial army which is just then besieging the city. At a sign from him his followers, fully armed under their mantles, attack the forces of the city, and after a furious struggle, succeed in carrying off Gloria.

In the second act Gloria is a captive in Lionetto's camp. The city is being bombarded, and Gloria is terrified at the slaughter attendant upon it. To save the city she resolves to give herself to Lionetto, who has respected her virtue, tho his passion for her has been growing in intensity, and then to commit suicide. At this juncture her brother Falco arrives in disguise, to rebuke his sister whom he believes to be guilty and dishonored. But when he learns that she has remained pure and has contemplated a sacrifice of life and honor for the sake of her family and city, he is profoundly moved and humbled.

He asks her, however, to avenge the death of their father, who had been killed in the fight, by pouring poison into a cup of wine Lionetto is to drink. She hesitates, for she is not indifferent to the handsome, brave and chivalrous Lionetto. Falco attempts to assassinate Lionetto, but fails. When the latter finds out that the would-be murderer is Gloria's brother he forgives him the deed.

In the final act, the nuptial ceremony is performed which unites the lovers. The marriage is solemnly celebrated in the Siena cathedral. At the close, Falco, stepping forward to embrace his brother-in-law, treacherously stabs and kills him. Then he attempts to drag Gloria away from the scene, but she throws herself in despair and anguish on Lionetto's body and kills herself.

This tragic story, writes M. Basset, gives the composer splendid opportunities, which he has finely utilized. The style is neo-Italian throughout, especially as regards the union of the orchestral and the vocal elements, but the score is full of original musical ideas, and reveals a fresh and vigorous talent.

ARE THE LIVES OF ACTORS IMMORAL?

THE personal life of players has from time immemorial engaged the attention and aroused the curiosity of those on the other side of the footlights. Wolzogen in Germany, Moore in England, among others, have made it the study of realistic fiction, and, less important, a recent American novel, "Felicity," by Clara E. Laughlin, turns on the same subject. Her book offers no new point of view, but it makes interesting reading for those who, in the words of the New York *Evening Post,* need to learn that the matinée idol may be a harmless fellow, with an ambition to do the "decent thing," or that the leading lady may combine intense passion for portrayal with a real liking for making pie. "The Actors' Boarding House," another book recently published, likewise deals with the life of the player off the stage.

In the not too distant past, the stroller was looked upon as a vagrant and social outcast. A marked change has taken place in this view. Prima donnas are frequently represented as paragons of virtue, and theatrical stars are expected to shine in the social world. It is consequently with a shock of surprise that an alleged revelation of the true condition of things theatrical will be read, as made by an anonymous lady who has spent, we are told, twenty years among them. In the title of her book* the author informs us of her intention to unfold before our eyes only the "seamy" side of the player's career; but in the book itself, which, it must be confessed, bears the earmark of autobiography and of an intimate familiarity with the theatrical world, she sweepingly asserts that her own experience is typical of the whole profession. She introduces under a thin disguise scandals and persons that have not yet passed from the public eye, and thus epitomizes the thesis of her book:

> "Given two women of equal beauty and talent, one with moral scruples, the other with none, starting out to make name and place in the world of fame; the Cerberus who keeps the gates of opportunity, a man whose watchword in life is *Lust,* the odds are not even; the fight is not fair."

The anonymous writer dedicates her book with a sincerity, real or affected, to the "stage-struck girl." She tells us that loose manners and loose morals are essential to an actor's career under the present system. The text is plentifully interspersed with dashes of varying length to indicate the strength and frequency of swear-words used by the characters of the book. Lack of real culture, brutality, egotism and utter disregard for marital ties are laid at the door of the theater. If this author speaks the truth even the leaders in the profession trade as much in their beauty as in their talent. They regard it as a matter of fact that the manager's claim upon them extends beyond legitimate bounds. The manager, we are told, moreover expects the actresses in question to procure for new productions the financial support of their friends in Wall street; for a manager, she insists, never risks his own money if he can help it. Drunkenness, drug habits and all-around rottenness, reign, according to her description, supreme in the stage world. At the same time actresses are extremely careful of their reputations, and the press agent is constantly at work to cover up the traces of their indiscretions by descriptions of their happy family lives and their homes in the country. The writer calls our attention to the fact that a different version of the beginning of an actor's career is issued annually by the press agent and faithfully reproduced in the myriad organs of publicity supplied by him with free information. She cites especially the case of a well-known and firmly established female star. The lady, according to one version issued, greatly desired to meet Mr. De Velop Talent, and followed the master around in a carriage until at last she succeeded in cornering him as he was walking up the steps to his theater. "He turned and saw a face alight with the fire of genius gazing at him from the carriage window, and, impelled by the force of her personality, raised his hat and asked her what she wanted." According to a previous version she followed him in his summer vacation in the hope of catching a glimpse of him, but found that most of his time was spent in writing. Finally she timidly knocked at his door. The master-judge of temperament at once recognized her genius. "Madam," he exclaimed, "I will make you the greatest actress in the world if you will obey me and are willing to work." The real history of the case, we are informed, may be read in the daily papers, this woman's divorce case having been of such a character that most of the evidence was "unfit to print." It was followed by a suit in court against an old "money-bag" who, after paying out thousands of dollars for the first introduction of the star, tried

*THE SEAMY SIDE. A Story of the True Conditions of Things Theatrical. By One Who Has Spent Twenty Years Among Them. Percy Ives Publishing Company.

to drop the affair. The master of stage destinies and the woman, the author tells us, now stood together and deliberately sued the old man for "lessons given to the star to the tune of many thousand dollars," and the jury gave them about half they asked. The perniciousness of the virtuous poses of actors and actresses, this writer goes on to say, consists in the illusion they arouse in the hearts of young women that they may remain in decency and make a great theatrical reputation. But the danger is not for girls alone. Boyish young fellows entering such an environment are, she informs us, an easy prey to women whose years sometimes almost double theirs, and who through drink or morphine present so pitiable a spectacle that a young man's sympathy is aroused. Through a beginning of kindly solicitude he soon becomes an abject slave of the sensual debauched creature he may have tried to help. A pure ray, she says, breaking into an atmosphere of vice puts the latter into a state of exceeding unrest. Far from permitting the poor little ray to travel its own path unmolested, there seems to be a general concentration of forces to cause it to become a part of the atmosphere which it has entered. Failing in this, she goes on to say, their energy is then turned toward rejecting it, and, like the oyster which forms a pearl over the particle that is irritating it, this element of vice works and labors until the pure ray is obscured and forced to retire through the little crevice from which it came, to be heard of no more.

"The personnel of my fascinating and alluring yet undoubtedly culpable profession," the writer alleges, "consists of two elements; one part, consisting of two-thirds of them, deliberate moral transgressors; the other part, constituting one third, what for want of a better name I am forced to call *Winkers*." To quote further:

"We [the Winkers] are not, as a whole, moral law-breakers, but we are at all times, in every situation, silent accessories to sin in others; not only failing to rebuke or condemn it, we even smile and condone, pretending sullenly not to see it, and exclaiming vigorously and loudly that it does not exist. In other words, we wink at it because, largely, I suppose, in ninety-five cases out of one hundred it gives us our daily bread. To illustrate: in Mr. Idolized's company were a man and woman, husband and wife, what we call a model couple; of apparently good birth; strictly attentive to their business and their own affairs; reliable in their work; in fact, capable artists both. Yet the actions of their associates were perfect in their eyes. The lady in favor with the management was always 'such a dear girl'; the lawless, unfaithful husband, who made it possible that their salary came to them every week (through the force of his animal magnetism on a susceptible female public) was a 'dear good boy' at all times, no matter how often he changed his mistresses. This wife, a motherly woman, deported herself with great dignity; the husband was of gentlemanly bearing, but with a too patent 'trying to please the mighty' air to be exactly pleasant; a sort of subservience to the powers that be, an element which smacked of the sleek variety and expressed itself in a constant 'Yes, Mr. Idolized,' 'No, Mr. Idolized,' 'Yes, Miss Merriworld,' 'At your service, Miss Merriworld,' which became very irritating even to those whom it was intended to flatter.

"This couple is not an isolated case by any manner of means. I have come in contact with the same species even down to the ten, twenty and thirty-cent repertoire companies; the same devoted couples, in whom deceit is probably the largest element of their composition, each weak in the characteristics that dare to battle for the right, and willing to accept the prevailing conditions for the sake of peace and a prosperous season, hiding always behind the very convenient slogan, 'We keep our dooryards clean, and that is all that is expected of us.'"

It was to be anticipated that the book would arouse a storm of protest on the part of the profession therein represented. J. Harry Benrimo, a member of a company the head of which is scored by the anonymous author, attacks the latter in a review covering almost a page in the *Times Saturday Review*. "The book," he says, "deserves oblivion certainly; but, as the sensationalists are sure gloatingly to devour it, it is incumbent upon some lover of the stage who knows it to take note of some of these glaring half-truths set forth by a narrow, embittered, disappointed and presumably unsuccessful player who struts about in 'The Seamy Side' prating of her good character and making herself disagreeable." He goes on to say:

"A subject that seems of unfailing interest to a multitude of readers is stage life and its plays and players. Yet how few, if any, good or truthful books are written on the subject! Even the best that have been given to us have been sketchy, short and illogical. The great analyst, George Moore, in his microscopic soul-analysis 'The Mummer's Wife,' falls short, for he permits one phase of the life, one set of characters, to represent conditions behind the curtain. So if the great ones have failed, how can we expect a scandalmonger, tho 'one of us,' to succeed?"

Mr. Benrimo admits the partial truthfulness of the picture as presented by the author, but brands the attempt to saddle the majority with the scandals of the few as decidedly unfair! He says on this point:

"A few isolated cases are chosen, which should have been forgotten long since, and these victims of the writer's venom are ticketed with such characteristic names that it would not be more scurrilous boldly to publish their likeness and real names. The majority, made up of lovers

of all that is beautiful, all drudging for a little place to call home, is made to suffer, is again pushed backward by a cheap sensationalist writing for money and questionable fame, under the guise of benefiting the stagestruck girl. Isn't that professed desire a rather weak excuse? Will these pictures, humorless caricatures so coarsely drawn, deter any ambitious girl from seeking what to her mind seems the ideal life and outlet for her talents? She will enter the career just the same and as inevitably find her level, high or low. As in all business—all professions, where a woman is compelled to stand by herself, if it is her nature to sink, she will sink; if to rise, she will rise, and the stage itself will not alter her nature. There are not more temptations on the stage than in any other public career open to competition."

The average player, Mr. Benrimo continues, is serious-minded and ambitious. He subtly points out that the very art the actor practices gives him a taste for knowledge of the world, sculpture and letters. The very parts he plays stimulate his thoughts. He gives physical expression to noble impulses, to beautiful ideas. Players, he admits, are called by many "unreal folk." But, he asks, even if they are poseurs are they not thereby improved? "For to be compelled even to make believe to live up to a certain high standard necessitates a constant rehearsal of the part, and this in time becomes second nature." This is indeed an interesting viewpoint, but acceptable as it may be to the gallant hero, in what light will the heavy villain look upon it, to whose lot it is not given to express "noble impulses and ideas?"

The truth in the matter is almost impossible to arrive at. Perhaps Alan Dale is right when he propounds that the critic and the public should regard the players merely as puppets. "The business behind the footlights," he remarks in *The Cosmopolitan,* "is merely to present a show." The question is merely, "Do the actors and actresses dance as the playwright pulls the wires?" "Why," he asks, "should the personal note obtrude itself upon the people of the stage? Why should Romeo be tracked to his lair? Why should not Orlando be permitted to go quietly home and lose himself in unilluminated domesticity with Mrs. Orlando or the little Orlandos. It is not necessary for us to ask for a certificate of respectability with any actor. We do not or should not be concerned with what he is and does when he is away from that little lighted square that we call 'behind the footlights.'"

THE GROWING UNRESTRAINT OF THE AMERICAN STAGE

THE influence of Puritanism on the English stage accounts, according to Mr. St. John Hankin, for the depths to which, in his opinion, the drama has fallen, and from which it is only now struggling painfully upward—a charge, it may be observed—that has been made recurrently ever since there was a drama. "When," he says, in *The Fortnightly Review,* "the time comes, if it ever does come, when the decline and fall of human stupidity can be written, an interesting chapter of the work will be devoted to the attitude of Puritanism toward the theater in England." That attitude for over three hundred years has been one of unrelenting hostility. In the year 1580," a learned historian informs us, "certain godly citizens and well-disposed gentlemen of London" secured the suppression of all playhouses within the city limits. The reaction of this policy of restriction was the lascivious Restoration Comedy. Seeing that he could not suppress the theater the Puritan boycotted it. That, our author remarks, was a piece of mere uncalculating stupidity, for it handed over an instrument which might have made for righteousness to the control of the worldings, whereas with a little cleverness, a little patience, the Puritan might have captured the playhouse and made of it the handmaid of the pulpit. For the theater must please its customers or close its doors. Managers have no deep-seated preferences for frivolity and will cater as readily for the righteous as for the wicked. But they will not cater to empty benches, and the wicked, with all their faults, buy seats. Consequently the drama, which, like the rest of the arts, is in its essence neither moral nor immoral, neither religious nor irreligious, got a bad name, and when a calling or an art or an institution gets a bad name it soon begins to deserve it.

The Puritans were followed by those who may be designated Puritans of the intellect, not always distinguishable from prigs, who abstained from theater-going on the ground that the theater is intended for brainless people alone. And Mr. Hankin remarks, "the theater cannot cater for religious people if the religious people never consent to enter the doors. Neither can it cater for the intellectual if the intellectual persistently stay away."

AN ARTISTIC PIONEER

This picture represents Mrs. Mary Shaw in the title rôle of "Mrs. Warren's Profession." She has done in the stage-world what Huneker has done in the world of letters, and is largely responsible for the present radical current that has carried to success the plays of Ibsen and her English namesake.

Of late, however, a certain change has taken place in the United States and Great Britain. Whereas in England the censorship still prevents the dramatic presentation of certain religious and sex-problems, the American manager is, legally at least, much more unrestrained.

There is in America a growing public that regards the drama not merely in the light of a vaudeville entertainment, but who listen to Ibsen and Bernard Shaw, and by no means reject the obvious message of William Vaughn Moody. It is true the performance of "Mrs. Warren's Profession" was for a time put under a ban, but, owing to the indefatigable activity of Mrs. Mary Shaw, was finally vindicated by a court decree sanctioning its presentation within the state of New York. Mrs. Shaw, it may be added, like James Huneker, is an artistic pioneer of this modern development. She created four years ago the rôle of Mrs. Alving in Ibsen's "Ghosts," and last year was bold enough to play the title rôle in "Mrs. Warren's Profession." The success of this play encouraged the manager to produce Shaw's other "unpleasant" play, entitled "Widower's Houses," and at present Mrs. Shaw is negotiating with her English namesake for another play likewise forbidden in London, translated by the wife of Bernard Shaw from the French of Mr. Brieux. This play deals with the problem of maternity from the point of view that it is invariably sacred.

The very idea of discussing such problems in the drama would have seemed impossible a few years ago. It is this state of things that prompts William Winter to fill with fruitless lament the columns of the New York *Tribune;* it is on this score that Alan Dale bewails in *The Cosmopolitan* the "indelicacy" of modern plays. We discuss on the stage subjects that are barred from the table and the drawing-room. "The modern play," he says, "has no qualms whatever. Pinero in 'His House in Order' has none; Jones in 'The Hypocrites' balks at nothing; Moody in 'The Great Divide' is perfectly candid, and it is quite safe to say that Jacob Gordin's 'Kreutzer Sonata,' offered us in two doses, could never be discussed by opposite sexes outside of the theater." It is not difficult to supplement Mr. Dale's list even without reference to the author of "Salome," to Ibsen, Sudermann and Bernard Shaw. Mme. Nazimova's appearance in "Comtesse Coquette," Katherine Grey's production of "The Reckoning" and Margaret Wycherly's powerful rendering of "The Primrose Path" may all be mentioned in this connection. It is with a view to this growing unrestraint in recent plays that Alan Dale exclaims:

> "Shall we sanction the discussion of topics in the theater that we carefully avoid out of the theater? Or shall we make of the theater an enfranchised meeting-place, where we may openly moot the vital issues of existence? Shall we say to our families, 'Don't dare to discuss sexual matters at the home in our presence, but take this two dollars and go to the theater to hear them discussed.' Shall our consistency be to broach these matters at home, for the sake of the theater; or shall it be not to sanction them at the theater, for the sake of the home?"

WHERE IBSEN FAILED

"IF HAVING the praise of the first minds in all countries is to be a classic," remarks William Dean Howells, "then Ibsen is and has been a classic." But Mr. Howells is forced to add that "in every country where the first intelligences have given him their unanimous acclaim, the second intelligences have just as unanimously refused him theirs; and these intelligences, tho second, are still of a quality that command respect." While to some Ibsen means more than Shakespeare, others have mercifully derided his claim to such kinship with the immortals. Howells himself is not certain whether the future will regard Ibsen chiefly as an influence or "with the passionate joy with which the few in the present have had the courage to know him." This note of uncertainty is apparent more or less consciously in the majority of essays on Ibsen that have appeared since his death. Arthur Symons, and more recently Brander Mathews, has voiced most vigorously the doubts which Ibsen himself, with the relentless vision of the analyst or the humility of genius, expressed in the play of the master-builder whose life work tumbles in the end with lamentable ruin.

Symon's contention is based on the assumption that Ibsen was not a poet. "Before Ibsen," he remarks in *The Quarterly Review,* "the drama was a part of poetry; Ibsen has made it prose." He goes on to say:

"The world of Shakespeare and of the Greeks is the world; it is universal, whether Falstaff blubbers in the tavern or Philoctetes cries in the cave. But the world which Ibsen really knows is that little segment of the world which we call society; its laws are not those of nature, its requirements are not the requirements of God or of man; it is a business association for the capture and division of profits; it is, in short, a fit subject for scientific study, but no longer a part of the material of poetry. . . . Given the character and the situation, what Ibsen asks at the moment of the crisis is: What would this man be most likely to say? not, what would be the finest, the most deeply revealing thing, that he could say? In that difference lies all the difference between prose and poetry."

Ibsen himself replied to a critic who protested against the poetry of one of his plays, "My book *is* poetry; and if it is not, then it will be. The conception of poetry in our country, in Norway, shall be made to conform to this book." And the majority of his critics seem to agree that the works of Ibsen are the stuff out of which the poetry of to-morrow may be born. Ibsen, in the words of his most competent critic, William Archer, dreamed of blending the religious idea with the idea of the true and beautiful into something different from those ideas as they at present exist.

Professor Brander Mathews, in *Munsey's Magazine,* attacks Ibsen's claim to immortality, not on the debatable grounds of his poetic or artistic quality, but because of his unsocial philosophy, undoubtedly the weakest spot in the poet-dramatist's armor. He attempts first to define approximately the elements of Ibsen's greatness. "New writers," he says, "will come forward; men with new destinies will make themselves heard; and Ibsen will slowly sink from his position as one of the half dozen most important and most imposing figures in the contemporary world of letters. He will cease to be a man of the hour, and must establish his right to be considered a man for all time."

Few of the masters of literature, Professor Mathews insists, have suffered more from the misplaced enthusiasm of misguided followers than Ibsen. His real qualities differing from those which attracted this following are not difficult to declare. First of all, Ibsen was a master of stagecraft, a dramaturgic technician of unsurpassed skill. Then he was a creator of character, a maker of men and women who live their own lives and speak with a voice of their own. He was, moreover, a great writer in his command of language, a stylist, compelling words to do his bidding. Lastly, he had a philosophy of his own; he had a vision of the world individual to himself; he had a theory of the universe which he expounded, perhaps unconsciously, in play after play. This doctrine, Professor Brander Mathews informs us, is not obscure; it does not demand a key; it is plain enough to any attentive reader who will take the trouble to think it out for himself. It is also the weak joint in his armor. Ibsen's plays, by the consensus of opinion, do not exist for their own sake, but for the larger purpose of the author. The play is what it is, the characters are what they are, because Ibsen was what he was, because he strove to express by their medium his theories of life. Ibsen's technique seems of a kind to withstand the change of taste and the assaults of time, but his fundamental theories are less firmly rooted in truth, and perhaps over-insisted upon. "At the core of Ibsen's doctrine," Professor Mathews affirms, "is an excessive individualism, a marked assertion of every man to live his own life more or less in disregard of the rights of others." To quote further:

"It is scarcely too much to say that Ibsen is intellectually an anarchist, caring little for the conquests of civilization over man's inherent selfishness. Now, this is a doctrine which mankind will always refuse to accept. Humanity is dumbly conscious of the terrible expense of its past victories, and it is not willing to forego the precious guerdon of its battles. The social order is not perfect, and it never will be; but it is better now than it was once upon a time. Mankind has no intention of upsetting everything and starting afresh to win another imperfection at the cost of untold anguish and blood.

"Of course, Ibsen does not formally demand this violent new departure, but it is evident that he did not shrink from it. And the influence of his plays is cast almost unreservedly in favor of the individual as against the social order. Here he seems one-sided. Here his philosophy lacks balance. Here, if anywhere, is the weak spot in his work."

It is Ibsen's individualism that explains, in Professor Mathews's opinion, why his vogue has been far less in the United States, where we all are more or less individualistic, than in Germany, where the social bond needs relaxing. "In the United States," he says, "Ibsen has seemed to be preaching to the converted, whereas in Germany he was exhorting those who needed just the message he was delivering." It stands to reason that with a growth of individualism, paradoxically enough Ibsen's message becomes less imperative. The over-insistence upon certain theories is the germ of decay in the marvelous structure of his achievement. It is here that Ibsen fails.

Science and Discovery

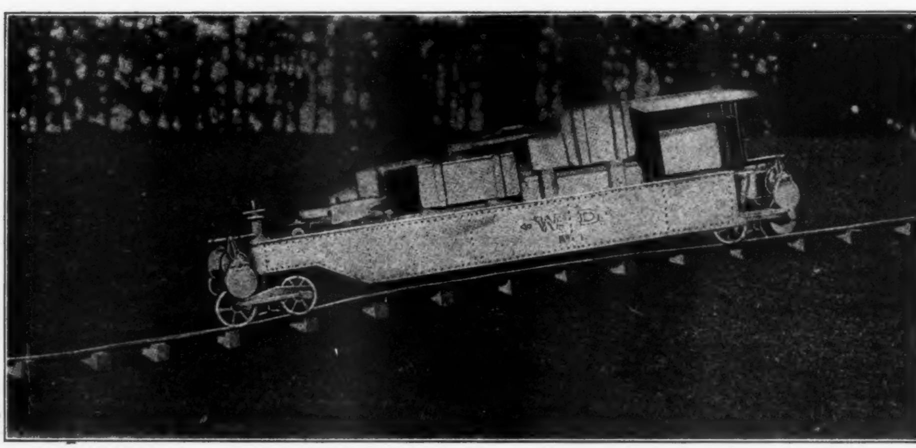
PROMISED WONDERS OF THE GYROSCOPE ON LAND AND SEA

THE theory of the apparatus by means of which a German inventor, Dr. Otto Schlick, has shown that seasickness is no necessary incident of anyone's ocean voyage and by which a British inventor, Louis Brennan, is said to have shown the Royal Society how useless more than one rail is for the railway of the future, is set forth by London *Engineering* and amounts to this: If any body is made to revolve rapidly it will spin around a certain axis, a fixed line, which we can suppose to run through it, and while thus spinning it will require a certain degree of force to change the direction of that axis.

Every kind of motion requires force or resistance to change its direction, as all know. But the contrivance for preventing seasickness and the similar contrivance for revolutionizing railway systems are a very special variety of the general idea of motion. Place a boy's top when it is not spinning, down on the ground and it at once falls under the influence of gravity. Now let the boy give the top a rapid rotation with his string and instantly there is a change which, if one saw it for the first time, would seem magical. The top stands erect on its tiny peg. For a time during which it might have fallen by gravity several hundred feet it whirls round and round with a steady, equable motion. To get the science of the matter into one's head, personified gravity may be imagined saying to the top: "Come down; obey the law of the earth's attraction." Top replies: "Gravity, while this spin lasts, I can defy you."

If the boy's top is spinning on a plate he may move it upward, downward, sideways, as he will, without resistance. That is a motion of translation merely. But let the boy try to make the top's axis point in another direction and there comes a resistance, which, considering the smallness of the top, is very strong.

Now, in that beautiful toy, the gyroscope, this principle has been adopted for the production of the most striking effects. The toy, as described in London *Engineering*, consists of a small metal fly-wheel, suspended on gimbals, which permit it to rotate in various positions. When the wheel is set in rapid motion the axis resists any change of direction, as does the spinning top. It may be suspended by a string fixed to one end of the axis and go on spinning in a horizontal position until the



From *Harper's Weekly*

THE MONO-RAIL ENGINE BALANCED BY A GYROSCOPE

This invention was exhibited in London recently by the inventor, Mr. Louis Brennan, who claims for it that a speed of over a hundred miles an hour is practical and easy. The American critics of the contrivance ask how the train is to retain its balance in the event of an accident to the gyroscope mechanism.

motion slackens, when it gradually declines, as does the top. Modern artillery illustrates the same law of motion. The rifled gun gives the projectile a rotary motion which keeps its axis always parallel to itself. The great globe we inhabit is another example. The earth is revolving at the rate of about 1,000 miles an hour at the equator. In London it is revolving at the rate of about 730 miles an hour only. As a consequence, the earth's axis points unchangeably to the Pole star. Otherwise we should have an unstable and wobbling world.

On the same principle as that by which Nature secures the stability of this solid globe, the schoolboy's top defies gravitation, the rifle bullet goes straight to its mark, the gyroscope performs its wonders. Dr. Schlick, to take up his invention first, has designed a massive flywheel which revolves at great speed round an axis or axle pointing in a certain direction. Like the top, the flywheel resists powerfully any effort to change that direction of rotation. The ocean waves try to make the ship roll. The revolving wheel resists the attempt and resists it successfully. To quote:

"Let us look at the ship, the *See-bar,* on which this experiment has been made. She was originally a first-class torpedoboat of the German navy. She is 116 ft. long, 12 ft. beam, 3.4 ft. draft, and fifty-six tons displacement. Her gyroscope is fixed in a compartment in front of the boiler-room. It consists of a flywheel, made of forged steel in one piece, a meter—rather more than a yard — in diameter. The apparatus is mounted on trunnions, the axis of which lies athwartships, or across the breadth of the ship. These trunnions are connected by a massive framework so arranged that when the vessel is at rest, in an upright position, the spindle of the flywheel will be vertical. When the vessel is set rolling the spindle of the flywheel is free to become inclined to the vertical in a fore-and-aft direction. As rolling proceeds, the gyroscopic effect of the flywheel produces longitudinal oscillations of the apparatus. The gyroscope is made to revolve 1,600 times in a minute—rather less than thirty times a second. This is the normal speed, but it can be made to do fifty revolutions a second, 3,000 in a minute. We understand that the weight of this gyroscope in the *See-bar* is about half a ton, or one to 114 of the total weight of the ship. Such a mass making from thirty to fifty revolutions per second produces an enormous gyrostatic effect; that is to say, what is called technically its moment of inertia—or resistance to change of rotational velocity—is very great. To put it familiarly, the *See-bar* is disposed to yield to the waves and commence rocking; the gyroscope stoutly resists any change in the direction of its axis. The ship rolls a little up and down, but the gyrostat goes on revolving at every instant, applying as it were a powerful brake to the hull of the ship, and at last completely steadying her. The waves 'heave' her, lift her up and down as they please; but her revolving flywheel forbids rolling."

The design of Mr. Brennan (of Brennan torpedo fame) is far more revolutionary in its promises than is Dr. Schlick's. A miniature railroad car or locomotive standing entirely above a single rail with apparently nothing to balance it, ran about the hall of the Royal Society in London some weeks ago. The locomotive on its single wire turned sharp corners at high speed and climbed sharp inclines with perfect stability. It was sometimes loaded, sometimes half empty. There was no attempt to balance the load. The vehicle itself did that instantly and automatically. "Every attempt to unbalance it resulted in a paradox," says *Harper's Weekly,* which reports the proceedings. "If the load were piled all upon one side it seemed inevitable that the vehicle would sag, if indeed it did not topple over. But no, the overloaded side automatically rose in proportion to the burden and the empty side was depressed." The meaning of all this, we are assured, is that a locomotive has been invented that balances itself on a single rail as perfectly as a skater balances himself upon the ice, a locomotive that flies at the rate of over a mile a minute, whether the roadbed be rough or smooth, climbs hills with ease and dashes safely around curves much sharper than those on American railroads, a locomotive that needs no bridges, but runs lightly across ravines or rivers on a single line of wire. Says *Harper's Weekly*:

"The creator of this new system of locomotion is Louis Brennan, C. B., the well-known inventor of the Brennan torpedo. This invention, by the way, which is controlled by the British War Department, is the only device which has been successfully kept a government secret for any length of time. He told his audience very briefly something about his long search for an ideal method of traction. He began studying the problem in Australia nearly thirty years ago. How to reduce friction was the chief task. It is well known that only about twelve per cent. of the power generated by a locomotive is actually used in drawing a train. The friction to be overcome is partly in the machinery and partly in the oscillation of the vehicles and the grinding of the wheels against the rails on either side. The most perfect roadbed and rails with an ordinary track will not reduce this beyond a certain point.

"Mr. Brennan speedily realized, as every railway man and mechanic has done, that the ideal condition would be a train perfectly balanced upon a single rail. Given that, the possibilities of great speed with economy of power would be increased many fold. Until to-night's demonstration was made, the practical attainment of that ideal would have seemed outside the range of scientific obtainment to even the eminent men who were included in the Royal Society's audience. Very early in his investigations Mr. Bren-

nan began experimenting with the gyroscope—in other words, he began to study the ordinary spinning top with which every schoolboy is familiar. The principle of the spinning top is the secret of the seeming miracle which he showed."

The inventor's own description of the result of his labors is simple enough for any one's comprehension, however, and we reproduce it here through the courtesy of *Harper's Weekly*. The characteristic feature of this system of transport is that each vehicle is capable of maintaining its balance upon an ordinary rail laid upon sleepers on the ground, whether it is standing still or moving in either direction at any rate of speed, notwithstanding that the center of gravity is several feet above the rail and that wind pressure, shifting of load, centrifugal action or any combination of these forces may tend to upset it. In Mr. Brennan's own words:

"Automatic stability mechanism of extreme simplicity carried by the vehicle itself endows it with this power. The mechanism consists essentially of two flywheels rotated directly by electric motors in opposite directions at a very high velocity and mounted so that their gyrostatic action and stored-up energy can be utilized. These flywheels are mounted on high-class bearings and are placed in exhausted cases, so that both air and journal friction is reduced to a minimum, and consequently the power required to keep them in rapid motion is very small.

"The stored-up energy in the flywheels, when revolving at full speed, is so great and the friction so small that if the driving current is cut off altogether they will run at sufficient velocity to impart stability to the vehicle for several hours, while it will take from two to three days before they come to rest. The stability mechanism occupies but little space, and is conveniently placed in the cab at one end of the vehicle. Its weight is also small, about five per cent. of the total load being considered an ample allowance for the first vehicle.

Engineers in this country who were interviewed by the daily papers regarding the cabled reports of the exhibition before the Royal Society were disposed to treat the matter with less seriousness than was bestowed upon it in London. Attention is called to the fact that even if the balance of the train can be maintained by a gyroscope the balance of each passenger on such a train will present a problem difficult of solution unless individual gyroscopes are provided for all. What will happen to a train, some ask also, when an accident occurs that puts the gyroscope out of business?

WALTER WELLMAN'S AIRSHIP VOYAGE TO THE NORTH POLE

SOME day this month or next, as Walter Wellman says in *McClure's* he hopes and believes, a man standing at the northwestern point of Spitzbergen, six hundred miles almost directly north of the North Cape of Norway, will see "a huge mass of hydrogen gas imprisoned in a stanch reservoir of cloth and rubber, in shape much like a thick cigar" bound for the North Pole. Underneath the mammoth cigar will be a spider web structure of steel. "From the two sides of this steel car will protrude two steel screws, like the propellers of a steamship, themselves of great size but dwarfed to the eye by contrast with the dimensions of the gas reservoir overhead." The screws will be driven by a motor of some sixty-five horse power. They will work in an enclosed engine-room. At the bottom of the car will be a long steel tank—"the bunkers of this cruiser of the air"—containing nearly three and a half tons of gasolene. A large rudder will be aft. Movable planes will permit the steering of this air ship up or down. The name of this airship is *America*. Mr. Wellman thus takes the world into his confidence through the medium of *McClure's*:

"Upon the deck and in the engine-room a crew of four men, each at his appointed post. Instruments of navigation and meteorology abound, and the captain of the ship stands with his eyes upon barographs, statoscopes, manometers, and other instruments, which speak to him of the ever-varying moods and conditions of the parts and vitals of his complex machine. Stowed in kennel-like compartments are a dozen sledge-dogs brought all the way from the habitat of the Samoyed tribes on the Arctic shores of the River Ob in Siberia. A ton and a half of food is in the cargo, that neither man nor beast need starve for many a long month, should the voyage go badly. Sledges, boats, skees, are there, and all the paraphernalia of a sledging party, should it be necessary to make the return over the ice instead of through the air. An odd-looking contrivance, snake-like, beribbed, articulated, steel-clad with scales of artifice, hangs perpendicularly from the forward end of the car; from the aft part runs far to the rear and downward, three or four hundred feet to the surface of the earth, a steel cable, dragging after it another and longer steel-scaled serpent, half a ton of food in his belly, swimming upon the water or gliding over the surface of the ice in the wake of the big ship overhead.

"More echoes of the Gatling-like explosions of

the motor-exhaust; the steel screws beat the air with increasing velocity; the open strait is crossed, the crew making their last salutes to comrades left standing on the shore; guns are fired from a number of ships lying at anchor in the little harbor; the trail of the serpent is now over the graves of the Dutchmen on low Smeerenberg point—and beyond lies the polar sea, with its eternal fields of ice, its vast unexplored area, its mysteries jealously guarded through the centuries, its challenge to man to conquer them if he dare and can, with the Pole as the symbol of its defiance."

Mr. Wellman reached Spitzbergen last month, and for the past three weeks he has been installing gas apparatus, enclosing the great balloon house, assembling the car, setting up the motor and so on. The first week of this month of July is devoted to trials of the airship itself. The start for the North Pole is not to be made until the twentieth. If necessary, he will defer its start until as late as the latter part of August. In addition to Mr. Wellman, the expedition includes Major Hearsey, who goes as executive officer and scientific observer through the courtesy of the United States Government. Gaston Hervieu, the eminent French aëronautical engineer, will co-operate in the navigation of the craft. Mr. Wellman, upon reaching Norway last month, gave this authorized version of his plans and expectations to Reuter:

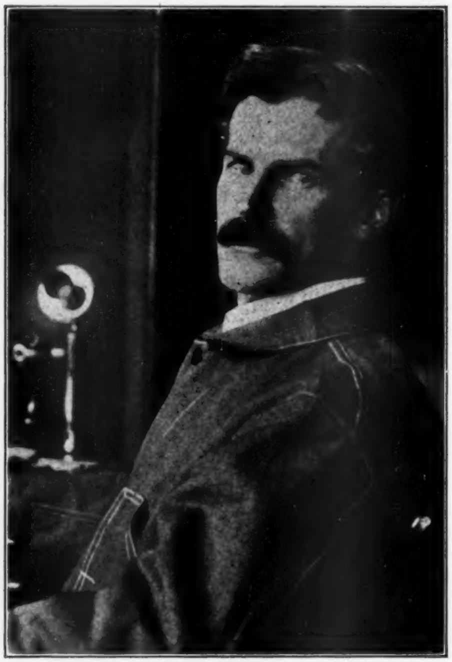
"We have constructed an entirely new airship with which we hope to accomplish the end we have in view, namely, an aërial journey from Spitzbergen to the Pole and back. One of the most important changes we have effected has been the enlargement of the balloon of the airship. This has been made 18 feet longer, and its lifting power increased by 3,000 pounds, giving a total lifting force of 19,500 pounds. The balloon is 184 feet long and 52 feet in its greatest diameter, its cubic volume being 265,000 cubic feet. With the single exception of Count Zeppelin's airship, this is the largest ever built. The next important change in our last year's equipment is that we have built an entirely new car and mechanical equipment, all of that used last year having been discarded. The new car consists of a framework of steel tubing 115 feet long, 10 feet high, and 8 feet broad. This is suspended close under the balloon, at such a distance that those standing on the top of the car can easily reach the balloon. The keel or backbone of the airship consists of a steel tank 18 inches in diameter and 115 feet in length, with a capacity for holding 1,200 gallons of petrol. The top of this tank will be really the deck of our ship. By this disposition we make the weight of the tank, which is about 1,000 pounds, do double duty, for it is not only a safe reservoir for our petrol, but at the same time gives rigidity to the structure of the ship. This tank is divided into fourteen compartments to prevent the danger of explosion, and the petrol can be pumped from any section of this tank so as to trim the ship. The car is enclosed with tightly-stretched silk, the two sides forming a vertical plane and the wide roof a horizontal plane, all constructed for giving stability to the ship in the air. At the stern of the vessel is a rudder of some 900 square feet in the form of a bicycle wheel, which, despite its great size, only weighs 30 pounds. A little forward of the center is placed a very heavy motor, built for endurance and safety, of 70 horse-power, and having a weight of 900 pounds, which is warranted to run constantly and steadily for as many hours as we wish. In this new airship the propellers, which are of the same type as those used in French military airships, are placed in the center on either side of the vessel. They consist of two blades of steel 11 feet in diameter.

"The living quarters of the airship are in triangular bunk-like spaces within the inclosed steel car. These are capable of accommodating ten or twelve men, twelve dogs, together with our provisions and equipment. Suspended from the roof of the airship and running on light rails is a tank, containing 600 pounds of provisions, which, by means of a windlass in the navigating-room, can be run the entire length of the car, so as to supply our food wherever necessary, and also to balance the ship. The total weight of the steel car and tank is 2,200 pounds. The motors, screws, and machinery weigh 1,350 pounds. We carry in our tank 6,800 pounds of petrol, capable of running the motor for 150 hours at a normal speed of fourteen knots per hour, giving a total radius of action from the liquid fuel of 2,100 knots. The weight of the cargo we carry diminishes on an average 600 pounds per day by the consumption of petrol for the motor, while the loss of lifting-power by leakage of gas through the skin of the balloon will probably not exceed 150 pounds per day. The net result of this is that we have on an average day 450 pounds to 500 pounds of lifting force no longer required, and representing just so much gas to be disposed of and to maintain the equilibrium of the ship. Ordinarily the surplus gas would be allowed to escape through the valves, but inasmuch as hydrogen has a very high calorific power, we have thought it a pity to waste good fuel, and by actual experiment we have found that we can burn the surplus hydrogen in our motor, with the result that we have a further thirty hours of motoring from the waste gas, giving a total of 180 hours, at fourteen knots per hour.

"It is our intention during our voyage to the Pole to be always in contact with the earth by means of a guide-rope. We shall never ascend more than 300 feet to 500 feet, and our guide-rope will trail over the surface of the earth. This guide-rope is absolutely essential to the safety of our navigation, and is of considerable weight. Instead of employing a steel-line, we have made what I may call a leather serpent, 15 inches in diameter and 130 feet long, and weighing about 1,400 pounds. This is packed full of reserve food, weighing 1,200 pounds, and is suspended from the airship by means of a steel rope. It is covered with small steel scales to protect the leather and to make the whole guide travel smoothly over ice or snow. It will also float on the sea. By means of the enlargement of the airship and the food contained in the guide-rope we are able to carry with us a total of 3,000 pounds of food, or enough to enable the crew of the airship to subsist on its own stores for a period of ten months, without having recourse to game or outside supplies."

"NATURE FAKING"

WHETHER a big white wolf can kill a young caribou by biting it in the chest, while a question of great scientific interest in itself, involves at present the more important subject of alleged "utterly preposterous details of wild life" placed before our school children in the guise of truth. Theodore Roosevelt is responsible for the dramatic nature of the interest thus injected into pedagogics. "Nature faking," as the President calls it, is, according to him, masquerading as a serious branch of the curriculum. "There is no more reason why the children of the country should be taught a false natural history than why they should be taught a false physical geography." Thus the President in the now celebrated interview with Edward B. Clark to which *Everybody's* gave publicity a few weeks ago. As a flagrant instance of the false natural history he had in mind, the President referred to some portions of William J. Long's "Northern Trails," a volume which concerns itself with many wild things, particularly with Wayeeses, the fanciful name of a white wolf. In the preface to the adventures of his white wolf, Dr. Long tells the world that every incident, from the wolf's grasshopper hunting to the caribou chase is true to fact—based absolutely upon his own observation or upon that of his Indian guides. Whereupon Mr. Roosevelt comments:



"I TELL SOME STORIES ABOUT WILD ANIMALS THAT ARE SURPRISING"

So much is admitted by Dr. William J. Long, whom the President accuses of "nature faking." Dr. Long retorts that Mr. Roosevelt is not a competent judge of what nature faking is. "Mr. Roosevelt," says Dr. Long, "never gets near enough to animals of the forest to know anything about them."

"The story of Wayeeses is filled with the wildest improbabilities and a few mathematical impossibilities. If Mr. Long wants us to believe his story of the killing of the caribou fawn by the wolf in the way he says it was done he must produce eye witnesses and affidavits. I don't believe the thing occurred. Nothing except a shark or an alligator will attempt to kill by a bite behind the shoulder. There is no less vulnerable point of attack. An animal might be bitten there in a confused scuffle, of course, or seized in his jump so as to throw him, but no man who knows anything of the habits of wolves, or even of fighting dogs, would dream of describing this as the place to kill with one bite. I have seen scores of animals that have been killed by wolves; the killing or crippling bites were always in the throat, flank or ham. Mr. George Shiras, who has seen, not scores, but hundreds of such carcasses, tells me that the death wounds or disabling wounds were invariably in the throat or the flank, except when the animal was first hamstrung.

"If Mr. Long's wolf killed the caribou fawn by a bite through the heart, as the writer asserts, the wolf either turned a somerset—or pretty near it—or else got his head upside down under the forelegs of the fawn, a sufficiently difficult performance. Wayeeses would have had to do this before he could get the whole breast of the animal in his mouth in order to crush it and bite through to the heart. It is very unlikely that any wolf outside of a book would be fool enough to attempt a thing like this even with a fawn caribou, when the killing could be done far more surely in so many easier ways.

"But the absurdity of this story is as nothing to the story of the killing of a bull caribou by the same wolf, using the same method. 'A terrific rush, a quick snap under the stag's chest just behind the forelegs where the heart lay; then the big wolf leaped aside and sat down quietly again to watch.'

"Mr. Long has Wayeeses, after tearing the caribou's heart, hold himself 'with tremendous will-power from rushing in headlong and driving the game, which might run for miles if too hard pressed.'

"Now here Mr. Long is not thinking of anything he has ever seen, but has a confused memory of what he has heard or read of gut-wounded animals. A caribou with such a hurt may go on for a long distance before it drops, and it is wise not to follow it too closely, because if not followed it will often lie down, and in an hour or so will become too stiff to get up. But it would seem that even Mr. Long might know, what a

child should know, that no caribou and no land mammal of any kind lives after the heart is pierced as he describes; whether followed or not, the caribou would fall in a few jumps. This, however, is the least of the absurdities of the story. That Wayeeses tore the heart of the bull caribou in the way that Mr. Long describes is a mathematical impossibility. The wolf's jaws would not gape right; the skin and the chest walls, with all the protective bone and tissue, could not possibly be crushed in; the teeth of the wolf could not pierce through them to the heart, for no wolf's teeth are long enough for the job, nor are the teeth of any other carnivorous land mammal. By no possibility could a wolf or any other flesh-eating land mammal perform such a feat. It would need the tusks of a walrus. Mr. Long actually cannot know the length of a wolf's fang; let him measure one, and then measure what the length would have to be to do the thing he describes; and then let him avow his story a pleasing fable. He will get a clear idea of just what the feat would be if he will hang a grapefruit in the middle of a keg of flour, and then see whether a big dog could bite through the keg into the grapefruit: it would be a parallel performance to the one he describes when he makes his picture-book wolf bite into the heart of a bull caribou."

Mr. Roosevelt impeaches the accuracy of some of Charles G. D. Roberts's observations of animal life, without, however, impeaching the integrity of that brilliant writer of wild life studies. Jack London's knowledge of wolves is referred to disparagingly. But the worst of "these nature writing offenders," as Mr. Roosevelt is pleased to term them, is perhaps William J. Long, or so the President thinks. The educational sham of it all is denounced in Mr. Roosevelt's bluntest fashion.

But Dr. Long has not taken all this punishment, as the saying is, "lying down." He issued a public letter to the President in which he insisted upon the accuracy of his natural history. Doctor Long said he had himself seen the deer bleeding in the snow and beside it the fresh tracks of a large wolf. "The wolf had bitten into the lower chest just behind the left shoulder and one long fang had ripped open to the heart. In my notebook I find the testimony of my Indian, Matty Mitchell, of Bonnie Bay, Newfoundland, who declares that the big white wolf frequently kills caribou in this way. Sometimes a single snap tears open the breast cartilage and a wrench lays the heart bare. If the first snap fails, others follow quicker than a man can open and shut his hand, and the heart is cut before the deer is fully aware that he has been gripped." Doctor Long knows of three other men who have seen deer killed in this way. He presents the affidavit of one eye witness to the feat whose credibility is vouched for by the field secretary of the American Missionary Association.

WHAT ROOSEVELT DENOUNCED AS "NATURE FAKING"

This picture, from Dr. W. J. Long's "Northern Trails" (reproduced by courtesy of Ginn & Co.), illustrates the incident in that book to which Mr. Roosevelt specifically referred as misrepresentation, and which the author claims to be absolute fact.

Be the facts of this particular controversy what they may, it remains true, according to John Burroughs, that "nature faking" has attained proportions seriously detrimental to the educational curricula of the country.

Theodore Roosevelt himself is fully qualified to pass judgment on animal life from the standpoint of the scientist. The article in *Everybody's* quotes Dr. C. Hart Merriam, chief of the biological survey, as saying: "Theodore Roosevelt is the world's authority on the big game mammals of North America." Those who have studied the European press for the past ten years will agree that this is not an exaggerated statement. Long before he became governor of New York, Mr. Roosevelt had been quoted with respect in Europe as a writer on big game and as an authority on some important branches of nature study. He was mentioned in this way by a writer in *The Contemporary Review* several years ago, who simply reflected the judgment of various London periodicals when he remarked that Mr. Roosevelt is "a competent authority" on natural history. In justice to Dr. Long it should likewise be stated that his various works on beasts, fowls and the life of the

ROOSEVELT THE HUNTER

This amusing caricature in marble was made by the French sculptor, Paul Nocquet (who lost his life a year ago on Long Island), and elicited a letter from the President expressive of the amusement he and all his family had derived from it. It is especially interesting just now in view of the controversy between Mr. Roosevelt and William J. Long, in which the latter repels the charge of being a nature fakir and accuses Mr. Roosevelt of being a bloodthirsty slaughterer.

woods have been reviewed favorably by more than one "competent authority." He claims the merit of fidelity to truth. But, he adds, "I hate killing and bloodshed" and he makes his death scenes as free as possible from repulsive details. Nevertheless, Mr. Roosevelt feels called upon to say further:

"I wonder sometimes as I read the lynx stories of Mr. Long if this wilderness tramper ever saw a lynx to know it at all in any real sense. He has several stories of the lynx. They vary little in their grotesque inaccuracy. Take the story of 'Upweekis the Shadow,' which has place in a little book that I am told is used as one of the supplementary readers from which American school children are expected to get accurate knowledge of wilderness ways. There are all kinds of absurdities in this lynx 'study.' In one place, for instance, Mr. Long describes a number of lynxes gathered around the nearly eaten carcass of a caribou, while a menagerie of smaller beasts, including a pine marten, circulates freely among them. Now, of course, a marten would circulate among a company of lynxes just about as long as a mouse would circulate among a company of cats. But the most comic feature of Mr. Long's lynx article is his account of various desperate encounters he had with the animal, which he evidently regards as a monster dangerous to man. We are told by the writer that a lone lynx made him exceedingly 'uncomfortable' for half an afternoon. The animal 'dogged' him hour after hour through the wilderness. He tells of making double time for four miles in order to reach camp before night should fall and give the lynx the advantage. Mr. Long declares that he had an encounter with the lynx before he succeeded in driving it from the trail. In reality, any one is in just as much danger of being attacked by a domestic cat when walking through his own garden as Mr. Long was of being attacked by this lynx of the northern wilderness."

AMERICA'S WRONG NOTION OF LUTHER BURBANK'S ACHIEVEMENT

WITH a pride in one of America's illustrious sons that does us all credit, we have been inclined over here to look upon Luther Burbank as a pioneer, a discoverer of new principles, in horticulture. The truth is, according to the illustrious Hugo de Vries, professor of botany in the university of Amsterdam, that Luther Burbank has not enlarged human knowledge of anything essential in the science of plant-breeding. His results, brilliant in themselves, seem quite new in our country because the methods and results of European horticulturists are, as a rule, accessible to American breeders only with difficulty. "Burbank has had to rediscover many of the rules and practices which in Europe were more or less universally known." Thus Professor de Vries in the work newly issued* by him on the subject of plant-breeding. Burbank's science and Burbank's methods are "his own work," concedes de Vries, but in comparison with those of other horticulturists they do not comprise essentially different procedures. Not only does Burbank's work not enlarge our knowledge, but it is not intended to do so. "He is a nurseryman, but he has no nursery in the ordinary sense of the word. He is a tradesman, but sells nothing besides his novelties, and these only to other dealers who will multiply them and offer them to the general public." Mr. Burbank is not engaged in pure scientific research.

The main work of Burbank, as de Vries explains it, consists in producing new varieties by crossing. The aim of crossing is the combination of the desirable qualities of two or more species and varieties into one strain and the elimination of the undesirable characters. In the most simple cases this can be produced by one cross and without selection. Ordinarily, however, many crosses and the production of a more or less chaotic progeny are required and selection has to decide what is to live and what is to be rejected. Hybrids often surpass both their parents in the vigor of their growth and the profuseness of their flowering. Taking advantage of this rule, Burbank has produced hybrids of extreme capacities. The most astonishing instances are afforded by his hybrid walnuts. But the rule of hybridization upon which Burbank proceeded was discovered long before by Koelreuter and Gartner and confirmed by numerous other scientists. Burbank has not discovered anything that can form the basis of a generalization in botany. We know nothing after all his work that we did not know before.

The distinguishing feature of Burbank's work is the large scale on which his selections for breeding are made. It is evident that in a variety of mixed condition, or in the offspring of a hybrid, and even in the ordinary fluctuating variability, the chance of finding some

*PLANT BREEDING. By Hugo de Vries. Open Court Company.

widely divergent individual increases with the number of the plants. Burbank's results depend largely upon these great numbers. The scientific value of these results is often impaired by the looseness of the methods. This is manifest in the case of Burbank's spineless cactus. The thornless species with which he crossed the edible varieties had been sent to him from Mexico and elsewhere without names. They were eliminated from the cultures as soon as the required crosses had been made. Hence it is evident that a scientific pedigree of Burbank's now renowned spineless and edible cactus will always remain involved in doubt as to its initial ancestry.

The great discoverer in that field of science with which the name of Burbank is popularly associated is Hjalmar Nilsson, a scientist with whose name the general public are not at all familiar. Nilsson is the discoverer of what de Vries terms "the elementary species of agricultural plants," and he has long been director of the Swedish agricultural experiment station at Svalof. He has established on something like scientific principle truths which Burbank simply applies. But even Nilsson had to build upon a foundation laid by others, since the first to discover the principle of improving agricultural plants by selection was Le Couteur. He lived in the first part of the nineteenth century on Jersey, one of the islands in the channel, off the coast of France. Another celebrated breeder who worked on the same principle was the Scotch agriculturist, Patrick Shirreff. He lived about the middle of the nineteenth century. He observed that from time to time, and, as he thought, by mere accident, a plant occurred which seemed far more promising than all the remainder of the same field. Such individuals he marked, helping their development by pulling out their neighbors if they were crowded and giving them the most assiduous attention. Then he saved their seeds separately and sowed them in order to multiply his new types as fast as possible. His first discovery was made in the year 1819. He observed a plant of wheat which surpassed its neighbors by its high branching. He saved the seeds, sowed them in a separate field and at considerable distances apart, so as to induce in all the plants the same rich branching. He contrived to multiply it so rapidly that it took only two generations to get seed enough to bring it advantageously into the trade.

Le Couteur and Patrick Shirreff seem to have been the only breeders of agricultural plants who worked on the principle of one single initial selection and of subsequent rapid multiplication without renewal of the choice and without isolating the best individuals during the following generations. On this point they are to be considered the precursors of the method which has of late been discovered anew by Nilsson. From Le Couteur and Shirreff dates that new epoch in the plant life of the world which we Americans are erroneously inclined to date from Luther Burbank. A genius far more prolific than Burbank's was that of F. F. Hallett, who began his work just fifty years ago. Hallett started from quite another point of view than that of Le Couteur and Shirreff. Hallett did not depend upon observation of the variability of his cultures, but rather from his experience as a breeder of cattle.

Hallett, who lived in the south of England, acted on the theory that each plant has one head, which, in the case of a cereal, is the best of all—its ears—and that in the same way each ear has one best kernel. Moreover, he was convinced that the best kernel of the whole plant is always to be found in the best ear. He also assumed that the qualities of the single kernels are inherited by the plants which they produce. From these premises he concluded that varieties could be improved by choosing the best kernel of the best ear for their reproduction. This choice had to be repeated throughout a series of generations. Perhaps it is not too much to say that Hallett accomplished more than any plant-breeder before or since his day in the establishment of those principles which Burbank applies. It was the work of Hallett that made it possible for Burbank to achieve his successful results with the potato. Had there been no Le Couteur, no Shirreff and no Hallett, there could have been no Burbank, because Burbank is simply a producer of horticultural novelties, a follower of men who have worked before him, a filler in of details in a scheme outlined by his predecessors. The ocean liners now crossing the Atlantic are infinitely superior to the caravels of Columbus, but it remains true that Columbus pointed the way to the new world and that when the way had been pointed out nothing was easier than to follow it.

In the application of the principles outlined by others, on the other hand, Luther Burbank has gone much farther than any predecessors in the same field. It must be remembered, as regards this point, that he has enjoyed facilities for experimentation on an immense scale. The wonderful California climate has favored him, too.

HOW THE LITERARY MAN IS MISREPRESENTING EVOLUTION

ANYTHING more preposterous than the theory of evolution disseminated in the works of contemporary men of letters, including novelists and poets, affirms Dr. E. Ray Lankester in his latest Oxford lecture, can scarcely be imagined. The rising poetaster, talking with the glibness of ignorance about Darwinism and the struggle for existence, need inspire only amusement because his verses are usually fantastic enough to harmonize with his equally fantastic biology. But what are we to say of the world-renowned novelist who converts his fictions into instrumentalities for the dissemination of error on the subject of evolution? It must be remembered that multitudes of the very well educated imbibe their notions of evolution from the works of the literary men to whom they are attracted by charm of style or novelty of thought. "The larger proportion of educated people even at the present day have not got beyond Perdita's view of nature." They accept confidingly the interpretations of evolution upon which literary men of the first rank to-day base their optimism or their pessimism as the case may be. This makes the work of the scientific teacher peculiarly difficult. He must devote his energies largely to correcting the misrepresentations of evolutionary thought with which the best current literature is filled. If popular poets and popular novelists would try to ascertain what Darwinism is and what the word evolution means the scientific ideas of educated and cultivated people, says Dr. Lankester, would be less grotesque.

In selecting Paul Bourget, the illustrious French novelist, as an instance in point, Dr. Lankester declares that the admiration for that most brilliant of Academicians is now excessive and can never grow less. "Paul Bourget," he says, "is not only a charming writer of modern novels, but claims to be a psychologist, a title which perhaps may be conceded to every author who writes of human character. His works are so deservedly esteemed and his erudition is, as a rule, so unassailable that, in selecting him as an example of the frequent misrepresentation among literary men of Darwin's doctrine, I trust that my choice may be regarded as a testimony of my respect for his art." But in the most recent of his novels, published under the title "A Divorce," Dr. Lankester finds Paul Bourget saying:

"The struggle between species, that inflexible law of animal universe, has its exact equivalent in the world of ideas. Certain mentalities constitute veritable intellectual species that cannot endure side by side."

It ought to be unnecessary to say—tho, alas! it is necessary—that his inflexible law of the animal universe, the struggle between species, is quite unknown to zoologists, to biologists, to evolutionists, altho it is a matter of course to poets and novelists now living. The struggle for existence to which Darwin assigned importance is not a struggle between different species, but one between closely similar members of the same species. The struggle between species is by no means universal. In fact, it is very rare. The clever novelist, again, thinks it scientific to assume that the struggle between a beast of prey which seeks to nourish itself and the buffalo which defends its life with its horns is the struggle for existence as Darwin understood it. This is scarcely less absurd than the purely poetical idea that Nature is beautiful. Nothing has done more to eliminate the beautiful from our earth than Nature. The brilliant plumage of the bird, the graceful forms of motion in extinct mammals, the once lovely contours of our eroded coast lines, to all these things Nature is indifferent and even hostile. Many well informed people refer to "the beauty of Nature" as if it were a demonstrable fact. The scientifically established truth points to the ugliness of Nature. Leave Nature to herself and some of the loveliest plant and animal forms would either perish or be distorted into something hideous.

Neither the poet nor the novelist, in these days of talk about "superman," seems to know that in the struggle for existence the obscure and the feeble tend, very frequently, to survive. The very inferiority of an organism will often give it an advantage over strong competitors by making it more suitable to the environment. A more objectionable misinterpretation of the doctrine of the survival of the fittest in the struggle for existence is that made by literary men who declare, according to their bias, that science rightly teaches that the gross quality measured by wealth and strength can alone survive and should therefore alone be cultivated or that science (and especially Darwinism) has done serious injury to the progress of mankind by authoriz-

ing this teaching. Both are wrong. Wrong, too, are the poets and novelists who assume that the struggle for existence among the members of a species in natural conditions is anything like the struggle for advancement or wealth among human beings. What is known in economics as competition can never be understood by analogies drawn from the biological struggle for existence. In a word, the nomenclature of literary men to-day is out of date, a series of misleading expressions inherited from the days of blank ignorance.

A PHYSIOLOGIST'S ATTEMPT TO UNDERMINE THE FOUNDATIONS OF BIOLOGY

COULD it be shown conclusively that an organism—say, a living man—is in no sense made up of an aggregation of separate autonomous units—what are called cells—the whole fabric of biology would collapse. Darwin's "gemmules," Haeckel's "plastidules," Weismann's "biophores" and various other elements in contemporary science would become as imaginary as the gold at the end of the rainbow. The definition of life, so far as biology has any definition of life, would have to be framed anew. The cell-theory would go by the board. Such an event would amount to a scientific sensation in comparison with which the first appearance of "The Origin of Species" would seem as the explosion of a firecracker beside an eruption of Vesuvius. For it would be evident that every living organism does not begin as a single cell. Biology is now based upon the proposition that when a single cell reaches a certain size it begins to divide. It is this division, according to Spencer, Haeckel and the rest, which shapes the growth of "the heterogeneous multicellular individual" from "the homogeneous unicellular creature." All this is mere superstition if the cell be not the unit of life.

Now, Dr. Edmund Montgomery, on the strength of his own direct observations, claims to have positively ascertained this very revolutionary circumstance. Protoplasm, living substance, owes its vitality, its being alive, to a process carried on between itself and its environment at the surface of contact. This process is called "functional disintegration" by Dr. Montgomery. It is a process induced from without. It is followed by functional reintegration from within. Thus the unit of biology is not the cell, which is purely adventitious, but that integral whole constituting the entire organism which we call a man or a worm or a fish. The vital process of disintegration and reintegration necessarily entails the functions of vitality, namely nutrition and depuration.

Haeckel's "primitive unicellular protozoa" that came together and formed crude organisms—clusters of cells that kept together, but had no special division of labor—are put out of science by Dr. Montgomery. Following Haeckel we shall believe that as all the members of the cluster of cells pressed to the surface, in order to obtain their food, they came to form not a solid mass of cells but a hollow vesicle with a wall of cells. Certain cells—those in front—were better situated to receive floating food as the animal moved along. They became the eating cells of the group. They provided nourishment for the others. These feeding cells multiplied rapidly at the fore part of the creature. A depression ensued at that part. The sphere was doubled in upon itself. It came to have the form of a cup with a double-layered wall. Outside were those cells that accomplished movement, that effected sensation. Inside were the eating or stomach cells. At the top remained an opening. There the food went in. It was the mouth. Here we have what is known in biology as the primitive multicellular animal. It went onward and upward in the scale—became a starfish, a crab, a snail, an amphioxus, a vertebrate, a man. Biologically, the series runs: ovum, cluster of cells, ball, two cell layers in a cup-shape, skin, stomach, mouth. Such is that gospel according to Haeckel which Dr. Montgomery in his new book* terms a superstition, hiding a truth instead of revealing one.

More than forty years ago, while acting as pathologist at St. Thomas's Hospital in London, examining microscopically numerous cancerous tumors and other morbid growths, Dr. Montgomery became convinced of the fallacy of the cell theory. What are called "pus-corpuscles," believed by many scientists to be cells in the act of proliferation, Dr. Montgomery claims to be a product of decay and not of growth. He even claims to have

*PHILOSOPHICAL PROBLEMS IN THE LIGHT OF VITAL ORGANIZATION. By Edmund Montgomery. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

artificially imitated most forms of cells and of nuclei and to have shown that cell-like bodies may form in great numbers without being derived from an original mother cell. It would seem to follow that biology errs when it teaches that all animals and plants consist at first of a single cell—the egg-cell or ovum—which begins to develop when fertilized by the sperm cell derived from the opposite sex. Development would seem to have nothing to do with division into two cells, then into four and so on. These cells are supposed to arrange themselves into layers and to form various tubes, rods and the like which represent the organs of the fully matured creature, and are thus the life principle of the complete organism. That is why biologists, seeking the origin of life, explore the cell. They are on the wrong track, affirms Dr. Montgomery, because the typical cell form is not a separate unit in the construction of animal bodies. The cell is not the life, it does not contain the life, it is not even the material upon which the life process acts. Protoplasm is the living substance. Vitality is the establishment of relations with the environment. Life is not, however, some separate, power-endowed entity. It does not act from without the organism. Nor must the organism be conceived as a mechanical contrivance. It is not made up of gemmules or biophores. Life, vitality, being alive, is the result from moment to moment of a definite cycle of chemical activity. It is this round of chemical activity which constitutes the vital phenomena of the living substance. Death, therefore, does not consist in the withdrawal of a separate life principle from the deserted organic mechanism. Nor does death consist in the decay of organic substance. It consists in the arrest of the intrinsic activity which constitutes the organism a living substance. What is this intrinsic activity?

Life at all its stages, replies Dr. Montgomery, is fundamentally conditioned by interaction with the medium. The spring of all vitality, that which sets it going and keeps it quickened, is functional interaction with conditions of existence afforded by the environment. Living substance stands in three different direct and vital modes of dependence upon its given medium. First are the stimulating influences which excite functions of sense. Second is the nutritive supply of material for reintegration following disintegration. Third is the supply of atmospheric oxygen necessitated by the depurative process leading to the elimination of waste products. This is life, or rather these three activities taken together are life. Cells as units can not enter into any stage of this process. It is useless to seek for the origin of life in the cells or in the cell, where these interdependent processes between the living substance and its medium are not operative.

The sense interaction takes place at the organism's point of contact with the medium. Stimulating influences here disintegrate the living substance. Disintegration thus started spreads inwardly. It would eventually cause the entire substance of the living being to waste away, but it is met and arrested by reintegration from within. Susceptibility to being thus affected, the peculiar susceptibility of the living substance to being thus functionally disintegrated by external stimulation and ability thereupon to regain full integrity and identity of constitution—this unique interplay of functional reintegration following functional disintegration—is that which is the essence of vitality, that which constitutes vitality, that which involves in its train all other vital functions. By force of it the living substance comes to be the only genuine substantial existent in nature. For it alone maintains its identity tho continually undergoing changes. It is in fact a veritable vortex of change amid which it rescues its identity by constant reintegration. So far, therefore, as biology can tell us anything of the nature of life, it must not look for it in terms of the cell unit. Life is not a unit, but a sum total, and that sum total is found by adding together all the functions that resist death. The cell is outside this problem.

Substance, as an indispensable condition to being alive, is constitutionally and from the very beginning adapted to its medium. Adaptation to the medium is coëval with life itself. Haeckel is quite wrong in insisting that adaptation to environment is additionally brought about in some roundabout way. Adaptation of living substance to its medium exists from the beginning.

The most conspicuous auxiliary function of vital activity is that of appropriating nutritive material. By means of nutritive material the living substance is enabled to reintegrate itself when functionally disintegrated. The continuance of life is thus obviously dependent upon the supply of nutritive material. Consequently this mode of adaptation or, to be more accurate, of adaptive dependence of the organism upon its definitely given medium must also be coëval with life itself. Life, as something that can exist apart from the organism, is unthinkable.

Recent Poetry

An EFFECTIVE plea for the minor poet appears in the London *Academy,* written by Alfred Turner. The very term "minor poet," he thinks, is born of a spirit of ridicule and is an indignity that ought to be resented. "Who," he asks, "ever heard any one speak of a minor musician or a minor painter?" The contempt for all poets in the making is not a new thing, but extends back at least as far as the Elizabethan days. In fact, "the derisive cry which was hurled at Keats—'back to your Gallipots'—has always followed the young poet into the solitude of his dreams, vexing his tender soul and making him a furtive beggar at the Gate of Letters." Mr. Turner eloquently adds: "Yet the world is undoubtedly full of poets; locked up securely in countless desks, hidden away from the irreverent eyes of dearest and nearest, are budgets of odes and sonnets that will never see the light. It is only here and there that a man is seized with the irresistible impulse to give to the world the good thing that has come into his heart rather than that it should slip into the void. He is the Minor Poet; and down from the snow-topped heights of Kosciusco he tumbles into the unfeeling clutches of the Philistines."

If the world be "full of poets," as Mr. Turner thinks, why this prevailing note of contempt for such as undertake to put their feelings into poetic form? No other form of literature or art is today so free from the taint of commercialism, and perhaps in that very fact lies the reason for the contempt, real or affected, expressed by a Philistine world. It is at least some consolation to note that despite all the Philistines have done and may do, the poetic impulse is too strong to be seriously checked. A writer—Marion Hill—in *Harper's Bazar*—gives us reason to believe that it is the deepest seated and the first developed of all modes of expression. Writing on "The Poet in the Nursery," she tells of the poetic speech common to children that are allowed to develop naturally, and the illustrations she gives from the speech of one little boy in particular seem to sustain her contention.

The name of John B. Tabb has become familiar to lovers of lyric verse, and they will welcome a volume of selections from his poems made by so competent a compiler as Alice Meynell. Mr. Tabb is certainly one of the minor poets, and while he never offends he seldom startles or dazzles his readers. There is much in this volume (Longmans, Green & Co.) that borders close upon the commonplace; but now and then a dainty cameo appears that seems worthy of long life. These for instance:

EVOLUTION

By John B. Tabb

Out of the dusk a shadow,
  Then, a spark;
Out of the cloud a silence,
  Then, a lark;
Out of the heart a rapture,
  Then, a pain;
Out of the dead cold ashes,
  Life again.

ANTICIPATION

By John B. Tabb

The master scans the woven score
Of subtle harmonies, before
  A note is stirred;
And Nature now is pondering
The tidal symphony of Spring,
  As yet unheard.

COMPENSATION

By John B. Tabb

How many an acorn falls to die
  For one that makes a tree!
How many a heart must pass me by
  For one that cleaves to me!

How many a suppliant wave of sound
  Must still unheeded roll,
For one low utterance that found
  An echo in my soul!

The poems of George Henry Miles, who died thirty-five years ago, have been collected by his brother, introduced by John Churton Collins and published by Longmans, Green & Co. Miles was a writer of tragedies, novels and critical essays published a generation and more ago, but his poetry has never before been published in book form. It is very faulty in its technique, justifying Mr. Collins's remarks that he "was very intolerant sometimes of the labors of the file," and "it is clear that he owed more to nature than to art." The best conceived poem in the volume is the opening (and title) poem, but there is too much conscious effort in it and too much straining after Poesque effect. These faults run through nearly all his verse.

SAID THE ROSE

By George Henry Miles

I am weary of the Garden,
  Said the Rose;
For the winter winds are sighing,
All my playmates round me dying,
And my leaves will soon be lying
  'Neath the snows.

But I hear my Mistress coming,
  Said the Rose;
She will take me to her chamber
Where the honeysuckles clamber
And I'll bloom there all December
  'Spite the snows.

Sweeter fell her lily finger
  Than the Bee!
Ah, how feebly I resisted,
Smoothed my thorns, and e'en assisted
As all blushing I was twisted
  Off my tree.

And she fixed me in her bosom
  Like a star;
And I flashed there all the morning,
Jasmin, honeysuckle scorning,
Parasites forever fawning
  That they are.

And when evening came she set me
  In a vase
All of rare and radiant metal,
And I felt her red lips settle
On my leaves till each proud petal
  Touched her face.

And I shone about her slumbers
  Like a light;
And I said, "Instead of weeping,
In the garden vigil keeping,
Here I'll watch my Mistress sleeping
  Every night."

But when morning with its sunbeams
  Softly shone,
In the mirror where she braided
Her brown hair I saw how jaded,
Old and colorless and faded
  I had grown.

Not a drop of dew was on me,
  Never one;
From my leaves no odors started,
All my perfume had departed,
I lay pale and broken-hearted
  In the sun.

Still, I said, her smile is better
  Than the rain;
Tho my fragrance may forsake me,
To her bosom she will take me,
And with crimson kisses make me
  Young again.

So she took me . . . gazed a second . . .
  Half a sigh . . .
Then, alas, can hearts so harden?
Without ever asking pardon,
Threw me back into the garden
  There to die.

How the jealous garden gloried
  In my fall!
How the honeysuckles chid me,
How the sneering jasmins bid me
Light the long, gray grass that hid me
  Like a pall.

There I lay beneath her window
  In a swoon,
Till the earthworn o'er me trailing
Woke me just at twilight's failing,
As the whip-poor-will was wailing
  To the moon.

But I hear the storm-winds stirring
  In their lair;
And I know they soon will lift me
In their giant arms and sift me
Into ashes as they drift me
  Through the air.

So I pray them in their mercy
  Just to take
From my heart of hearts or near it
The last living leaf, and bear it
To her feet, and bid her wear it
  For my sake.

"Poems of Mystery" is the title of a new volume of brief poems by W. Y. Sheppard, none of which is bad, yet none of which is compelling. Here is one of the best, embodying a rather fatalistic and Omarian philosophy:

ALPHA AND OMEGA

By W. Y. Sheppard

Ere you and I were forged from life,
  Who knows what hammer and what fire
Tempered these forms for mortal strife
  And modeled these minds of wild desire?

We find we are but what we were,
  And shall be only what we are;
The love and hope, the faith and fear
  That blossom from a single star.

Adam and Eve, the man and wife,
  Symbol the all that love can tell;
As Cain and Abel, with their strife,
  Foretold the law of mortal hell.

They come and go, these seeds of dust;
  The sand hills that are built to-day,
To-morrow's storm, with but a gust,
  Rebuilds a hundred miles away.

But, after all, the hills are sand,
  And Cain and Abel, dross and gold,
Pass down the years from hand to hand,
  The same in flesh, the same in soul.

There is nothing peculiarly Bostonian about the "Boston Ballades," by Frank Putnam. They are an even dozen in number, and they make very pleasant reading. Here is one of the most pleasant:

BALLADE OF THE HOUSE WHERE MY SWEET WIFE WAS BORN

By Frank Putnam

Silent I stand before a crumbling wall,
  All that remains of what was once a home;
The home that heard her first faint, wailing call
  When she set forth on unknown paths to roam.
  Winds cap the mighty river's waves with foam,
Whipping the trees that crown the height behind.
Gray sightless winds that seek but never find,
  You bear us even as seeds from grasses torn;
Me you have seiz'd and dropt with impulse kind
  Here by the house where my sweet wife was born.

Dear little house, whose frame long since was dust,
Only this wall remaining in time's despite,
Do you recall how voices all were husht
In awed suspense on that October night?
How even the stars in their majestic flight
Lean'd low to breathe a blessing on her ways?
And did you know how after many days
One would come hither, a pilgrim sad and worn,
To pledge anew his faith, and sing your praise,
O little house where my sweet wife was born?

Your very dust is eloquent; I hear
Patter of baby feet that sought your door,
Prattle of baby lips and O, most dear!
Ghosts of wee toys upon the vanisht floor,
Shadows of joys from days that are no more.
Down this green path, embower'd with blossoms fair,
She past into a world of loss and care;
Herself a flower that gladden'd your life's morn,
You gave me her on my fond heart to wear,
Dear little house where my sweet wife was born.

ENVOY

Prince of the starry heavens, to whom I pray
Before these stones so fallen and so forlorn,
Receive my thanks for this predestin'd day
Here by the house where my sweet wife was born.

The one thing most essential in a fine poem is a poetical subject. With it many a poem does passing well without any particularly striking phrases or unusually mellifluous lines. The strength of the following poem (London *Saturday Review*) is in its subject rather than in its phrasing, tho the latter is far from poor:

BEDE, THE BLIND PREACHER

From the Russian of Polonsky, by J. S. Phillimore

Upon a lonely road at shut of day
Bede, the blind preacher, leaning on a lad
To stay his steps, barefoot (what clothes he had
Fluttering loose in the breeze) took his rough way.

More grisly grew the inhuman wild, and blank:
Nothing but here a pine-trunk, ages old,
There a gray boulder jutting from the mold,
Bearded with shaggy moss and lichens dank.

The lad was tired. Perhaps a bush in reach
Showed tempting berries; or, for the mere jest,
He'd fool the blind—he said "I'll go to rest,
And now's your time if you've a mind to preach.

"Shepherds have seen us from the high hillside;
Women are here expecting, children hem
The path, gray elders—speak of God to them,
And of His Son for our sins crucified."

A sudden glamor lit the age-worn face.
As springs rock-bound upbursting crack their shell,
So from his wan lips broke the living well
Of inspiration, like a torrent race.

He spoke as faith can speak. The blind man seemed
To read the Apocalypse behind the skies:
Heavenward his frail hand beckoned prophet-wise;
Tears in his disillumined sockets gleamed.

. . . . .

Look! now the pale moon drops behind the hill;
The red gold in the East begins to kindle;
Night vapors deep in valley bottoms dwindle. . . .
But when the Saint in rapture, preaching still,

Felt his arm nudged, and heard the laughing boy's
"Enough! There's no one left—let's on again,"
And ceased, bowing his head in silence,—then
All round with vast and congregated noise
The stones of the wilderness returned "Amen."

We believe the scientists are still debating the subject whether a crotched twig of witch hazel can really reveal the whereabouts of a subterranean spring or well. The weight of testimony of late has been in favor of the twig when held by the right person. Dr. John H. Finley (who drops the middle initial of his name when he writes poetry) seems to accept—for poetical purposes at least—the popular belief or superstition, whichever it may be. To *The Atlantic Monthly* he contributes the following:

THE WATER WITCH

By John Finley

Gray, unearthly water-witch
With your supple forkèd switch
Wand'ring o'er my upland field,
What is to your sense revealed
That is hid away from mine,
That my hand cannot divine?

Is it Arethusa, crying
Still from base Alphæus flying,
That you hear and fain would lead
Forth upon the fragrant mead,
As a gentle sweet-voiced fountain,
At the foot of my lone mountain?

Or the famed Pierian rill,
Migrant from its ancient hill,—
Does it flow with rhythmic beat
Under your slow-shuffling feet,
Till the forest's pulses cry
Through this twig their rapt reply?

Or that other stream of old
Where King Midas, fond of gold,
Bathed and found his body freed
From its gold-creating greed—
Do its hoarded yellow sands
Twitch your empty, callous hands?

. . . . . .

Yesterday an emperor
Savant, navarch, conqueror,
Tiring of his wave and clod,
Asked for a divining rod,
Not content till he should bring
Waters from the hidden spring,
Till the streams beneath the land
Should obey his least command.

But no man shall govern these
Save who's often on his knees
Where the flowers and grasses grow,
Who has heard the rain and snow
Talking with the parchèd earth
Of the deluge and the dearth;
Save who knows the forest's speech,
Voice of oak and pine and beech,
And amid their shadows dreams—
He shall hear the silent streams,
He shall see the unseen things,
He shall find the secret springs,
He shall strike in faith the rock,
Tho the unbelieving mock,
He shall make a living well
For the thirsty souls who dwell
In the vale of Baca, he
Seer of sky and spring shall be;
In his hands the out-door God
Puts his true divining rod.

Theodosia Garrison seldom writes without stimulating the mind with an original and unexpected turn of thought. It is present certainly in the following poem in *The Smart Set*:

THE BALLAD OF THE ANGEL

By Theodosia Garrison

"Who is it knocking in the night,
  That fain would enter in?"
"The ghost of Lost Delight am I,
  The sin you would not sin,
Who comes to look in your two eyes
  And see what might have been."

"Oh, long ago and long ago
  I cast you forth," he said,
"For that your eyes were all too blue,
  Your laughing mouth too red,
And my torn soul was tangled in
  The tresses of your head."

"Now mind you with what bitter words
  You cast me forth from you?"
"I bade you back to that fair hell
  From whence your breath you drew,
And with great blows I broke my heart
  Lest it might follow, too.

"Yea, from the grasp of your white hands
  I freed my hands that day,
And have I not climbed near to God
  As these His henchmen may?"
"Ah, man, ah, man! 'twas my two hands
  That led you all the way."

"I hid my eyes from your two eyes
  That they might see aright."
"Yet think you 'twas a star that led
  Your feet from height to height?
It was the flame of my two eyes
  That drew you through the night."

With trembling hands he threw the door,
  Then fell upon his knee.
"Ah, armèd vision cloaked in light,
  Why do you honor me?"
"The Angel of your Strength am I
  Who was your sin," quoth she.

"For that you slew me long ago
  My hands have raised you high;
For that you closed my eyes—my eyes
  Are light, to lead you by.
And 'tis my touch shall swing the gates
  Of heaven when you die!"

There is a classic beauty in the following stanzas—not a word too many, not a word misplaced. It is a fine piece of work. We take it from *The Atlantic Monthly*:

ALCHEMY

By Edward Wilbur Mason

Out of the songs of frailest birds,
  Out of the winds that veer,
My soul has winnowed deathless words
  Of faith and hope and cheer!

Out of the passing stars of night,
  And waning suns of day,
My soul has woven robes of light
  That shall not fade away!

Out of the lowering clouds above,
  And out of storm and stress,
My soul has gathered dews of love,
  And golden happiness!

Out of its travail like the sea,
  Out of the breath of dust,
My soul has shaped Infinity,
  And made itself august!

In *The Canadian Magazine* appears a pleasing little love lyric. We usually avoid love poems written by women. One or two of them unusually answers all our needs for a considerable length of time. But the following catches our fancy and is not too rapturous to be enjoyable:

I WHISPERED TO THE BOB-O-LINK

By Isabel Ecclestone Mackay

I whispered to the Bob-o-link,
  "Sweet Singer of the Field,
Teach me a song to reach a heart,
  In maiden armor steeled."

"I only know one song," said he,
"And that I cannot tell to thee."

I whispered to the sweetest Rose,
  "What doth thy fragrance stir?
Tell me the charm that I may touch
  The deep, sweet heart of her."

"'Tis in the wind, the charm you seek,
But of the name no Rose may speak!"

I whispered to the quiet Lake,
  "What draws the stars to thee?
Tell me, so may her star-like eyes
  Create a heaven in me."

The calm Lake rippled this reply,
"The stars are mine—I know not why."

"Sweet Maid," I said, "I cannot learn
A charm to make thee mine,
And in my heart no grace I see
To lift it up to thine."

Stooping, I caught her whisper low:
"I love thee—why, I do not know!"

We publish the following, not because it is particularly poetic but because it is by Thomas Hardy. It is taken from *The Albany Review:*

WAGTAIL AND BABY—AN INCIDENT OF CIVILIZATION

By Thomas Hardy

A baby watched a ford, whereto
A wagtail came for drinking;
A blaring bull went wading through:
The wagtail showed no shrinking.

A stallion splashed his way across,
The birdie nearly sinking:
He gave his plumes a twitch and toss,
And held his own, unblinking.

Next saw the baby round the spot
A mongrel slowly slinking;
The wagtail gazed, but faltered not
In dip and sip and prinking.

A perfect gentleman then neared:
The wagtail, in a winking,
Rose terrified, and disappeared. . .
The baby fell a-thinking.

How many, many times, we wonder, has the court jester figured in poems. And he is always welcome, certainly so when treated as effectively as in the following from the St. Louis *Mirror*:

THE QUEEN'S JESTER

By Zoe Akins

Oh, I am weary of the Fool's light place!
I am a-weary of the songs I sing!
I am a-weary of the flowers I bring!
And I am weary of your smile's sweet grace.
Of all these things I am a-weary now,
Ay, sick of all, as once again I bow
My capped, shorn head before your star-like face!

Oh, Beauty, when your fingers lightly touch
My painted cheek in payment for my mirth,
The heart beneath my motley leaves the earth,
And—singing—reels, a drunken thing, to such
Wild heavens, my Queen, as you know nothing of;
You do not know because you know not love;
(Yet have I watched your eyes a-dreaming much.)

Dream, dream, sweet Queen, upon your purple throne;
Your days of triumph over me are few!
Ere long your distant dreams are coming true
On songs of mine, from whence all mirth is flown;
These mocking lips whose jest you found so droll
Shall search upon your mouth and find your soul,
And drink it up to mingle with mine own.

Adored, so dream I from my fool's light place
And pity you who sometimes pity me—
I have surprised your eyes fixed pityingly—
But I am weary of your smile's sweet grace;
Forgive—because my love so restless is
To vanquish, Queen, your glory in a kiss,
And lay love's face upon your star-like face!

In the *Smart Set* appears a strong and wholesome poem on a writer whose very name has been taboo until death bestowed upon it a measure of that sanctity which it gives to all whom it touches:

OSCAR WILDE

By Elsa Barker

Laureate of corruption, on whose brow
The leaves of fame are frosted by the worm,
Thou art a nightingale, whose songs affirm
The canker in the rosebud, from a bough
Of the dark cypress warbling. Some strange vow
Thy spirit must have taken before birth
To some strange god, to desecrate the earth
With visions vile and beautiful as thou.

We loathe thee with the sure, instinctive dread
Of young things for the graveyard and the scar.
And tho God wept when Lucifer's great star,
With its long train, cried from the deeps blood-red,
Still must we name thee with the second dead,
For when the angels fall they fall so far!

From the London *Saturday Review* we take this very effective little poem on an old, old theme:

THE HAMMERS

By Ralph Hodgson

Noise of hammers once I heard,
Many hammers, busy hammers,
Beating, shaping, night and day,
Shaping, beating dust and clay
To a palace; saw it reared;
Saw the hammers laid away.

And I listened, and I heard
Hammers beating, night and day,
In the palace newly reared,
Beating it to dust and clay,
Other hammers, muffled hammers,
Silent hammers of decay.

Since publishing the poem "The Santa Fé Trail," last month, we have been informed that the author is Nels Pearson, of McPherson, Kansas.

Recent Fiction and the Critics

THE QUEST

A VERY remarkable book is Dr. Van Eeden's "The Quest."* It is the Dutch Faust, Faust novelized. There is something of Wilhelm Meister in it, of Peer Gynt and of Peter Pan. The New Testament, Tolstoy, Maeterlinck, Dante, Morris, and, in spots, Nietzsche, may also be discerned. It is a long book, a book with *embonpoint.* Five hundred pages of closely printed philosophy, socialism, fairy-tale, realism and didactics seem like an imposition. But as you become more and more absorbed you begin to like it. When, however, after toiling for many hours, you at last close the book, you find that you have received no definite message, that as to the real meaning of "The Quest" you are still up in the air. The novel admits of multiple interpretations. It has something of the obscurity of "Faust" and "Peer Gynt" and human life—the obscurity of all big things. Mr. Van Eeden, we hear, has taken twenty years to write it.

Still it may not be such a big thing. It may not rank in the end with the great classics. The reviewers of two worlds throw up their hands in despair. They cannot place it. But they discuss it, and they admit that it may be a "masterpiece to which nothing in the whole world can be compared"—"the most universal novel ever written." This attitutde reminds one of a story told of Baudelaire. The poet, it is said, once passed by a junk shop, where two men were engaged in removing an uncouth Hindu idol with the rough irreverence of the unimaginative. On seeing this he raised his finger warningly and breathed in a whisper: "Beware! It may be the true God!"

One reviewer, Alvan Sanborn, in *The North American Review,* balks at the author's straining after encyclopedic effects. The book, he finds, contains a good deal of Pantheism, a good deal of non-resistant Anarchism, a dash of Spiritism, and, by way of social prophecy, a stilted unengaging Utopia, but it reeks with allegories, parables, apologs, dreams, visions, telepathic manifestations and trances. Some of the characters are wholly human, others wholly superhuman, and still others alternately human and superhuman. "Altogether it is a bizarre and bewildering collocation of the normal and the abnormal, the natural and the miraculous, the real and the ideal." To quote further:

"A mixture of this sort may possess a savory unity for the peoples of certain countries, as does the fearfully and wonderfully made *bouillabaisse* for the Marseillais; but it is very much to be doubted whether the United States is one of these countries. However little Latin we may be in most other respects, we Americans are unequivocally Latin in this that we can develop little enthusiasm for that literature of deliberate and wilful obscurity which they have labeled in Paris 'the fog of the North.'"

Robert Rives La Monte, in *The International Socialist Review,* frankly declares that he does not understand Van Eeden, and has not been able to make up his mind about the book. "That," he remarks, "is precisely the reason I ask the rest of you to read it. It stimulates thought on more subjects than any book I have read for a long time. And, after all, the chief value of a book is not so much in the truths it teaches as in the stimulus it gives us to think out truths for ourselves."

Elia W. Peattie, in the Chicago *Tribune,* is much more in sympathy with Van Eeden, tho she confesses her inability to understand the author's intention; but accepts without reserve the wonder and madness of this novel, which proceeds "along an unsurveyed road and ends in a sort of wilderness, even as life itself." Her version of the book is in itself interesting. She says:

"It is the story of a boy, who walked in humble ways, wearing rags, supping with vagrants, marrying a street dancing girl, having for his best friend a monkey and a social martyr, and who, through hunger and scorn and shame, was enriched and made wonderful with a visionary life. Realities with him were always secondary to dreams; or, in other words, thoughts and emotions were the realities, and the vicissitudes of his material life affected him but little. He saw fairies and imps, devils and angels, and led, indeed, something the same sort of a life that 'Willie Winkle' does in the comic pictures. Beauty in the shape of a vagabond fay is sometimes his guide; selfish inquisitiveness in the form of a wizened imp leads him some interesting journeys; pride and scorn of others have their impersonations; Pan visits him and tells him elemental secrets; Death walks with him kindly, showing him the good side of the Final Placator; the Devil leads him where the thoughts of Homer, of Milton and of Dante have preceded him, and creatures of the sea and wood instruct him in their ways.

"The hero, the upper man—he who represents the overtones in this wild symphonic tale—is one Markus, of unknown origin, who comes to preach brotherhood to men and who is slain by men. He is a leader of the people till they disown him, because they fear the truth from his

*THE QUEST. By Frederick Van Eeden. Authorized translation from the Dutch. John W. Luce Company.

lips, and he is supposed to be an emissary from the great principle of good—one who has the spirit of Christ, or who is, possibly, a new incarnation of Christ. He advocates a sort of socialism and cries out alike to the toiler in the streets and to the king to be brave, to be true, to believe in gladness and in the nonexistence of death. He wishes them to live in the belief that they will live forever. 'Only gladness endures,' he tells them. Sorrow is but for a day. Human justice, human love, human science and art the devil has down in his red chambers. In the upper realm in which Markus stands there is no time, no circumstance, no caste, no sin, no death. The only real existence is the Father—the Source. There abides truth. In finding Him the quest is ended."

Several of the reviewers complain because Dr. Van Eeden (who, by the way, is a medical student and a leader of modern Dutch thought, and has gathered around him a colony not unlike Sinclair's "Helicon Hall") takes us only "on the road to nowhere." "The new world of little Johannes," says a critic in the San Francisco *Bulletin*, "is a delightful dream of a world, but no highway that might lead humanity there is pointed by Dr. Van Eeden. He employs James to guide Johannes, and having pictured the Utopia to which they lead, he leaves us to find our fairy guides in more practical political economists and students of race development."

Miss Peattie answers this complaint. She admits that the book is absurd, wonderful, impious, religious—mad. But then, she says, madness holds us all, and is perhaps only a sort of worship. "It is the form our amazement and veneration take before the unending mystery of creation." She goes on to say:

"Neither the globe on which we dwell, the bodies we inhabit, the stars at which we gaze, nor the grass on which we tread may be explained. All are mysterious. All defy our searchings. Each thought of our minds, if followed to its source, ends in impenetrable mystery. It is a wonder, is it not, that we maintain even the outward semblance of sanity? And Van Eeden has not taken the trouble to do that. He is quite, quite mad and wonderful. His death of Pan is a masterpiece. So Poe would have affirmed, could he have read it; or so Richard Wagner would have said."

The incident referred to as "the death of Pan" is reprinted in this number a few pages further on.

Some years ago Mr. Howells introduced us to a traveler from Altruria, which is Utopia. In his latest novel,* the Dean of American novelists offers us a Utopian romance tinged with socialism. Like Van Eeden, Howells portrays a felicitous future state; but his intention is at times too obvious, and there are passages in the book in which the theorist predominates over the artist. It is for this reason that some of Mr. Howells's admirers have been in a divided mind as to the fine and kindly socialistic spirit that has colored the work of his later years. They appreciate the sincerity of his motives and the badness of the condition he rebukes; but they almost wish, as in the case of Tolstoy, that the passion for reform had fallen upon a less admirable artist. "Good reformers," the Springfield *Republican* remarks, in its review of the book, "are by no means so rare as good novelists, and a novelist committed to a cause is as good as lost to art. Hobbies the artist may be allowed—perhaps the more the better for him—but they are perilous when they interfere with the detachment of the artist from actualities out of which art springs. It may be that there is intrinsically something hard and selfish in the artistic temperament—an assertion of the ego as something apart from the world that is merely 'material,' a defense of overtaxed nerves from anything deeper than the merely dramatic interest that is poignant enough and to spare."

THROUGH THE EYE OF THE NEEDLE

Both the lives and the letters of some of the greatest creative artists bear witness to some such exemption from the ordinary duties and ordinary sympathies. The unique gift of genius isolates its possessor from the rest of the world. Shelley confesses that one might as well look for a leg of mutton in a gin shop as to seek anything human in him. Tolstoyism, which Mr. Howells has accepted as his creed, exempts neither emperors nor poets from the common lot. When Mr. Howells was young he could stand aloof from life and dramatize it, but in his recent attitude he has sacrificed something of his art to a broader humanity.

"Through the Eye of the Needle" is a story in five parts. Mr. Homos, an inhabitant of Altruria, visits America and falls in love with a charming daughter of the land. In a series of letters he recounts his impressions of American life and of our cities of dreadful noise. He persuades her to follow him to his Utopic home, but not without a severe struggle with her patriotism, for she expects to return to America. He describes himself the scene that takes place on this revelation:

"'Evelyn,' I gasped, 'did you expect to return to New York?'

"'Why certainly,' she cried. 'Not at once, of course. But after you had seen your friends and made a good, long visit. Why, surely, Aristide, you don't understand that I—— You didn't mean to *live* in Altruria?'

"'Ah!' I answered, 'where else could I live? Did you think for an instant that I could live in such a land as this?' I saw that she was hurt,

*THROUGH THE EYE OF THE NEEDLE. By William Dean Howells. Harper & Brothers.

and I hastened to say: 'I know that it is the best part of the world outside of Altruria, but, oh, my dear, you cannot imagine how horrible the notion of living here seems to me. Forgive me, I am going from bad to worse. I don't mean to wound you. After all, it is your country, and you must love it. But indeed, I could not think of living here. I could not take the burden of its wilful misery upon my soul. I must live in Altruria, and you, when you have once seen my country, our country, will never consent to live in any other.'"

"The engagement is broken off, but subsequently Eveleth thinks better of it and follows him to Altruria. They are married and live happily on a diet consisting largely of bread and mushrooms, for meat is unknown in these regions. While Kropotkin (in his book recently published by the Putnams—"The Conquest of Bread") estimates a day's labor in Utopia at five hours, Howells strains poetic license by informing us that individuals of his happyland work only three hours out of twenty-four. When we ask him how he shall reach Altruria, Mr. Howells give us only delightful platitudes. We must abandon personal service and all share in the common drudgery. Alas, the road to to-morrow, the road to Altruria, is a far road, and neither Kropotkin's nor Howells's dreams will be realized without much prayer and fasting. "Doubtless," *The Independent* remarks, "conditions reek with foolishness and injustice; doubtless a better order is attainable, doubtless brutal drudgery is needless in an age of machinery; doubtless poverty is a remediable disgrace to our civilization; but we can arrive at a better land, a concrete Altruria, only by patiently taking one step after another, by elaborating reform after reform. There can be no sudden transformation scene; but gradually the shadows will flee, the sky will lighten and the clouds fade until night passes imperceptibly into day."

SISTER CARRIE

Sister Carrie is a woman with a past. The same may be said of the novel* of which she is the leading character. It was accepted six or seven years ago by Doubleday, Page & Company, who at once prepared for a simultaneous edition in England. The book was ready for publication when the senior member of the firm, who had returned from a trip abroad, took an advance copy home one evening and gave it to his wife to read. A domestic scene ensued, the result of which was the suppression of the American edition. So strong is feeling with regard to the book in question that a publisher to whom a recent request for a review copy had been mistakenly addressed, wrote back on the letter: "We did not publish that novel—thank God!"

In spite of disapproval in many quarters here, the novel made a strong impression in England, and no less an authority than Theodore Watts-Dunton remarked in the London *Athenaeum* that readers who have passed the five hundred and odd pages which go to the making of "Sister Carrie" will find a permanent place upon their shelves for the book beside Zola's "Nana." Mr. Heinemann, the London publisher, expressed his conviction that America has not in our day produced a novelist who is the superior of Mr. Dreiser. *The Fortnightly Review* went even a step further. "No one," it said, "can read the admirable book without having learnt something not merely about this person or that, this class or the other, but about America. The movement in it is large, racial; the vision poetic and comprehensive; the sentiment is never sentimentality." "Mr. Dreiser," the writer concludes, "is without question one of the most promising novelists now writing English."

Now this remarkable book has been re-issued in America, and while conventional newspaper reviewers balk at its boldness, men of eminence such as Hamlin Garland, Brand Whitlock and Harry Thurston Peck have expressed their delight with it. Whatever may be said against the book, it certainly does not appeal to the prurient in mind. "Above all," remarks the Philadelphia *Public Ledger*, "the book shows absolute sincerity, and an accurate knowledge and sharp discrimination of the people who come into its pages and the conditions under which they live. The author reveals himself as the social philosopher with the welfare of the race at heart, as well as the gifted novelist."

It is the story of a country girl who loses her soul in the great city of Chicago, to which she had come from her unambitious village clothed with the innocence of ignorance. The struggle of life is too hard for her and she readily yields to the voice of the tempter in the wilderness, who approaches her in the shape of a commercial traveler. He is followed by others. Finally, however, she discovers a hitherto hidden histrionic talent. She makes herself free. Fame and fortune smile upon her; but she discovers that the strange paradox of her fate is such that she found more happiness as a man's mistress than in her later achievement. The story in itself is neither interesting nor new, but the manner, Mr. Albert Bigelow Paine assures us, is worthy of Zola, even of Balzac. The book is bold and it is unpleasant, but its unpleasantness is that of the truth, and Mr. Dreiser handles certain aspects of the sex problem with the

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*SISTER CARRIE. By Theodore Dreiser. B. W. Dodge & Company.

frank fearlessness which in the words of *The Bookman*, is "the rightful privilege of a high order of talent." A writer in the Chicago *Critic* hails Mr. Dreiser's book as the nearest approach to the often-heralded "Great American Novel." We cannot fully agree with this view. The book is a first book, and the author's grip on his style is not always as firm as is his grip on the subject, while his sincerity cannot altogether compensate us for his total lack of the sense of humor. The author's own reflections are interspersed too bountifully in the dialog, and at times he makes an obvious remark with the air of a man who has made a prodigious discovery. There can be no doubt, however, that the novel is one with which the future literary historian will have to reckon. It has its faults, glaring faults at that, but it is strong and vital, and cannot be neglected. Charles G. D. Roberts echoes the voice of many readers when he writes:

"A really remarkable book. In the early evening hours, with the intention of simply wandering aimlessly through it for perhaps half an hour, I scanned the opening chapters only to find myself entirely absorbed by it and held with a grip that few modern novels have ever given me. In the wee small hours of the morning I found myself finishing the story with reluctance and a subsequent reading of it simply has increased my high opinion of it. I believe there is a great big public waiting to know of this book."

THE WINGLESS VICTORY

Not often has a young writer been received so favorably by the majority of English critics as Miss M. P. Willcocks has been on the appearance of her second book.* Thus a reviewer of the London *Times* complains of the inadequacy of English to do justice to Miss Willcocks's novel. "There should be," he says, "more words in the dictionary, or those we have should be less timeworn, for the task of praising sincerely is almost vain when you must use such phrases as 'excellent' and 'admirable' smoothed flat on the tongues of countless reviewers." He goes on to say:

"We have need of some emphatic word that shall signify a book that is not a season's masterpiece of a giant among pigmies, but, as we conceive, one that takes its place if not among the highest, still among the books where rules of measurement seem a little out of place. Such books are worth keeping on the shelves even by the classics, for they are painted in colors that do not fade."

The Literary World (London) upholds the opinion that the novel is an ample proof of the falsity of the theory that here are no great writers of fiction nowadays. "No one," it says, "but a great writer could have written 'The Wingless Victory.'" *The Academy* joins in the chorus of praise. "Miss Willcocks's," it says, "is the stylist of the emotions. She knows the moods and temperaments of both sexes." The story, in the words of the same reviewer, is "a case of one woman and three men, or perhaps two men and a boy, for Archelaus Rouncevell is scarcely old enough to be classified as a man when he falls under the influence of Wilmot Borlace, the eccentric siren whose character dominates the book." Wilmot has been wooed in strange fashion by Dr. "Tony" Borlace, who, recognizing that there was not likely to be any love on her side, asked the girl to marry him, not because he loved her, but because his practice required it, and because he needed a housekeeper and a companion. He told her he "had been studying her for weeks," and she answered: "Just like a cancer tissue," at which they both laughed. The complications resulting from this matter are outlined as follows:

"Some three months after the marriage Wilmot and her husband had an interview, at which this strange contract was discussed, and neither of them then laughed, for in the brief interval tragedy had come between them in the supposed suicide of Archelaus Rouncevell, a poet with whom Wilmot had been 'experimenting' in love-making—only, as she pleaded, after she had tried and failed with her husband. . . . There does not seem to have been actual guilt in the relations between Wilmot and the poet, but it was no fault of hers that they had been broken off by the youth's flight. Archelaus had been horrified by the thought that he was about to tumble into the pit which his mother had often pictured to him in her anxiety to save him from the fate of his vicious father, and had gone forth to drown himself by swimming out to sea. Wilmot's remorse for having, as she thought, driven the boy to his death—he was really picked up in the Channel by a passing steamer and ultimately got away to the Far West of Canada—worked upon her mind during the period previous to her confinement, and when her child, Avis, was born blind she regarded the blemish as a punishment by heaven, and when not long afterwards the child died, her conduct became more rebellious than ever. Once again she plays with fire, but this time manages to drag herself away before serious mischief has been done. The unhappy Dr. Borlace has meantime other troubles to contend with in the struggle with the narrow-minded, stupid and sordid spirits among those to whom he ministers."

Finally an abandoned woman, a Magdalene, enters into her life and makes her realize the abyss at the brink of which she has been walking. She realizes that, erring and trivial as he might seem, Dr. Tony comes in the guise of one who serves. She understands his struggle, his mission, and sees his puny efforts to fight ignorance "in the light which alone can lift human life above the gathering shadows of age and the coming silence of death." Thus her salvation is worked out.

*THE WINGLESS VICTORY. By M. P. Willcocks. John Lane.

The Funeral of Pan—By Van Eeden

Dr. Frederick Van Eeden is the greatest among the writers of modern Holland. "The Quest," which has just been published in English and is reviewed in this number, has been pronounced by one very enthusiastic critic "as interesting as the best of Tolstoy, as subtle as Maeterlinck, as profound as Shakespeare." It symbolizes the search of the human soul for God. The most brilliant piece of writing in this remarkable book is the description of the funeral of Pan, in which little Johannes, the hero of the novel, sorrows with nature for the decease of the "glory that was Greece." But through the mist of tears rises for him the sad, sweet face of Christ, who in the future is to guide the faltering steps of humanity on its eternal quest to a world more spiritual and more wonderful than the white vision of the Hellenic dream.

JOHANNES went up the mountain path. It was a still, beautiful September day—a little misty. Here and there, beneath the underwood, the ferns had become all brown; and the blackberries, wet with dew, were glistening along his way amid their red-bordered leaves. How many spider-webs there were amidst the foliage! There was a solemn stillness over all; but, as Johannes climbed farther up the mountain dell, he heard the constant rushing of water, and in the small mountain meadows—the open places in the woods—he saw many little rivulets glistening in the grass, gurgling and murmuring as they flowed.

Still farther, where the woods were denser and the mountains more lonely, he heard now and then the sound of a fleeing deer; and he saw, too, a fine roe, with fear-filled eyes and large ears directed toward himself from the forest's edge.

At last he came to a narrow path bordering a small brook. To right and left were dark rocks glistening with moisture and beautifully overgrown with fantastic lichens; and there were little rosette-like clumps of ferns, and exquisite, graceful maiden-hair, gently quivering in the spray of the waterfall. Higher up began the overhanging underwood, and thorny bramble-bushes, while only now and then were there glimpses of the steep mountain sides, with the knotty roots of dense firs and beeches.

There seemed no end to that path. It wound all through the bottom of the ravine, following the brook—sometimes crossing it by a couple of stepping-stones, and thence again continuing to the other bank. And it grew stiller in the mountains. The blue sky above could seldom be seen, and the sunlight sifted only dimly through the leaves of the mountain ash and the hazel-tree. Tall digitalis, with its rows of red and yellow bells, looked down upon Johannes out of the shadowy depths of the thicket with venomous regard, as if threatening him.

Where was he? An agitation, half anxious, half delightful, took possession of him. It was like Windekind's wonderland here!

He went on and on, wondering how much farther he could go without there being a change. He grew very tired, and then quite distressed.

Out of the general stillness a vague, indefinable sound now proceeded. At first it seemed to be the throbbing and rushing of his blood, and the heart-beats in his ears; but it was stronger and more distinct—a roaring, with an undertone of melancholy moaning like continuous thunder or ocean surf, constant and regular, and, also, a higher note sounding by fits and starts, like the ringing of bells borne by a high wind.

And listen! A sound loud as the report of a cannon, making the ground tremble!

Johannes ran about in his agitation, looking on all sides. But there was no wind—every leaflet, every blade of grass, was still as death. The sound of water, alone—the rush of water—grew louder!

Then he saw in front of him the small cascade which caused the sound. The brook was flowing over the face of a rock, down amid the ferns. The path seemed to come to an end, and lose itself in the darkness.

Behind the waterfall, hidden by the foaming flow as by a veil, was a grotto, and the path entered it.

And now Johannes heard the sounds clearly—as if they were coming out of the earth; the deep resounding, the short intermittent thunderclaps, and the ringing of bells—incessant and regular.

He sat down beside the path much agitated, and panting from his rapid movement, and gazed through the veil of water into the cool, dark grotto. He sat there a long time, listening, hesitating, not knowing whether to venture farther or to turn back.

And slowly—slowly—a great mysterious sadness began to steal over him. He saw, too, that the mists were still rising from the valley, and that a mass of dark gray clouds was silently taking the place of the glad sunlight.

Then he heard near him a slight sound—a soft, sad sighing—a slight, gentle wailing—a helpless sobbing.

And, sitting on the rock next to him he saw his little friend Wistik. He was looking straight

at Wistik's little bald head, with its thin gray hair. The poor fellow had taken off his little red cap, and was holding it, with both hands, up to his face. He was sobbing and sniveling into it as if his heart would break, and the tears were trickling down his long, pointed beard to the ground.

"Wistik!" cried Johannes, filled with pity and distress. "What is it, little friend—my good mannikin? What is the matter?"

But Wistik shook his head. He was crying so hard he could not speak.

At last he controlled himself, took his cap wet with tears away from his face, and put it on his head. Then, sobbing and hiccoughing, he slid from his seat, and stepped upon the stone in the brook. With both hands he grasped the sparkling veil of falling water, tore a broad rent in it, turned round his whimpering little face, and silently beckoned Johannes to follow him.

The latter went through the dark fissure while Wistik held the water aside, and reached the interior quite dry. Not a drop fell upon his head. Then they went farther into the cavern, Wistik taking the lead, for he was used to the darkness and knew the way. Johannes followed, holding him by the coat.

It was totally dark, and continued so a long time while they walked on, perceptibly downward, over the smooth, hard way.

The somber sounds grew louder and louder about them. The echoing, the peals of thunder, the ringing of bells—all these overwhelmed now the babbling of the water.

In the distance the light was shining—a gray twilight, pale as the misty morning. The day shone in, making the wet stones glimmer with a feeble sheen. A tumultuous noise now penetrated the rocky passage, and the screaming and bellowing of the wind-storm greeted the ear.

Soon they were standing outside, in somber daylight. There was nothing to be seen save a desolate heap of mighty rocks, grizzly and water-stained. No plant—not a blade of grass—was growing in its midst.

Just before them an angry sea was roaring and raving, casting great breakers upon the strand. Once in a while Johannes saw the white foam tossing high. Great quivering flakes were torn away by the storm, and driven from rock to rock.

Iron-gray clouds, in ragged patches, were chasing along the heavens, transforming themselves as they sped. They scudded close to the boiling sea, and the white foam torn from the mighty breakers seemed almost to touch them. The earth trembled as the waves broke on the rocks, and the wind howled and shrieked and whistled amid the uproar, like the baying of a dog at the moon, or the yell of a man in desperation.

Wherever the dark clouds were torn apart an alarmingly livid night sky was exposed.

Oppressed by the high wind, blinded by the spray, Johannes sought shelter with Wistik in the lee of a rock, and looked away over the open country.

It appeared to be evening. Over the sea, but at the extreme left, where Johannes had never seen it, the sunlight was visible. For one instant the face of the sun itself could be seen—sad, and red as blood—not far from the horizon. Beneath it, like pillars of glowing brass, the rays of light streamed down to rest upon the sea.

And now and then, on the other side, high up in the ashen sky, appeared the pale face of the moon—deathly pale, hopelessly sad, rudderless and resigned—in the midst of the furious troop of clouds.

Johannes looked at his friend in indescribable anguish.

"Wistik, what is this? Where are we? What is happening?—*Wistik!*"

But Wistik shook his head, lifted up his swollen eyes toward the sky, and, in mute anguish, clenched his fists.

Above the roar of wind and sea could still be heard the deep-toned sound, like the report of cannon or the booming of bells. Johannes looked around. Behind him rose the mountains—black and menacing—their proud, heaven-high heads confronting the rushing swirl of clouds that were piled up, miles high, into a rounded black mass. At times it lightened vividly and then followed a frightful peal of thunder. And when one of the highest peaks was freed from its mantle of mists, Johannes saw that it was afire with a steady, orange-colored glow which grew ever fiercer and whiter.

The tolling of bells came from every direction, as if thousands on thousands of cathedral bells were ringing in unison.

Then Wistik and Johannes took their way inland, clambering over the jagged rocks, clinging to each other in the wild wind. The sea thundered still louder, and the wind whistled as if in utter frenzy—like an imprisoned maniac tugging at his bars.

"It is no use," wailed Wistik. "It is no use. He is dead, dead, dead!"

Then Johannes heard the winds speaking as he had formerly heard the flowers and animals talk.

"He shall live!" shrieked the wind; "I will not let him die!"

And the sea spoke: "It is too late. The time is fulfilled. He is dead."

Now Johannes knew what it was the bells were sounding. They cried through all the earth, and the darkened heavens:

"Pan is dead! Pan is dead!"

And the pale moon spoke, softly and plaintively:

"Alas! poor Earth! Where now is thy beauty? Now shall we weep—weep—weep!"

Finally the Sun also spoke: "The Eternal changes not. A new day has come. Be resigned."

And all at once it grew still—perfectly still. The wind went suddenly down. The air was so motionless that the iridescent foam-bubbles floated hither and thither as if uncertain where to alight.

A silence, full of dread, oppressed the whole dreary land.

The waste of waters only could not so suddenly subside, and still pounded in heavy rollers upon the shore.

But it also grew still and calm—so calm that the sun and the moon were reflected in it, as perfectly as in a mirror.

The thunder was silenced about the volcano, and everything was waiting. But the bells pealed on, loud and clear:

"Pan is dead! Pan is dead!"

And now the clouds formed a dark fleecy layer above the mountains—soft and black, like mourning crêpe. From it there fell perpendicularly a fine rain, as if the heavens were shedding silent tears.

The air was clearer above the sea, and moon and evening star stood bright against a pale, greenish sky. Glowing in a cloudless space, the red sun was nearing the horizon. When Johannes turned away and looked toward the mountains, now veiled in leaden mists, a marvelous double rainbow, with its brilliant colors, was spanning the ashen land.

Out of a deep valley that cleft the mountains like the gash of a sword, and upon whose sides Johannes thought to have seen dark forests, approached a long, slow-moving procession.

Strange, shadowy figures like large night-moths hovered and floated before it, and flew silently like phantoms beside it.

Then came gigantic animals with heavy, cautious tread—elephants with swaying trunks and shuffling hide, their bony heads rolling up and down; rhinoceri, with heads held low, and glittering, ill-natured eyes; snuffling, snoring hippopotami, with their watery, cruel glances; indolent, sullen monsters with flabby-fleshed bodies supported by slim little legs; serpents, large and small, gliding and zig-zagging over the ground like an oncoming flood; herds of deer and antelopes and gazelles—all of them distressed and frightened and jostling one another; troops of buffaloes and cattle, pushing and thrusting; lions and tigers, now creeping stealthily, then bounding lightly up over the turbulent throng, as fishes chased from below, spring out of the undulating water; and round about the procession, thousands of birds—some of them with slow, heavy wing strokes—alighting at times upon the rocks by the wayside; others, incessantly on the wing, circling and swaying, back and forth and up and down; finally myriads of insects—bees and beetles, flies and moths—like great clouds, gray and white and varicolored, all in ceaseless motion.

And every creature in the throng which could make a sound made lamentation after its own fashion. The loudest was the worried, smothered lowing of the cattle, the howling and barking of the wolves and hyenas, and the shrill, quivering "oolooloo" of the owls.

The whole was one volume of voiced sorrow—an overwhelming cry of wo and lamentation, rising above a continual, somber humming and buzzing.

"This is only the vanguard," said Wistik, whose despair had calmed a little at the sight of this lively spectacle. "These are only the animals yet. Now the animal-spirits are coming."

Then, in a great open space respectfully avoided by all the animals, came a group of wonderful figures. All had the shapes of animals, only they were larger and more perfectly formed. They seemed also to be much more proud and sagacious, and they moved not by means of feet and wings, but floated like shadows, while their eyes and heads seemed to emit rays of light, like the sea on a dark night.

"Come up nearer," said Wistik. "They know us."

And it really seemed to Johannes as if the ghosts of the animals greeted them, sadly and solemnly; but only those of the animals known to him in his native land. And what most impressed him was that the largest and most beautiful were not those esteemed most highly by human beings.

"Oh, look! Witstik, are those the butterfly-spirits? How big and handsome they are!"

They were splendid creatures—large as a house—with radiant eyes, and their bodies and wings were clearly marked in brilliant colors. But the wings of all of them were drooping as though with weariness, and they looked at Johannes.

"Are there plant-spirits, too, Wistik?"

"Oh, yes, Johannes, but they are very large and vague and elusive. Look! There they come—floating along."

And Wistik pointed out to him the hurrying, hazy figures that Johannes had first seen in front of the procession.

"Now he is coming! Now he is coming! Oh! Oh! Oh!" wailed Wistik, taking off his cap and beginning to cry again.

Surrounded by throngs of weeping nymphs who were singing a soft and sorrowful dirge—their arms intertwined about one another's shoulders—their faded wreaths and long hair dripping with the rain—came the great bier of rude boughs whereon lay Father Pan, hidden beneath ivy and poppies and violets. He was borne by young, brawny-muscled fauns, whose ruddy faces, bowed at their task, were distorted with suppressed sobs. In the rear was a throng of grave centaurs, shuffling mutely along, their heads upon their chests, now and then striking their trunks and flanks with their rough fists, making them sound like drums.

Curled up, as if he intended to stay there, a little squirrel was lying on the hairy breast of Pan. A robin redbreast sat beside his ear, mournfully and patiently coaxing, coaxing incessantly, in the vague hope that he might still hear. But the broad, good-natured face with its kindly smile never stirred.

When Johannes saw that, and recognized his good Father Pan, he burst into tears which he made no effort to restrain.

"Now the monsters are coming," whispered Wistik. "The monsters of the primal world."

Ugh! That was a spectacle to turn one into ice! Dragons, and horrid shapes bigger than ten elephants, with frightful horns and teeth, and armor of spikes; long, powerful necks, having upon them small heads with large, dull eyes and sharp teeth; and pale, gray-green and black, sometimes dark-red or emerald-green, spots on the deeply wrinkled, knotty or shiny skin. All these now went past with awkward jump or trailing body; most of the time mute, but sometimes making a gruff, quickly uttered, far-sounding howl. And then odd creatures like reddish bats, having hooked beaks and curved claws, flashed through the air with their black and yellow wings, chattering and clumsily floundering in their flight.

At last, when the entire multitude had come to the broad, rocky strand, thousands upon thousands of little and big rings were circling over the mirror-like surface of the water, as far as eye could see; swift dolphins sprang in and out of the water in graceful curves; pointed, dorsal fins of sharks and brown-fish cut the smooth surface in a straight line, retreating swiftly to leave behind them circles of wide, enlarging furrows. The mighty heads of shining black whales pushed the water from in front of them, spouting out white streams of vapor with a sound like that of escaping steam.

The sun neared the horizon, the rain ceased falling, and the mists melted away, disclosing other stars. Above the crater of the mountain stretched a dark plume of smoke, and beneath it the fire now glowed calmly, at white heat.

Then all that din of turbulent life grew fainter and fainter, until nothing was audible save a faint sighing and wailing. At last—utter silence.

The bier of Pan was resting upon the seashore, encircled by all the living.

The red rays of the sun lighted up the great corpse, the tree-trunks upon which it rested, and the dark heaps of withered leaves and flowers. But also they shot up the mountain heights, sparkling and flaming in glory there—over the rigid, basaltic rocks.

Wistik stared at the red-reflecting mountain-top, with great, wide-open eyes, and a pale, startled little face, and then cried in a smothered voice:

"Kneel, Johannes, Kneel! She comes! Our holy Mother comes!"

Trembling with awe, Johannes waited expectantly.

He could not begin to comprehend that which he saw. Was it a cloud? a blue-white cloud? But why was it not red, in the glow of that sunset? Was it a glacier? But look! The blue-and-white came falling down like an avalanche of snow. Steel-blue lightning flashed in sharp lines upon the red mountain-side.

Then it seemed to him that the descending vapor was divided. The larger part, and darker—that at the left—was blue, and blue-green; that at the right, a brilliant white.

He saw distinctly now. Two figures were there, in shining, luminous garments; and the light of them was not dimmed by the splendor of that setting sun. Rays of green shone from the garment of the larger, but around the head was an aureole of heavenly blue. The other was clothed in lustrous white.

They were so great—so awful! And they swept from the mountain in an instant of time, as a dove drops from out a tree-top down upon the field!

When they stood beside the bier, Johannes looked into the face of the larger figure, and he felt that it was as near and dear to him as a mother. It was indeed his mother—Mother Earth.

She looked upon the dead and blessed him. She looked at all the living ones, and mused upon them. Then she looked into the face of the sun ere it disappeared, and smiled.

Turning toward the volcano, she beckoned. The side of the crater burst open with a report like thunder, and a seething stream of lava shot down like lightning.

After that everything was night, and gloom, and darkness to Johannes. He saw the bier on fire—consumed to a pile of burning coals—and the thick, black smoke enveloped him.

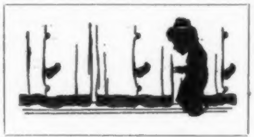
But also he saw, last of all, the shining white figure moving beside Mother Earth, irradiating the night and the smoke. He saw Him coming—bending down to him His radiant face until it embraced the entire heavens.

Then he recognized his Guide.

Humor of Life

SHE COULDN'T MISS IT

A young married couple were returning from their honeymoon trip on a sleeping-car. During the night when the train was running slowly over some still, mountainous country, a soft feminine voice told John that she wanted a drink of water.



"All right, dear," replied John. "The cooler is only a step down the aisle."

"But how shall I know which berth is ours when I come back?" she asked timidly.

"I will stick my foot out in the aisle," said John, "then you can't miss it."

When she came back there was a large-sized foot sticking out of every berth in the aisle.

—*Ladies' Home Journal.*

HE GOT PERMISSION

A middle-aged farmer accosted a serious-faced youth outside the Grand Central Station in New York the other day.

"Young man," he said, plucking his sleeve, "I wanter go to Central Park."

The youth seemed lost in consideration for a moment.

"Well," he said finally, "you may just this once. But I don't want you ever, *ever* to ask me again."

A RINGING SPEECH

EDYTH: "You ought to have heard Mr. Huggins's ringing speech last night."

MAY: "Why, I wasn't aware that he could make a speech."

EDYTH: "Well, I can't repeat the speech, but I can show you the ring."—London *Tit-bits.*

A WOODEN WEDDING

"What's all the row over on the next block?" a reporter asked of a policeman.

"Aw, only a wooden weddin'."

"A wooden wedding?"

"Sure. A couple uv Poles is gettin' married."

ONE ON ADE

A young man was sitting in a barber-shop looking at a magazine when an old farmer, with little knowledge or appreciation of literary people, stepped up behind his chair and looked over his shoulder.

"Who's them?" he inquired, pointing to a group of portraits.

"Well-known authors and playwrights," was the reply.

"Humph!" ejaculated the farmer contemptuously. "Jist writin' fellers, eh?" Then he caught sight of George Ade's long, solemn face, and his eye lighted up. "That's the one I like," he said with decision, putting his finger on Mr. Ade's mournful countenance.

"Oh, yes; nearly every one likes George Ade," agreed the young man. "His humorous writings are——"

"Don't know nothin' 'bout his writin', but I like his face."

"Why so?"—curiously.

"'Cause he's the only feller thet looks like he was sorry for what he'd done."—*Lippincott's.*

SURE WAY TO CURE FITS

"Moike!"

"What is it, Pat?"

"Shposin' Oi was to have a fit?"

"Yis."

"And yez had a pint of whisky?"

"Yis."

"Would yez kneel down and put the bottle to me lips?"

"Oi would not."

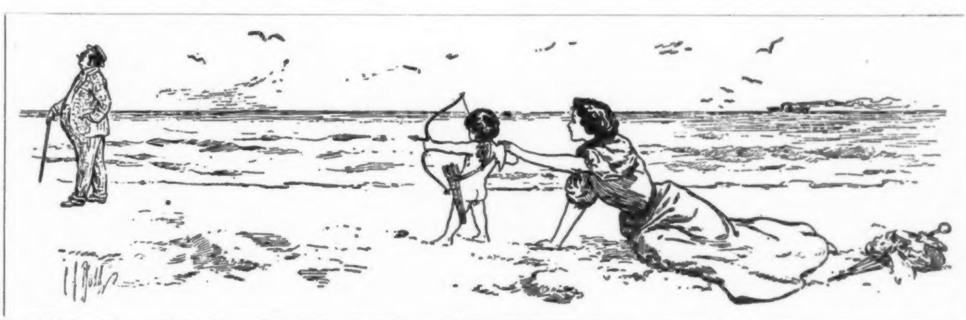
"Yez wouldn't?"

"No. Oi could bring yez to yer fate quicker by shtandin' up in front of yez and dhrinkin' it meself."—London *Tit-bits.*

THE WAY OF THEM

A pair of shoes may hurt like sin
  For weeks, and then about
The time we get them broken in
  They start to breaking out.

—*The Catholic Standard and Times.*



DON'T SHOOT, CUPID! FOR MY SAKE, DON'T

—*Harper's Weekly.*

VISITOR: "Is your daughter going to make her *début* this season?"
MRS. MONTAGUE-JONES DE SMYTHE: "Gracious, no! Madame Rosalie attends to all that. We don't have to do our sewing no more!"
—*Punch.*

LAY OR LIE?

"Which is correct," asked a summer boarder who wished to air his knowledge, "to speak of a sitting hen or a setting hen?"

"I don't know," replied the farmer's wife, "and what's more I don't care. But there's one thing I would like to know: when a hen cackles, has she been laying, or is she lying?"

HIS OWN BUSINESS

CITTIMAN: "Look here, sir, didn't you warrant the horse you sold me yesterday to be without fault?"

DAVID HARUM: "Yes; ain't he?"

CITTIMAN: "No, sir, he is not; he interferes."

DAVID HARUM: "Wal, I don't see as you hev any reason fur complainin' about that. He don't interfere with anybody but himself, does he?"—*Lippincott's.*

THE MISSIONARY FROM MICHIGAN

There was a missionary
Who went from Mich.
With tracts to make more tractable
The savage heathen man.
Alas, the missionary—
The tale's too sad to pen!
He'll go, that missionary,
On nary Mich.
—*Woman's Home Companion.*

THE REAL VERSION

Sing a song o' sixpence,
A pocketful of rye;
Four-and-twenty blackbirds
Baked in a pie.
Wasn't that a dainty dish
To set before the king?
"It's not like mother used to make!"
Exclaimed the mean old thing.
—*Woman's Home Companion.*

COULDN'T BE WORSE

"He plays better than he sings."

"Oh, have you heard him play?"

"No, but I have heard him sing."—*Harper's Bazar.*

A CLEAR CLAIM

An official of the Pension Office at Washington offers the following excerpt from an especially amusing letter received from a claimant for pension:

The way I got my war ingery was a-ketchin of a hog. The hog were a sow hog and our Capten wanted her for forage. We was chasin' the sow, and she crawled threw a hoal in a rale fense—it were a big hoal, and I thot I were about the size of the hog and tried to crawl threw, but I stuck, and trying to wigle out I throde the rales off and one hit me on my hed and nocked my senseless. I do not think the sow had nothing to do with my line for duty for I did not ketch the hog. Wich she never were caught.—*Lippincott's.*

A CONSULTATION OF DOCTORS
—*Harper's Bazar.*

IT TASTES JUST THE SAME

"You say you were in the saloon at the time of the assault referred to in the complaint?" asked the lawyer.

"I was, sir."

"Did you take cognizance of the barkeeper at the time?"

"I don't know what he called it, but I took what the rest did."—*Lippincott's.*

LEGAL ADVICE

"It's this way," explained the client. "The fence runs between Brown's place and mine. He claims that I encroach on his land, and I insist that he is trespassing on mine. Now, what would you do, if you were in my place?"

"If I were in your place," replied the lawyer, "I'd go over and give Brown a cigar, take a drink with him, and settle the controversy in ten minutes. But, as things stand, I advise you to sue him by all means. Let no arrogant, domineering, insolent pirate like Brown trample on your sacred rights. Assert your manhood and courage. I need the money."—London *Tit-bits.*

AND THEN THEY KISSED

"My face is my fortune, sir," said the pretty summer girl.

"And mine is, too," said the handsome summer man. "Let us put our fortunes together."—*Lippincott's.*

JUNE

Gentle maidens graduate in this month from college,
Maidens who are scarce beyond the interesting doll age.
Soon they'll take this tough old world by its horns and shake it—
Can they mix a pan of dough, and when it's riz then bake it?

—*Woman's Home Companion.*

THE ABSENT-MINDED PROFESSOR

A story is current concerning a professor who is reputed to be slightly absent-minded. The learned man had arranged to escort his wife one evening to the theater.

"I don't like the tie that you have on. I wish you would go up and put on another," said his wife.

The professor tranquilly obeyed. Moment after moment elapsed, until finally the impatient wife went upstairs to learn the cause of delay. In his room she found her husband undressed and getting into bed. Habit had been too much for him when he took off his tie.—London *Tit-bits.*

OVERHEARD IN THE CITY

Mrs DeStyle (admiring baby in carriage): Isn't that a small baby?

Wilfred (aged 8, interrupting): Ma had to get a little one because we live in a flat, you know.—*The Bohemian.*

Signor Fragazzi, the tonsorial artist, having bought a suburban cottage, gives his lawn an artistic cut.
—*Woman's Home Companion.*

NO RIGHT TO COMPLAIN

"See here!" cried the irate man, "I propose to sue you. Look at my head! You professed to cure——"

"Wait a minute," interrupted the maker of Fakeley's Balsam, "we advertise merely that we cure partial baldness and not——"

"Well, I was only partially bald when I started using your stuff; now I haven't a hair!"

"Well, then you're cured of your partial baldness, aren't you?"—*Catholic Standard and Times.*

HE LIKED GERMAN COOKING

A stalwart young German applied for a position on a farm. As he walked into the barn he addressed the farmer: "Hey, mister, will you job me?"

"Will I what?"

"Will you job me? Make me work yet?"

"Oh, I see; you want a job," said the farmer. "Well, how much do you want a month?"

"I tell you. If you eat me on der farm I come for fife dollars, but for twenty-five dollars I eat myself at Schmidt's."—*The Home Magazine.*

THE MODESTY OF MARY

Mistress: "Why, Mary, this figure of Venus is covered with dust."

Maid: "Yes'm."

Mistress: "Didn't I tell you to brush it off?"

Maid: "Yes'm."

Mistress: "And why didn't you?"

Maid (blushing): "Because, mem, I thought it needed something on it."—*The Bohemian.*

HE DID—AFTER THAT

A young man who persisted in whispering loudly to the lady who accompanied him to a symphony concert, telling her what the music "meant," what sort of a passage was coming next, and so on, caused serious annoyance to every one of his immediate neighbors. Presently he closed his eyes and said to his companion:

"Did you ever try listening to music with your eyes shut? You've no idea how lovely it sounds!"

Thereupon a gentleman who sat in the seat in front of the young man twisted himself about and said gravely:

"Young man, did you ever try listening to music with your mouth shut?"—*Ladies' Home Journal.*

IN HIGH SOCIETY

"'Will you take tea with me' or 'Will you have tea with me' are phrases not current in society."—*Queen.*

What *do* they say, then? Whisky?—*Punch.*

"I think I'll tell mother I want to sleep in my own crib. It's got bars all round to keep the lions an' tigers out."
—*Harper's Bazar.*

WHAT COULD IT HAVE BEEN?

A little four-year-old girl was enjoying her first visit in the country; and while playing near a brook made the acquaintance of a specimen of the fauna of the region which she could not name. After carefully observing it for some time, she ran into the house, exclaiming: "Oh, grandma, I saw something *so* funny down there; it put its hands and its feet in its pockets and swallowed its head. What *is* it?"—*Harper's Magazine.*

A LOUD HABIT

A well-known comedian met a fellow actor the other day in Herald Square.

"Hello, Jack!" he said. "Anything to do this evening?"

"Nothing special," replied the other.

"Well, let's go up to the Hotel Astor and hear the newly rich eat soup."—*Harper's Weekly.*

PROPER FOOTGEAR

For a clergyman—Cloth.
For a tourist—Rubber.
For an explorer—Arctics.
For a Caucasian baby—White kid.
For a negro baby—Black kid.
For a milkman—Pumps.
For a book agent—Canvas.
For a waiter—Tipped.
For a collector of the port—Custom-made.
For country lovers—Over-gate-ers.
For a cheeky person—Bronze.

—*The Bohemian.*

WHERE IGNORANCE IS BLISS

Young Innocence: "Mama, the man who drives the wagon here every morning must be a mighty good Christian."

Mother: "What makes you think so, my child?"

Young Innocence: "Because, just now he took a barrel of ashes and when he lifted it over his head to put it into the wagon the barrel turned upside down and the ashes spilled all over the man's face and down his clothes, and stuffed his mouth and eyes; and the man didn't do anything but sit right down and just talk to God about it."—*The Bohemian.*

THE WRONG PROFESSION

Client: "Didn't you make a mistake in going into law instead of the army?"

Lawyer: "Why?"

Client: "By the way you charge, there would be little left of the enemy."—London *Tit-bits.*

WHEN IS IT?

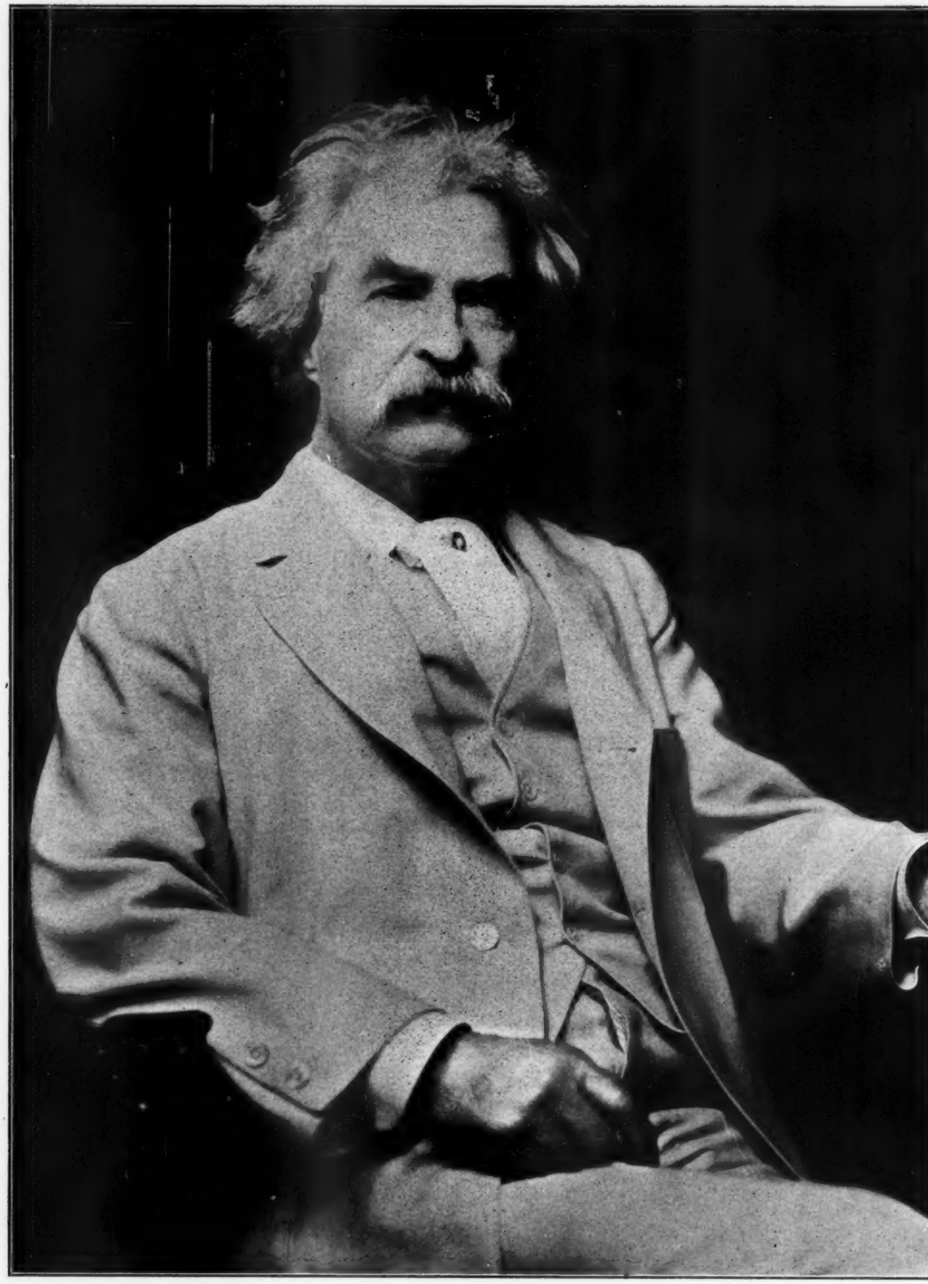
The profound truth that to-morrow never comes, and yesterday, altho it is always passing, has never been with us, has led a correspondent to throw off this effort:

"Although yesterday to-day was to-morrow, and to-morrow to-day will be yesterday, nevertheless yesterday to-morrow would be day after to-morrow, because to-day would be to-morrow yesterday, and to-morrow will be to-day to-morrow, or would have been the day after to-morrow yesterday."—*The Pilgrim.*

SUMMER BATHING ON MOUNT OLYMPUS

Hermes: "Come on in, Venus, the clouds are fine to-day."

—*Harper's Magazine.*



DOCTOR CLEMENS

Samuel L. Clemens, Litt.D. (Oxon.), is the scholastic-looking name which our own Mark Twain now possesses. So enthusiastically has he doctored the ailing languages of Germany, Italy and other nations in years past that Oxford University has just conferred on him a doctorate of letters, and Great Britain has given him what Mr. H. H. Rogers calls "the greatest ovation ever given to a literary man." This photograph of Dr. Clemens was made just before he sailed to England.